



SEPTEMBER No. 11

Captain

AERO

Comics

10¢

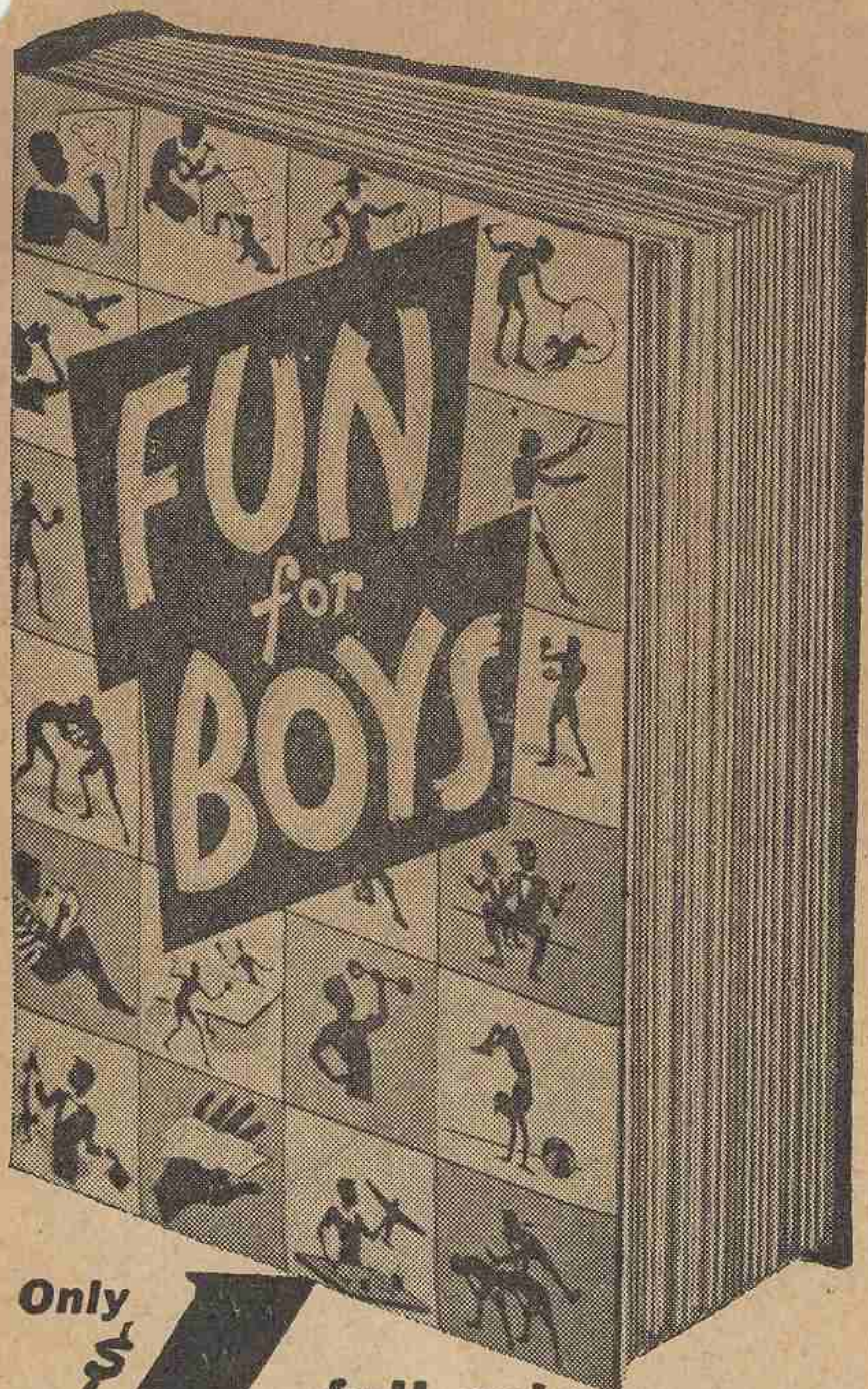


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Captain **AERO**

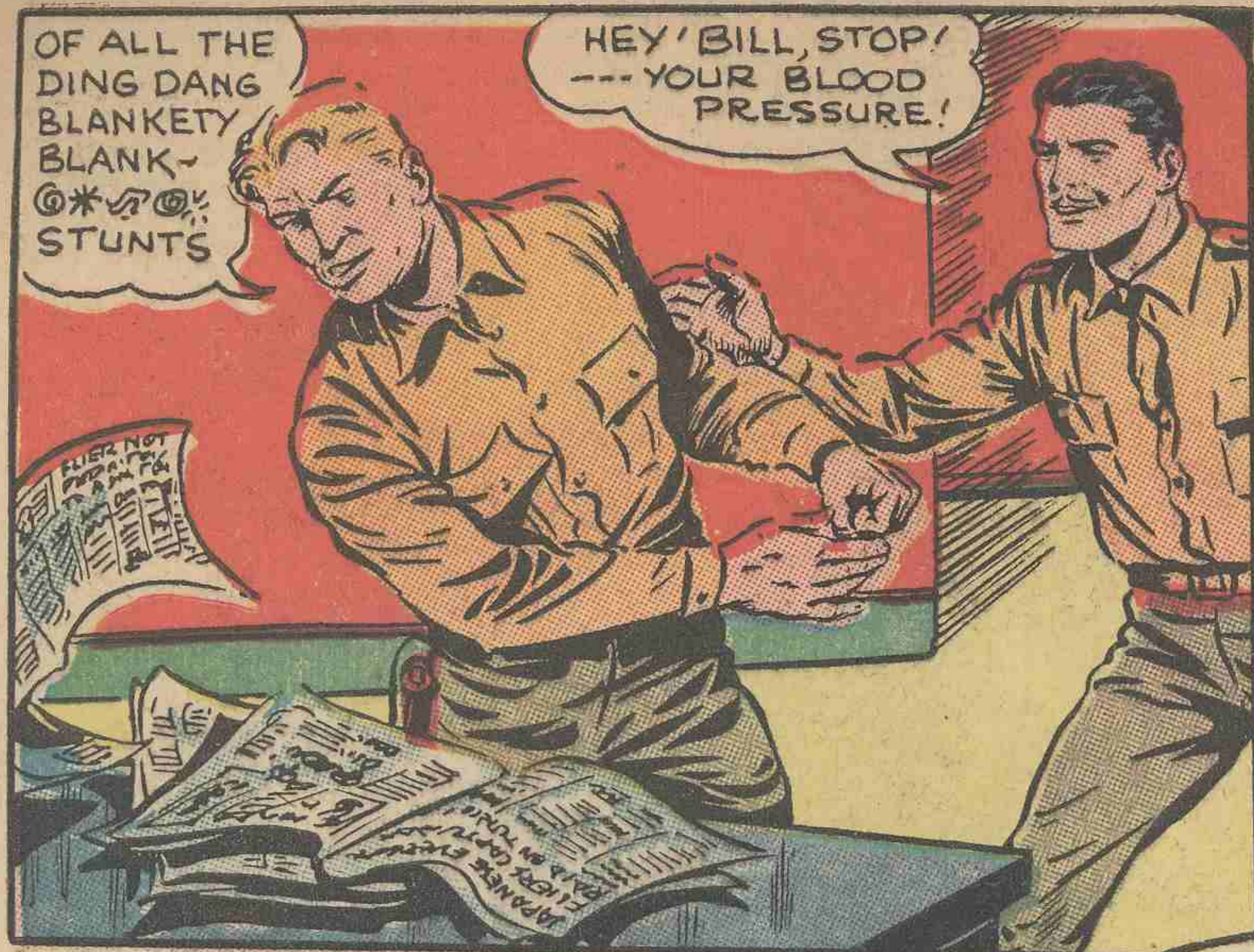
"King of the Skies!"

BY
CHAS. M.
QUINLAN

THE NEWS OF THE
DASTARDLY DEED
THAT SHOCKED
THE WORLD, FINALLY
REACHED A REMOTE
AIR BASE IN WAR-
RAVAGED CHINA.
IT BROUGHT ABOUT
A SERIES OF START-
LING EVENTS THAT
TERMINATED WITH
ANOTHER ...

"TOKEN
FOR TOKIO!"





OF ALL THE
DING DANG
BLANKETY
BLANK-
@*%@%
STUNTS

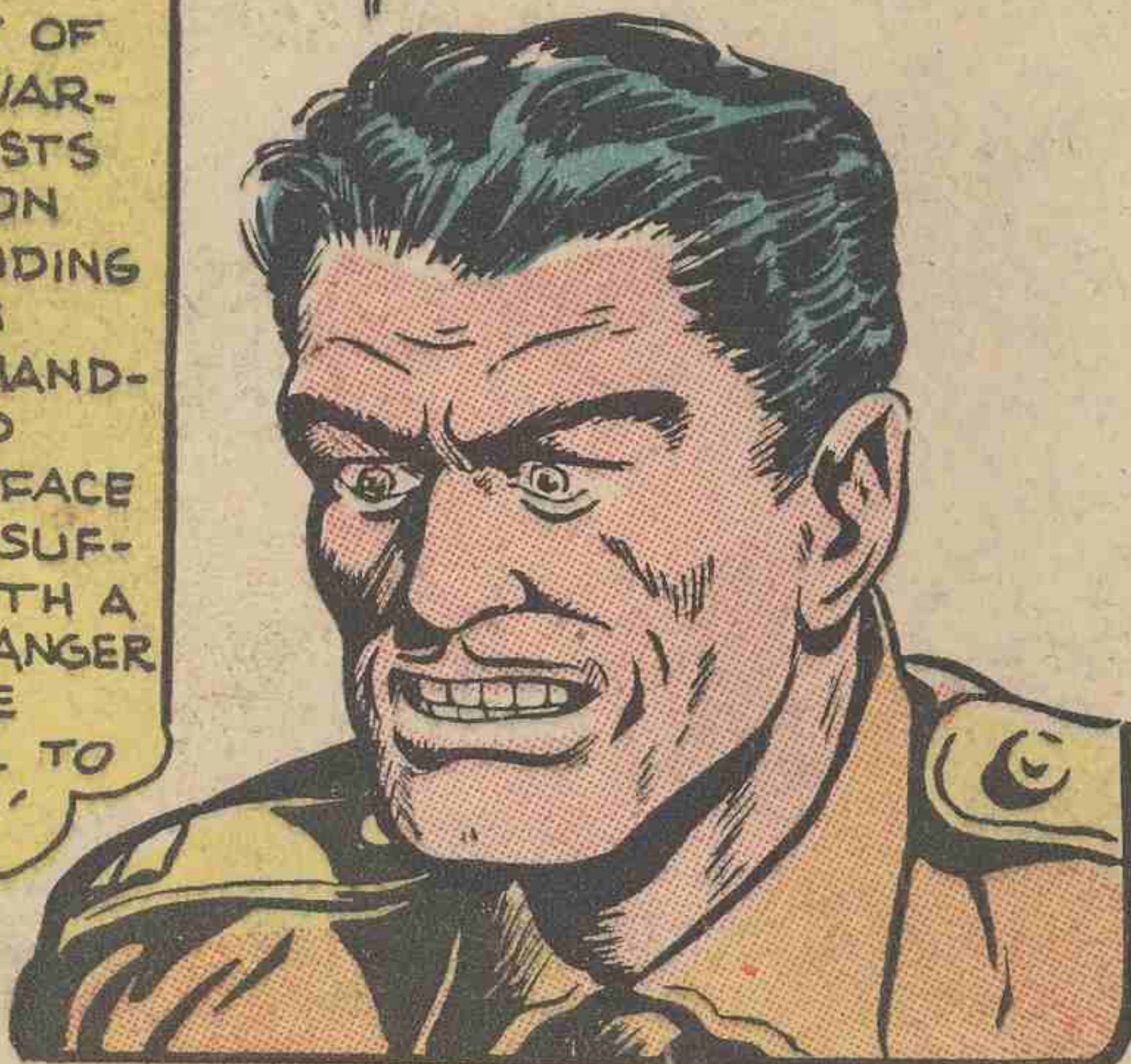
HEY! BILL, STOP!
--- YOUR BLOOD
PRESSURE!

-MY BLOOD PRESSURE EH!
READ THAT BLANKETY-
BLANK- NEWS PAPER
STORY AND SEE
WHAT HAPPENS
TO YOURS!



THEN....
AS CAPTAIN
AERO= THE
GREATEST OF
ALL SKY WAR-
RIORS CASTS
HIS EYES ON
THE OFFENDING
ITEM, HIS
USUALLY HAND-
SOME AND
SMILING FACE
BECOMES SUFF-
USED WITH A
FLASH OF ANGER
AND RAGE
TERRIBLE TO
BEHOLD!!

WHAT! NO! THEY
WOULDN'T DARE!!



BUT THEY DID!
-THERE IT IS, IN
BLACK AND
WHITE!!



SO CONSUMED WITH ANGER THAT HE CANNOT
SPEAK, THE MASTER FLIER TURNS HIS BACK
ON THE HORRIBLE REPORT AND STRIDES
STIFFLY OUT OF THE ROOM!

AERO!
WAIT! WHERE
ARE YOU
GOING?!



BILL, I KNOW YOU'RE A GOOD FRIEND OF
MINE, SO PLEASE DON'T ASK ME
ANY QUESTIONS--- JUST
HAVE MY SHIP RE-FUELED
AND LET IT GO AT THAT!

OKAY...IF THAT'S THE WAY HE WANTS IT, THAT'S THE WAY IT IS!...HEY YOU "DINKY"—JOE! ON THE DOUBLE!

OK, BOSS WE'RE COMIN' WHAT'S UP?

NOTHING BOYS, JUST GET AERO'S SHIP OUT AND GAS HER UP TO CAPACITY!

OK, SKIPPER, IT'S AS GOOD AS DONE LET'S GO, JOE!

--AND, OH YES!...CHECK HIS GUNS AND AMMUNITION,...AND PUT IN SOME EMERGENCY RATIONS AND A BOX OF PINE-APPLES!

A FEW MINUTES LATER!

SORRY YER HOPPIN' OFF SO SOON SON, BUT IF YA NEED ME DONT FORGET TO HOLLER!

THANKS SKIPPER, YOU'RE AN ACE! IN MORE WAYS THAN ONE!

A HASTY FAREWELL AND CAPT. AERO'S WEIRD PLANE ZOOMS AWAY INTO THE AIR!

SO LONG, AERO; HAPPY LANDINGS! I DONT KNOW WHERE YOU'RE GOING, BUT I'LL BET MY TAIL-ASSEMBLY--- WHEREVER YOU GO, SOMEBODY IS GOING TO PAY FOR A PIECE OF MIGHTY BAD MANNERS!

AS IT FADES IN TO THE DISTANCE--- THE SETTING SUN TINTS THE CLOUDS AN OMINOUS BLOOD-RED HUE!

ALTHOUGH HE TAKES OFF HEADED WEST, AS SOON AS HE IS OUT OF SIGHT OF THE BASE CAPT. AERO BANKS HIS SHIP SHARPLY AND HEADS INTO THE GATHERING DARKNESS OF THE ----- DISTANT, FORBIDDING EAST!



1 HOUR LATER.. RACING AT TOP SPEED, THE TERRIFICALLY FAST PLANE APPROACHES JAPAN!



THEN SUDDENLY, AERO'S SHIP IS SPOTTED BY A LONE JAPANESE PATROL PLANE!



BUT AT THE SAME INSTANT AERO SPOTS THE JAP!



DOWN STREAKS THE JAP WITH BOTH GUNS SLINGING LEAD AT AERO'S TAIL!



...IN THE MIDDLE OF HIS DIVE... THE JAP'S FACE SUDDENLY BLANCHES AND HE STARES WILDLY!



THE JAP IS RIGHT!...FOR CAPTAIN AERO HAS AGAIN PULLED THE SAME DISAPPEARING STUNT THAT DROVE THE JAPS CRAZY IN THEIR RECENT ENCOUNTER OVER BURMA!

THERE YA ARE JAPPIE, NOW YOU SEE ME AND NOW YOU DON'T!

I DID SEE IT!... IT WAS THERE! I AM GOOD CLEAR MINDED PILOT! ISS NOT IMAGINATION!... I MUST CIRCLE HIGHER, MAY BE WILL OBSERVE SAME AGAIN!!

HA-HA-HA! THE WAY HE'S SCOOTING AROUND HE MUST BE GETTIN' JITTERY! OKAY! I'LL HAND HIM A STUNT THAT WILL GIVE HIM THE JUMPING JITTERS OR IF I KNOW JAPS!... MAYBE HE'LL COMMIT HARI KARI!

THEN HE DIVES LIKE A COMET DIRECTLY INTO THE SIGHTS OF THE WILD-EYED JAP!

AHA! THERE YOU ARE! NOW I'VE GOT YOU! TAKE THAT!!

BUT AGAIN AERO'S MYSTERY SHIP VANISHES BEFORE HIS VERY EYES!

ENOUGH IS ENOUGH! 'TIS TRUE I AM CRAZY! NO LONGER IS THIS ONE OF VALUE TO HIS EMPEROR SO I BLOW UP PLANE AND SELF TOGETHER! AGHHH!!

POOR MISGUIDED FOOL! HE OBEYED THE SAMURAI CODE AND DESTROYED HIMSELF! THAT'S A JAP FOR YOU! WHEN HE RUNS INTO SOMETHING HE CANT SAVVY, HE SAVES HIS FACE BY COMMITTING SUICIDE! HM.. NOT SO BAD, ONE ZERO BLOWN TO BITS AND I DIDNT FIRE A SHOT!..

..GREAT STUFF, PSYCHOLOGY!.. NOW FOR THE REAL BUSINESS ON HAND!

MEANWHILE... NEAR THE IMPERIAL PALACE
IN THE STREETS OF TOKIO, BELOW---

WHAT IS THE
MATTER WITH
YOU, PRIVATE
MOKI?

STRANGE AS IT MAY
SEEM, OH MY HONORABLE
CAPTAIN... BUT THE GOD
SHINTO BLESSED THIS
WORTHLESS ONE WITH
VERY SHARP EARS!



'TIS NOTICEABLE, BUT
WHAT HAS THIS TO DO
WITH EXTREMELY
FOOLISH EXPRESSION
ON STUPID FACE?

A MOMENT AGO, I
PLAINLY HEARD SOUND
OF AIRPLANE OVERHEAD
BUT SOUND CEASED
SUDDENLY AND I HAVE
NOT HEARD SAME SINCE!



FOOL! EVER SINCE THE
AMERICAN DOGS BOMBED
OUR ILLUSTRIOUS CITIES--
YOU HAVE BEEN HEARING
AIRPLANE MOTORS!---
IT IS OUR OWN PATROLS
READY TO MEET AND
DESTROY THEM, SHOULD
THEY EVER ATTEMPT IT
AGAIN!

SO SORRY,
MY CAPTAIN!



... BUT I DID HEAR IT!... AND
THE MOTOR OF SAME DID
SUDDENLY CEASE IT'S CUSTOM-
ARY NOISE!

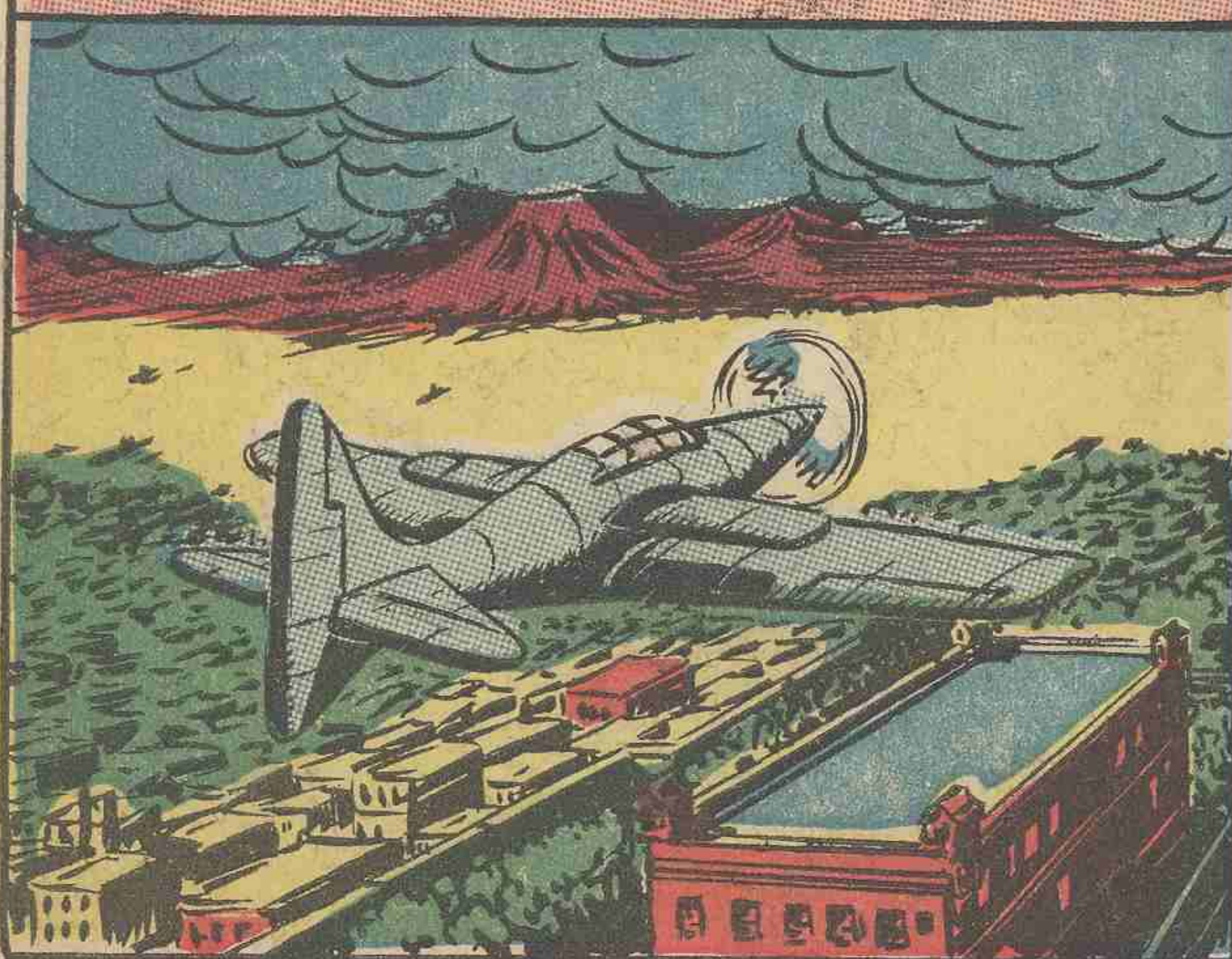


YES, PRIVATE MOKI, YOU ARE QUITE
RIGHT!... FOR WHAT YOU HEARD WAS
-- THE MYSTERY PLANE OF CAPT. AERO!

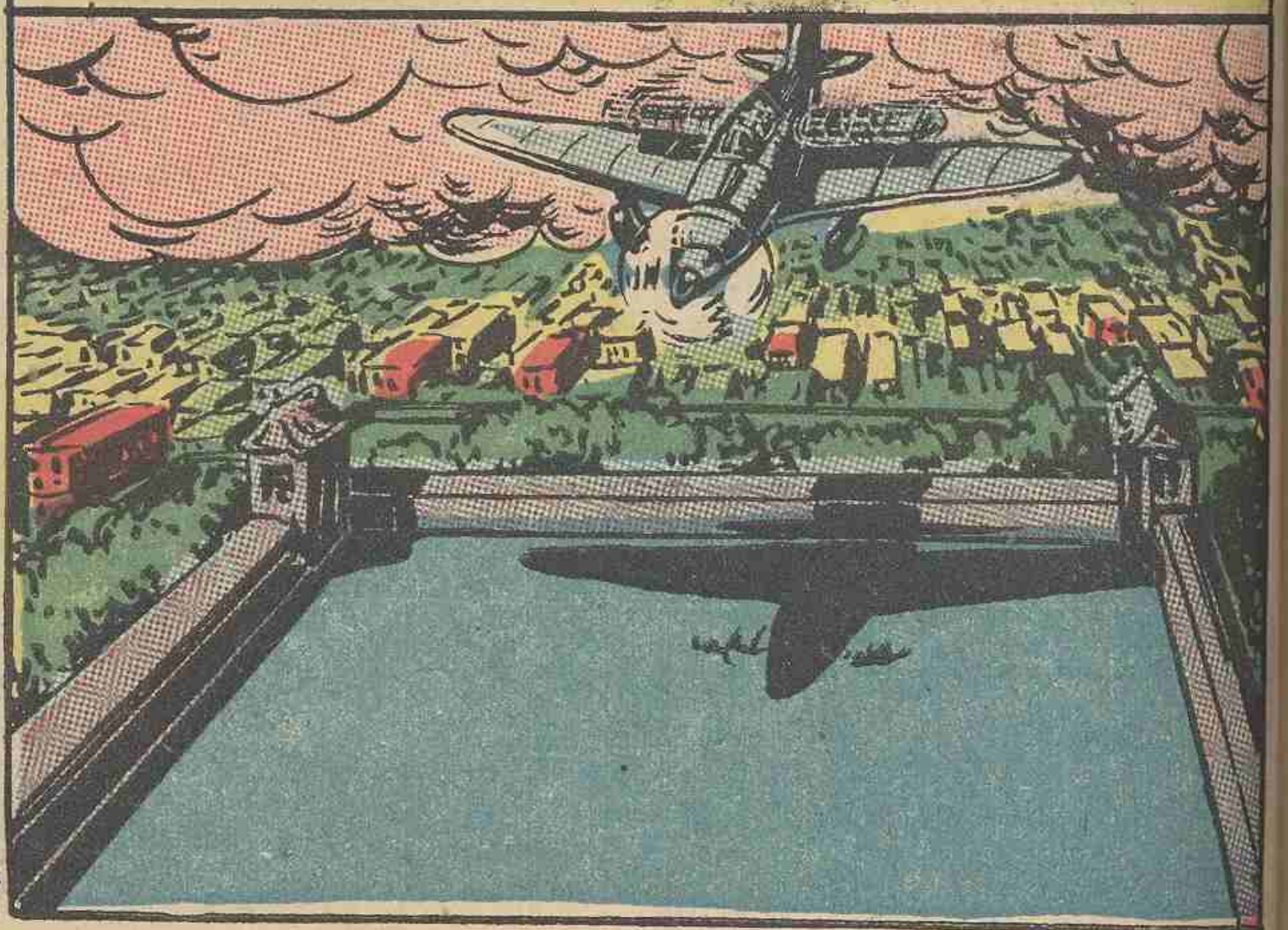
BY CUTTING OUT MY GAS ENGINE
AND SWITCHING OVER TO THE ELECT-
RICAL IMPULSOR MOTOR I CAN DROP
RIGHT DOWN AND LAND ON THE FLAT
ROOF OF THE PALACE WITHOUT
A SOUND!



... THEN SILENT AS A SWOOPING HAWK, THE
GREAT PLANE OF THE FUTURE SLIPS DOWN
THRU THE LOW-HANGING CLOUDS AND GLIDES
LIKE A GHOST TOWARDS THE ROYAL MENAGE!



..... IMPOSSIBLE! YOU SAY, NO PLANE COULD LAND ON
A ROOF ONLY 150 FEET LONG AT NIGHT, WITHOUT
CRACKING UP!--- YOU'RE RIGHT! NO ORDINARY
PLANE COULD DO IT! BUT THIS IS CAPT. AERO'S
MYSTERY PLANE! WATCH!... AND YOU'LL SEE HIM DO IT!
-- HERE HE COMES!



NOW! WATCH CLOSELY! SEE THAT EXTRA SET OF SMALL WINGS. JUST BACK OF THE COCKPIT! --- THEY'RE SPINNING AROUND AGAINST THE WIND AND HOLDING THE PLANE BACK! THERE, HE'S DOWN! HE'S STOPPED! HE'S GETTING OUT!

NOW IF THAT DOOR TO THE ROOF IS STILL IN THE SAME PLACE THAT IT WAS WHEN I VISITED HERE TEN YEARS AGO, IN THE INTERESTS OF AVIATION, THIS WILL BE EASY!



AH! HERE IT IS AND AS USUAL IT ISN'T LOCKED! NOW THERE SHOULD BE A GUARD AT THE FOOT OF THESE STAIRS! HE'S ALWAYS THERE TO KEEP EVIL SPIRITS FROM ENTERING THRU THE ROOF!



YEP! THERE HE IS AND HE IS NOW GOING TO BE ELIMATED ---



---COMMANDO STYLE!



NOW JUST DOWN THE HALL HERE SHOULD BE THE BED ROOM OF THE "SON OF HEAVEN" AS THEY CALL MR. HIROHITO AND OH YES I MUSTN'T FORGET HIS CHAMBER GUARD!

HE'S GOT TWO OF THEM NOW HE MUST BE EXPECTING MORE THAN ONE ASSASSIN! ---WELL THAT MAKES IT EASIER!

OH-OH!





SEE WHAT I MEAN! YOU
PLAY ONE AGAINST THE
OTHER LIKE
THIS!



NOW HIROHITO, HERE'S
WHERE YOU PAY FOR
SOME OF YOUR
TREACHERY!



..AND CAPT. AERO STEPS
THRU THE DOOR TO THE
EMPEROR'S CHAMBER!!



SILENT AS AN
AVENGING
ANGEL HE
APPROACHES
THE SNORING
REPRESENTATIVE
OF ALL
THAT IS
TREACHEROUS
AND
BARBARIOUS!
HIS POWERFUL
HANDS OPENING
AND CLOSING
IN ANTICIPATION
OF THE
CRUCIAL MOMENT
AT HAND!



THEN AS HE STANDS OVER THE SLEEPING
FIGURE, HIS EYES WIDEN IN AMAZEMENT!

HEY!
WHAT
THE?!!



THAT'S NOT
HIROHITO!!



IT'S A MEANER AND
FILTHIER BLACKGUARD!
IT'S TOJO!!



AS AERO, SEETHING WITH RAGE RUSHES UP TO
AGAIN GET HIS HANDS ON THE SCREAMING
WAR MONGER, A CHATTERING HORDE OF
ROYAL GUARDS CRASH INTO THE ROOM!



REALIZING THAT SHEER FORCE OF NUMBERS WILL SOON OVERCOME HIM AND FEARING THAT, IF HE IS CAPTURED HIS MYSTERY SHIP WILL FALL INTO THE HANDS OF THE JAPS, CAPTAIN AERO MAKES A WILD BREAK TO ESCAPE!



SO SORRY, BUT I REALLY MUST BE LEAVING

AS HE DASHES UP THE STAIRS TO THE ROOF, THE ANGRY GUARDS FRANTICALLY FOLLOW



WAIT! STOP! HE IS GOING TO THE ROOF! HE IS CORNERED NOW! HE CAN NOT ESCAPE!!

BELIEVING THEIR QUARRY TO BE HOPELESSLY TRAPPED, THEY GATHER ON THE STAIRWAY FOR A CONCENTRATED ATTACK!!!



GET READY! FIX BAYONETS! KILL HIM ON SIGHT! CHARGE!

BUT AS THEY POUR OUT ONTO THE ROOF, THEY ARE GREETED BY A TERRIFIC GUST OF WIND AS AERO'S MYSTERY SHIP SILENTLY BOUNDS AWAY INTO THE SKY!



yiii

THE FOLLOWING EVENING!

TWO HOURS LATER.. BACK AT THE TIGER BASE IN CHINESE TERRITORY!



HEY SKIPPER! SHIP COMIN' IN! LOOKS LIKE CAP'N. AERO!

OH! SO YOU'RE BACK ALREADY! HM.! YOU WEREN'T GONE LONG!



NOPE, JUST WENT UP AND FLEW AROUND A LITTLE TO COOL OFF.. THAT NEWS ITEM MADE ME PLENTY MAD BUT I'M O.K. NOW!

A RADIO TOKIO SHORT-WAVE BROADCAST — HEARD THIS MORNING, SAID THAT A STRANGE UNIDENTIFIED AIRCRAFT LANDED ON THE ROOF OF THE IMPERIAL PALACE LAST NIGHT WITH AN UNKNOWN NUMBER OF ASSASSINS INTENT UPON THE EMPEROR'S LIFE! PREMIER TOJO WHO WAS OCCUPYING THE ROYAL CHAMBER WAS SEVERELY MAUL-ED AS WELL AS MANY GUARDS WHOM THE ASSASSINS OUTNUMBERED! IN FITS OF CONSCIOUSNESS TOJO MUTTERS THE WORDS, "ARROW!" "ARROW!" WHICH MAY BE THE NAME OF THE GANG!

ARROW EH! THEM JAPS NEVER COULD PRONOUNCE ENGLISH RIGHT COULD THEY CAPTAIN ARROW?



ANOTHER GREAT AIR ADVENTURE WITH CAPTAIN AERO! in the next issue of Captain AERO Comics!

ALIAS "X"

by
HERMAN C.
BROWNER



A SURPRISE
AIR-RAID DRILL MARKS
THE BEGINNING OF ALIAS
X'S WEIRDEST AND MOST
EXCITING ADVENTURE LEAD-
ING TO THE CAPTURE OF
NAZI-AGENT COOPER
THE LAST OF THE
"THREE LITTLE
DEVILS!"

THE RELENTLESS HUNT FOR THIS ARCH SAB-
OTUER HAS BROUGHT ALIAS X TO FENMORE ON
THE NEW ENGLAND COAST WHEN - - -

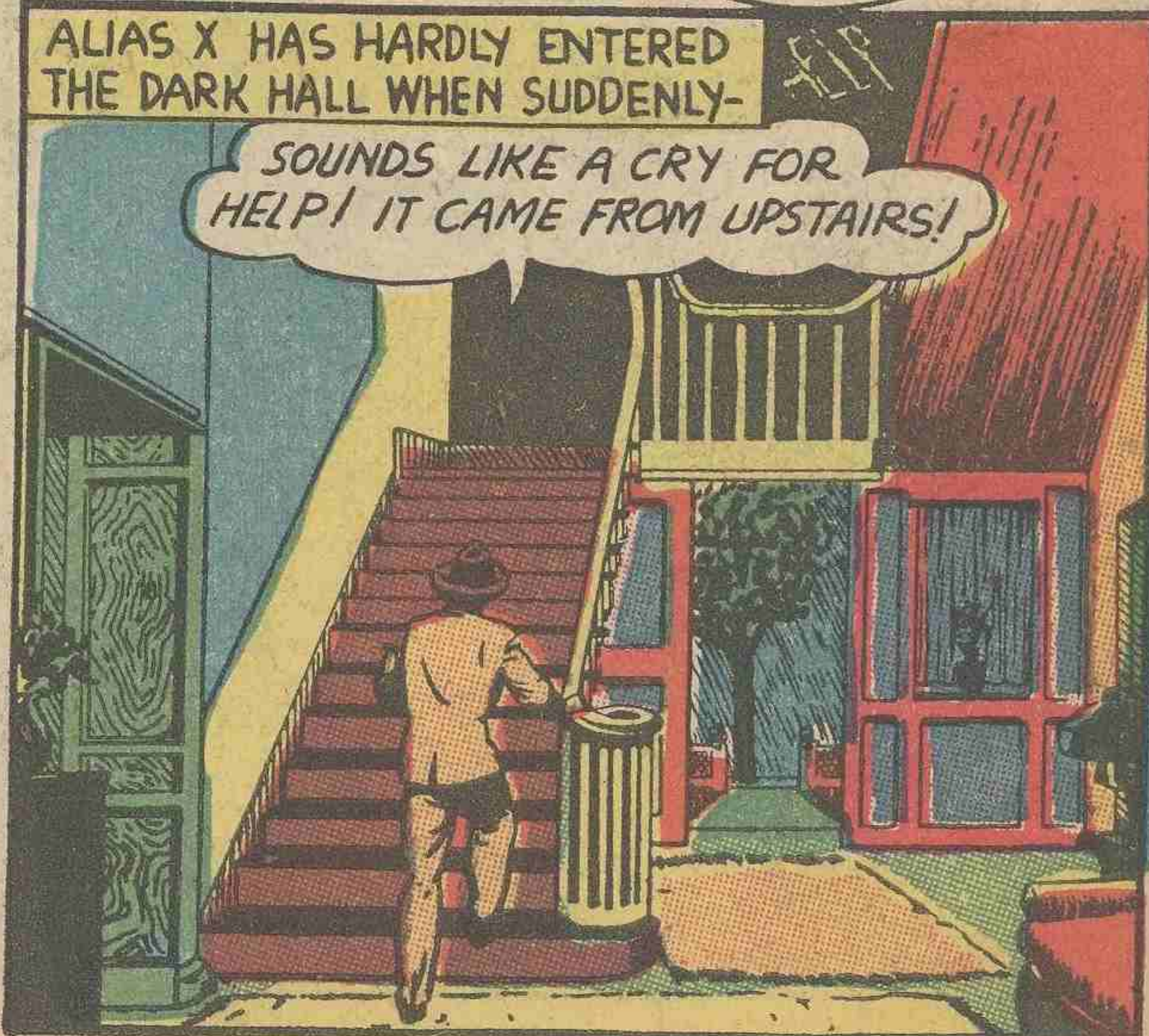
AN AIR-RAID
ALARM!

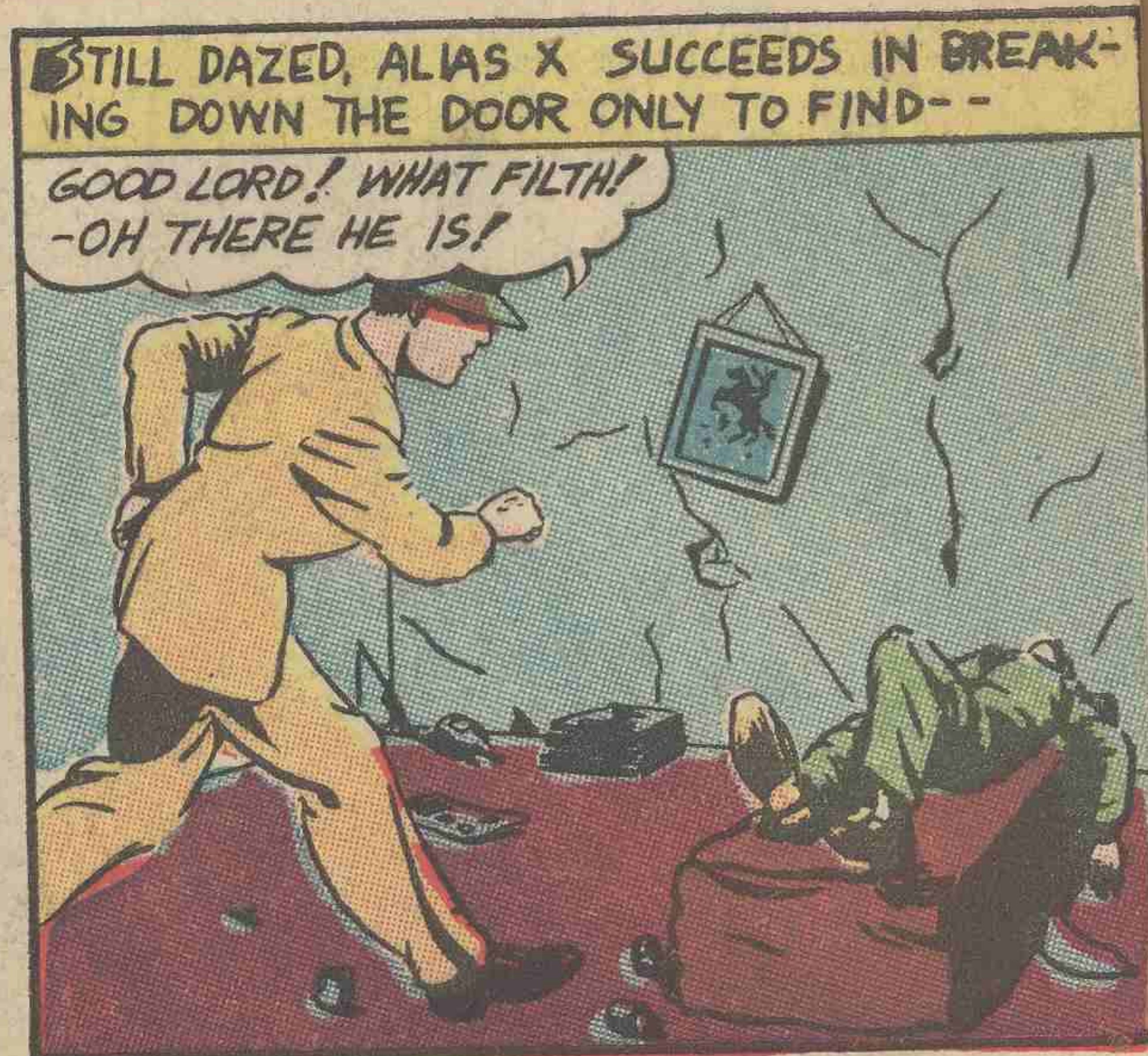
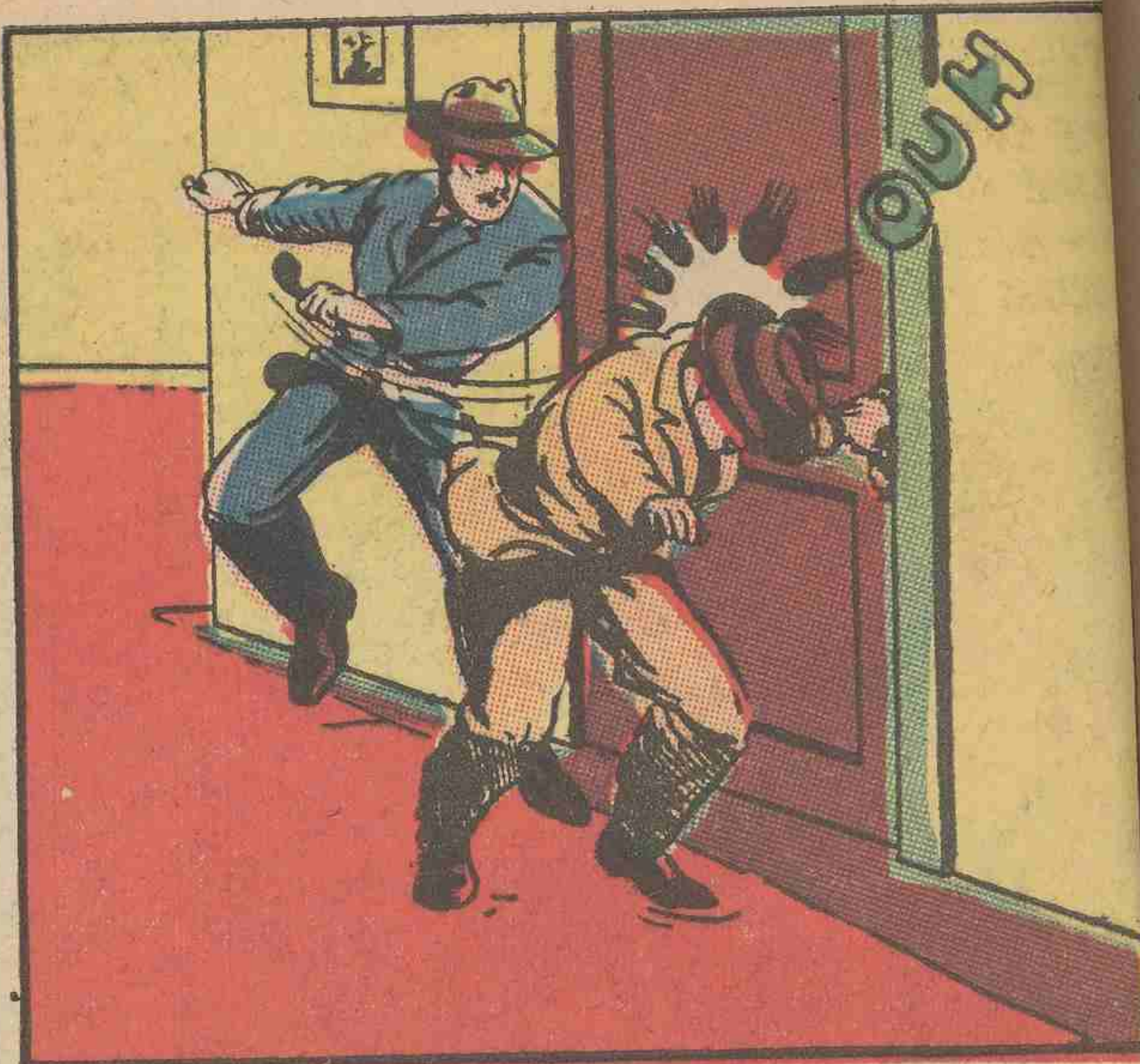
HEY, MR! TAKE
COVER IN THAT HOUSE!
WILL YOU!



ALIAS X HAS HARDLY ENTERED
THE DARK HALL WHEN SUDDENLY-

SOUNDS LIKE A CRY FOR
HELP! IT CAME FROM UPSTAIRS!





THE FOLLOWING MORNING--

HE CERTAINLY DIDN'T LOOK LIKE A FAMOUS SCIENTIST -- INTERESTING CASE--I GUESS I'LL DO A LITTLE INVESTIGATING!



Daily Star

IN ANSWER TO A MYSTERY PHONE CALL THE POLICE LAST NIGHT ENTERED THE HOME OF MRS STAFFORD AND FOUND THE BRUTALLY STRAN- GLED BODY OF PROFESSOR PETE RAUMAN, FAMOUS SCIENTIST AND INVENTOR, WHO HAS BEEN MISS- ING FOR THREE WEEKS. MRS STAFFORD HAD CLOSED HER HOME FIVE MONTHS AGO AND GONE TO WASHINGTON TO JOIN HER HUSBAND HOW THE MURDERED MAN ENTER- ED THE PREMISES IS. -AJOR HENRY STAFF-

PRISONERS MOSTLY BOUNDED REMOVED LATER AWAY FOUR TANKS CAPTURED IN BIZERT. IN THE

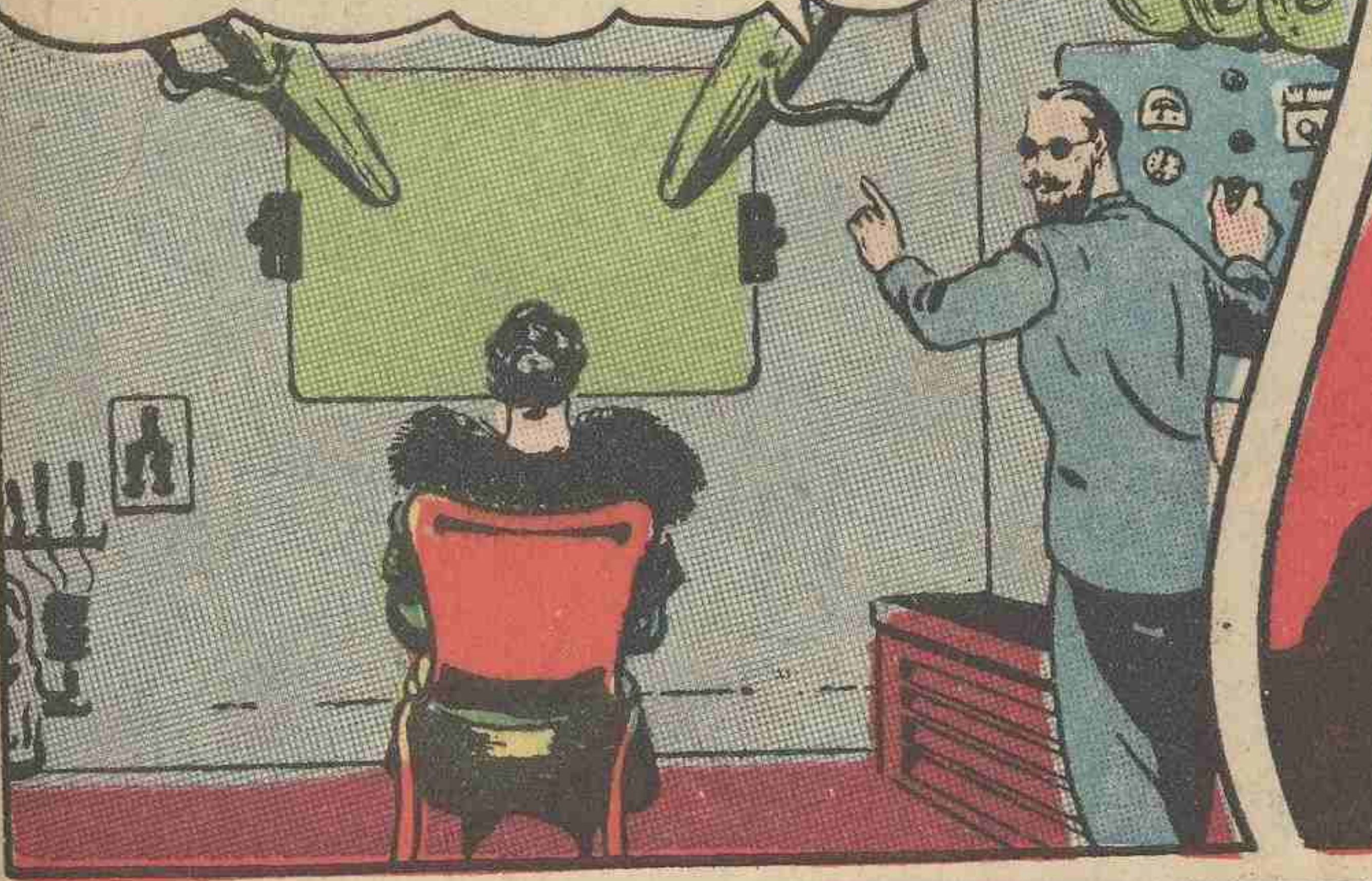
MEANWHILE, IN THE HEART OF FENMORE'S MILLIONAIRE COLONY--

--MY UNIQUE INVENTION WILL ENABLE YOU TO RE- LIVE YOUR PAST, MADAM HOWELL, MY FEE IS HIGH, BUT THE PLEASURE YOU'LL DERIVE CANNOT BE MEASURED IN TERMS OF MONEY--

DR LATIMER. MONEY IS NO OBJECT I AM QUITE EAGER TO GO ON WITH IT!



NOW CONCENTRATE ON ANY EVENT IN YOUR PAST WHICH YOU WISH TO RE-LIVE. YOUR THOUGHTS WILL TAKE SHAPE AND APPEAR ON THIS SCREEN MUCH LIKE A MOTION PICTURE--



BELIEVING HERSELF ALONE, MISS HOWELL DOES NOT SUSPECT THAT DR LATIMER SHARES HER VISUAL JOURNEY THROUGH THE PAST--

HER MEMORY IS QUITE UN- TROUBLED. THE RECEPTION IS EVEN AND CLEAR, NOT LIKE BANKER WILLARD'S! NOT A GOOD PROSPECT I FEAR, LATIMER!

NO, HAUSER, I DON'T THINK SO A VAIN WOMAN RECALLING HER STAGE TRIUMPHS - BY THE WAY, DID WILLARD PAY YOU?



NOPE, WILLARD REFUSES TO PAY ANY MORE BLACKMAIL! BE- SIDES I THINK HE IS BROKE!

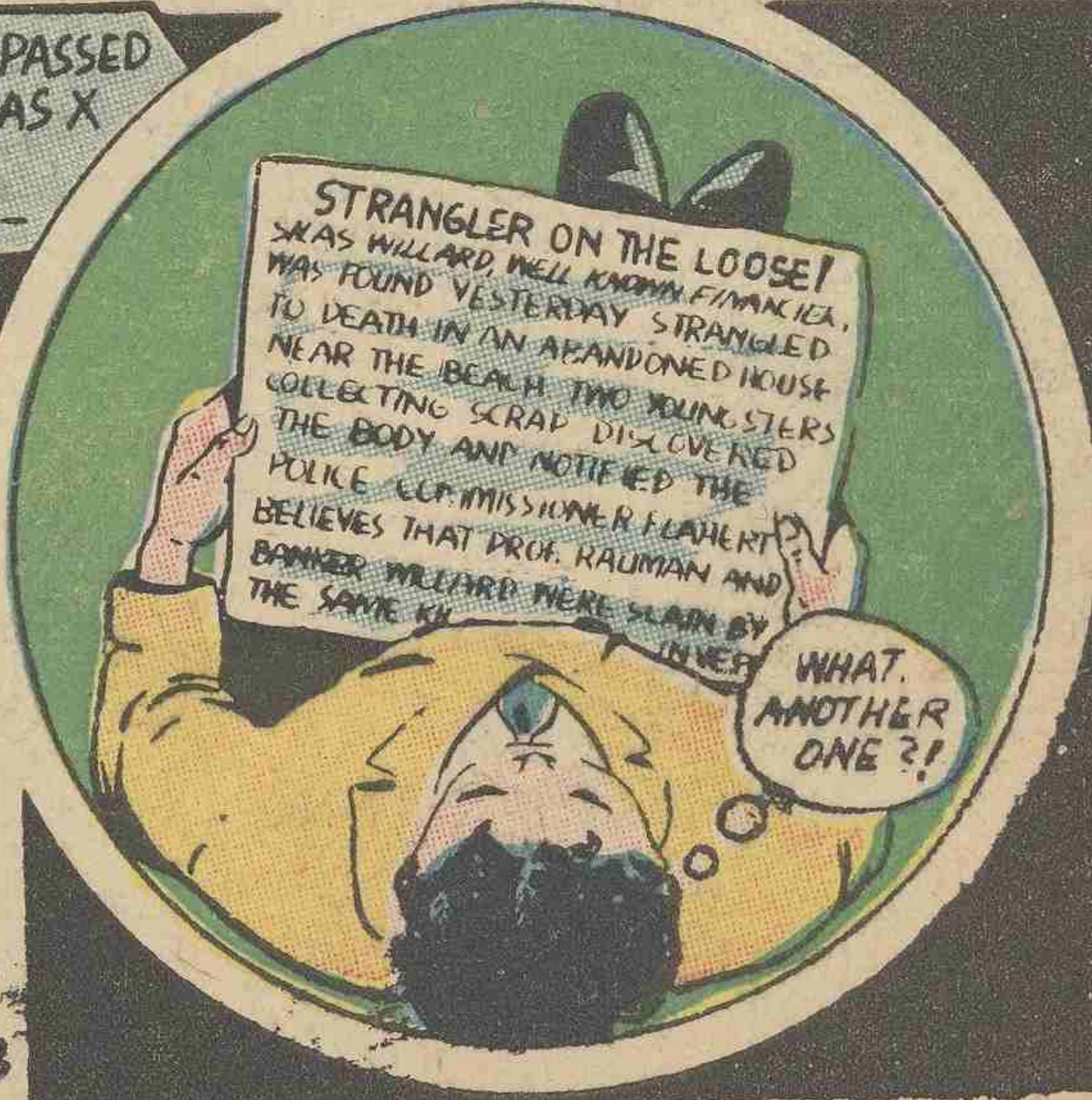
SEVERAL DAYS HAVE PASSED DURING WHICH ALIAS X HAS MADE BUT LITTLE PROGRESS--

NONSENSE! HIS BANK HAS PLENTY OF MONEY! WE'LL HAVE TO SET AN EXAMPLE! I FIXED THAT FOOL RAUMAN AND NOW I SHALL TAKE CARE OF FRIEND WILLARD!



STRANGLER ON THE LOOSE! WAS WILLARD, WELL KNOWN FINAN- CIALIST, FOUND YESTERDAY STRAN- GLED TO DEATH IN AN ABANDONED HOUSE NEAR THE BEACH TWO YOUNGSTERS COLLECTING SCRAP DISCOVERED THE BODY AND NOTIFIED THE POLICE. COMMISSIONER FLAHERTY BELIEVES THAT PROF. RAUMAN AND BANKER WILLARD WERE SLAIN BY THE SAME KN-

WHAT. ANOTHER ONE?!



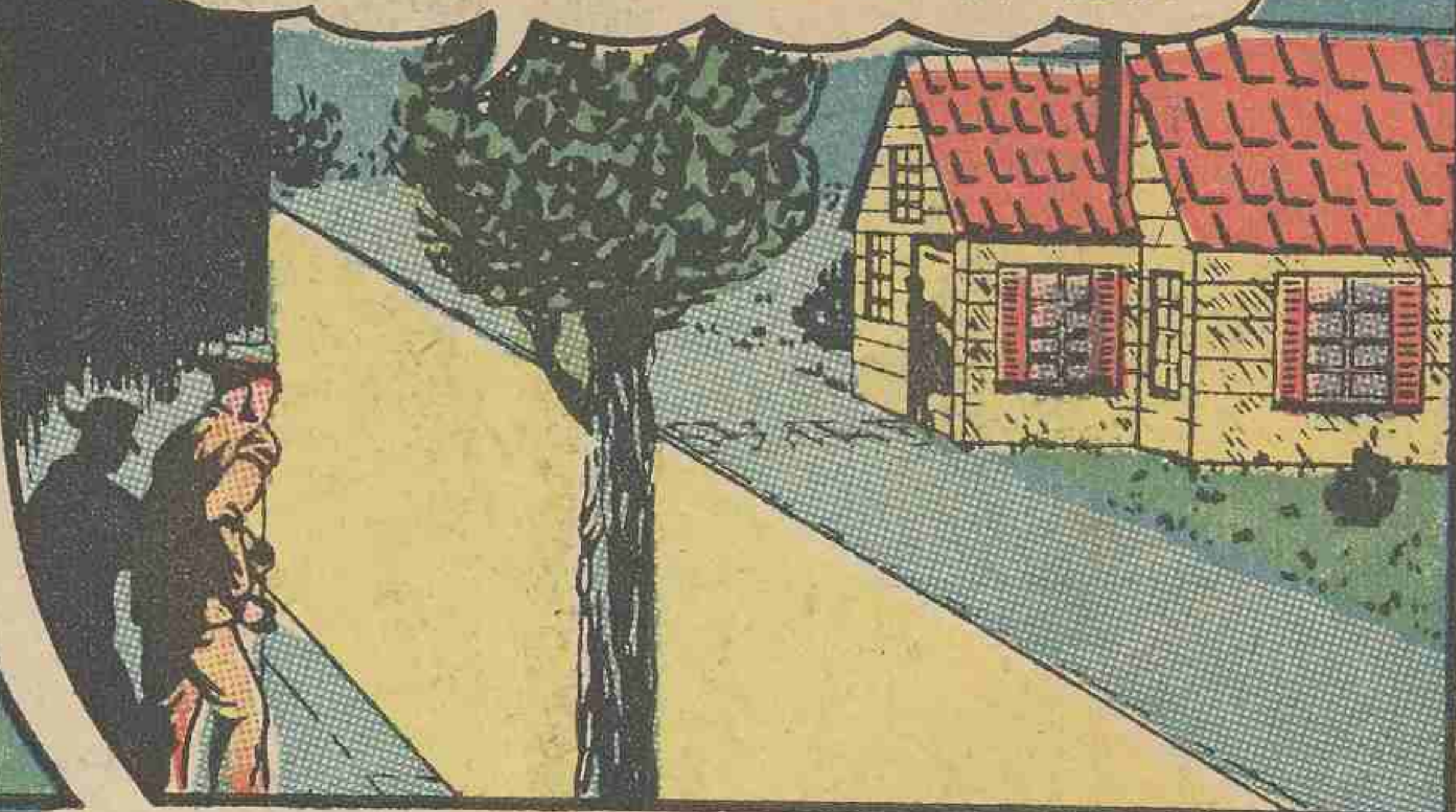
HOPING TO GET A LEAD, ALIAS X, POSING AS A FRIEND OF THE FINANCIER, INTERVIEWS THE WIDOW--

FOLLOWING A HUNCH, ALIAS X DECIDES TO INVESTIGATE DR. LATIMER--

WHEN DID THIS CHANGE COME OVER YOUR HUSBAND, MRS. WILLARD?

SHORTLY AFTER HE BEGAN GETTING TREATMENTS FROM DR. LATIMER. HE WENT THERE TWO OR THREE TIMES A WEEK AND THEN SUDDENLY STOPPED!

A MOST CURIOUS PROCESSION OF PATIENTS, MOSTLY ELDERLY PEOPLE, A FEW YOUNG WOMEN AND TO TOP IT ALL, THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY! DON'T KNOW WHAT TO MAKE OF IT YET!



THE VERY SAME EVENING ALIAS X FINDS AN OPPORTUNITY TO MAKE DOCTOR LATIMER'S ACQUAINTANCE--

IS THERE ANYTHING I CAN DO?

I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S WRONG WITH THIS CAR! SHE WAS IN PERFECT ORDER THIS MORNING!

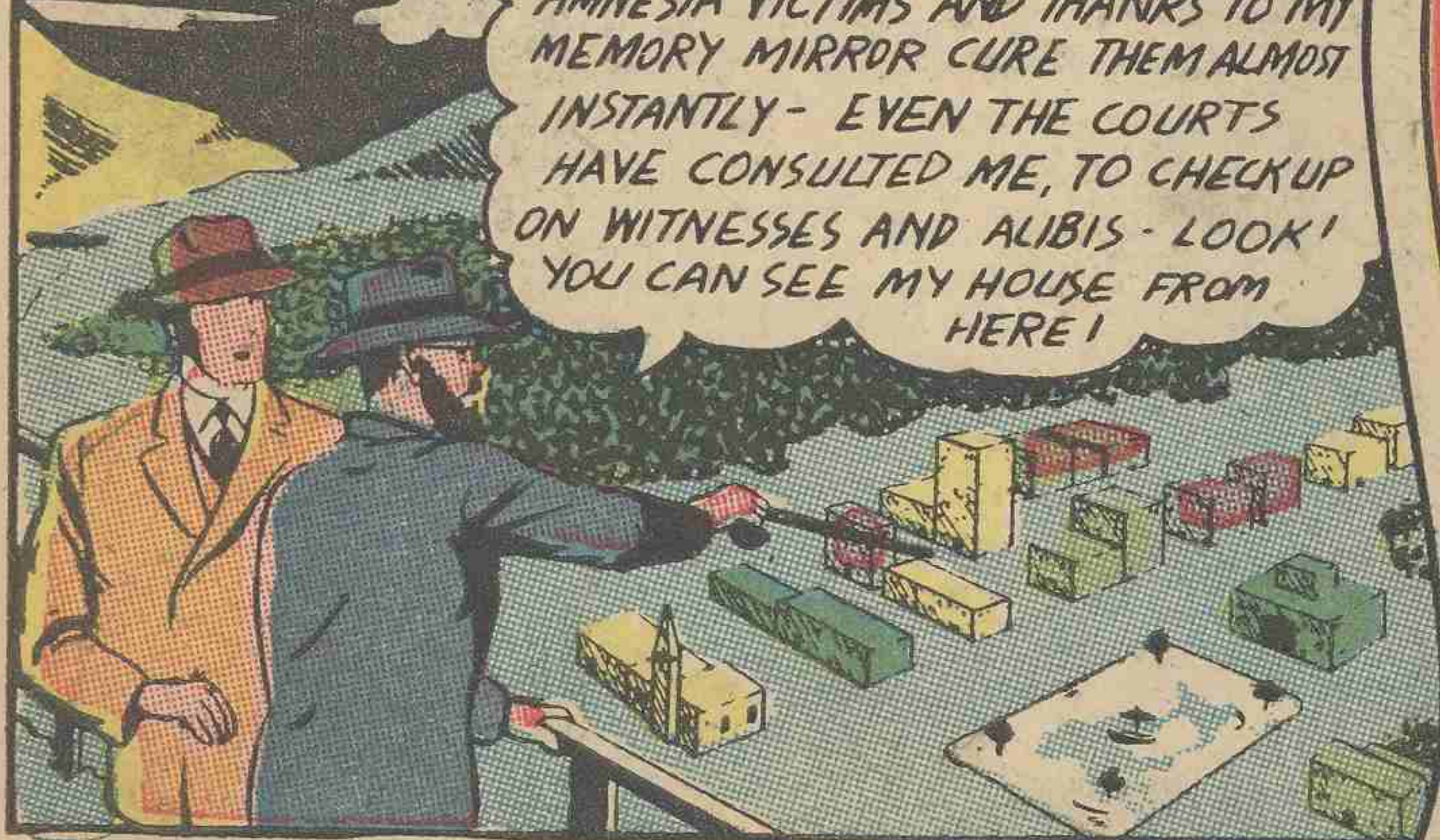
I AM GLAD TO KNOW YOU, MR. DUNLOP-- AFTER A HARD DAYS WORK I ENJOY A SHORT DRIVE TO POINT LOOKOUT, WOULD YOU CARE TO JOIN ME?

I'LL BE GLAD TO!



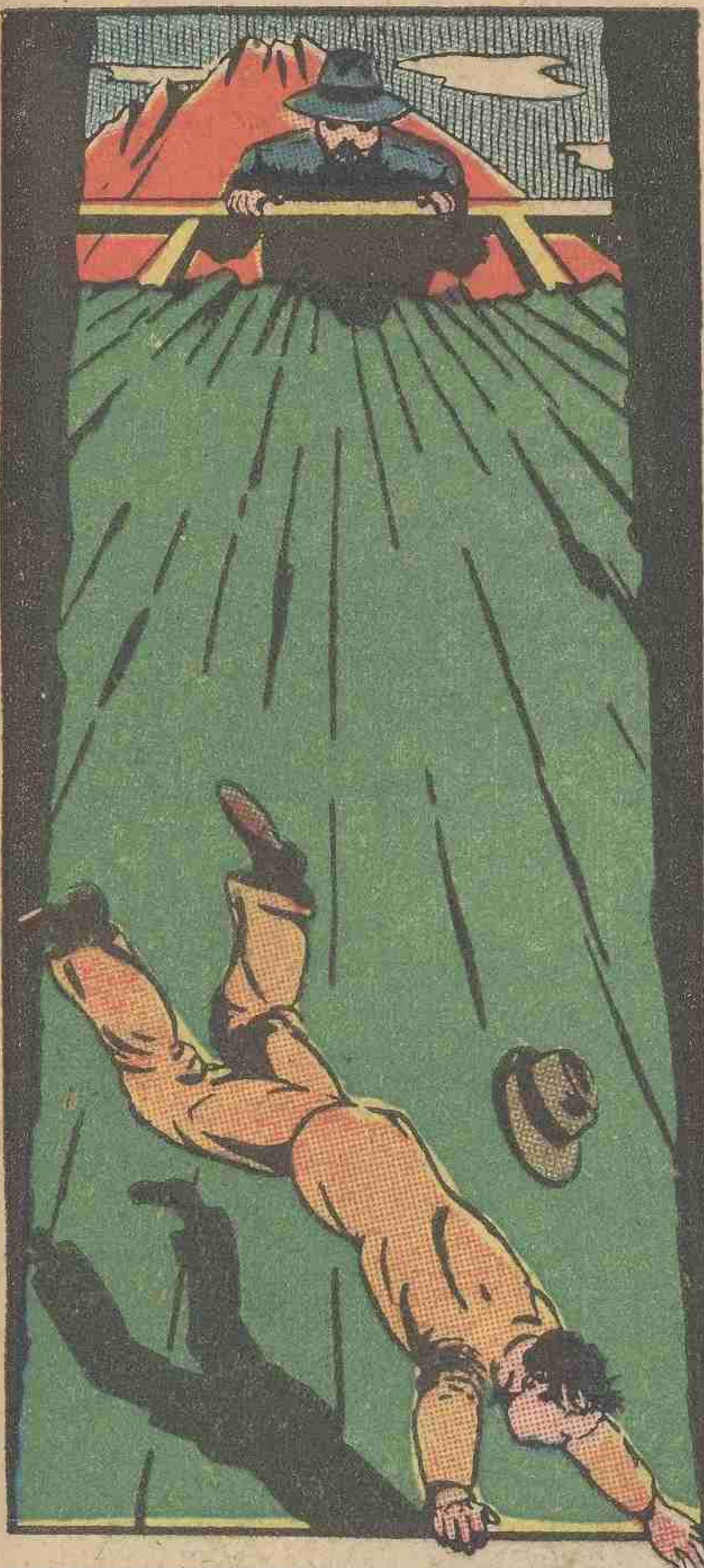
A WONDERFUL INVENTION! MOST AMAZING THING I EVER HEARD!

YES INDEED! PARENTS RE-LIVE HAPPY MOMENTS WITH THEIR CHILDREN-- SWEETHEARTS RECALL THEIR LOVERS, OLD ROUES WALLOW IN THE GLORY OF THEIR FADED YOUTH, PHYSICIANS BRING AMNESIA VICTIMS AND THANKS TO MY MEMORY MIRROR CURE THEM ALMOST INSTANTLY-- EVEN THE COURTS HAVE CONSULTED ME, TO CHECK UP ON WITNESSES AND ALIBIS-- LOOK! YOU CAN SEE MY HOUSE FROM HERE!



IT'S YOUR LAST LOOK FRIEND! HAPPY LANDING!





GRASPING THE BRANCH OF A STUNTED TREE GROWING CRAZILY FROM THE SIDE OF THE CLIFF, ALIAS X SAVES HIMSELF FROM CERTAIN DEATH--



OOPS! THAT WAS A NARROW ESCAPE! I WONDER WHY LATIMER WANTED ME OUT OF THE WAY!



THE SAME NIGHT DR LATIMER CONFERS WITH HAUSER--

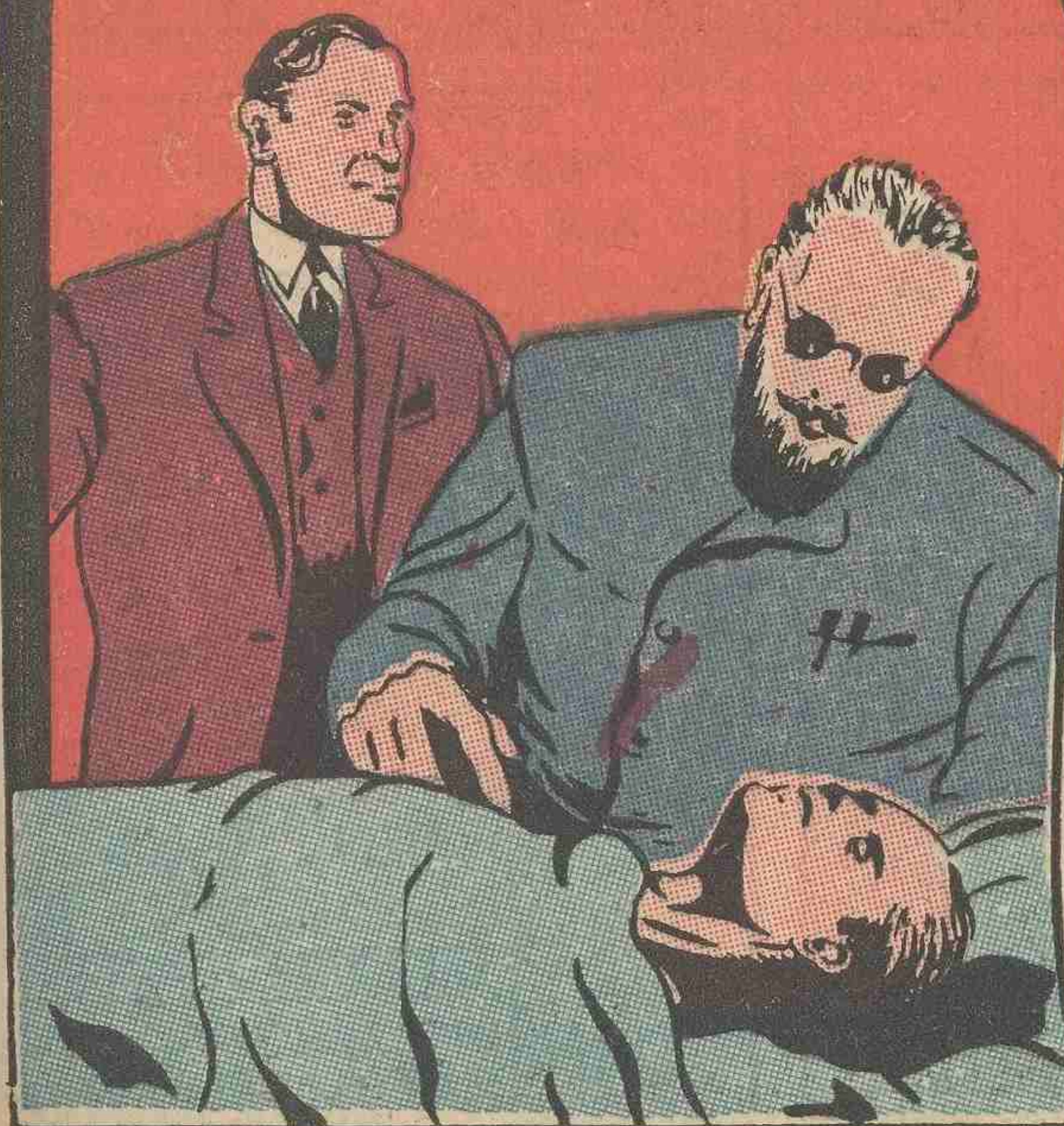
--THAT MAKES \$200,000- FOR THIS MONTH ALONE! NICE WORK! HOW THOSE BOOBS PAY! BERLIN WILL BE PLEASED! WHAT DID YOU DO WITH STAFFORD?

I PUT HIM IN NUMBER FOUR DO YOU WANT TO SEE HIM NOW?



HE IS STILL OUT!

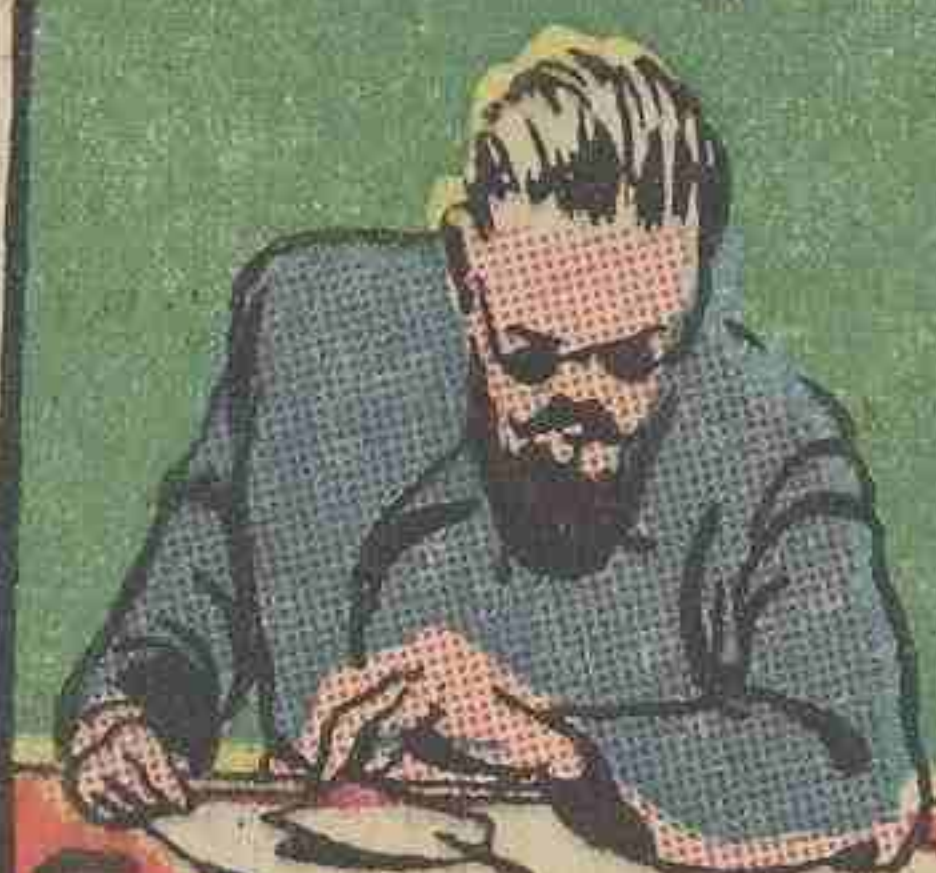
YES, WE'LL HAVE TO WAIT 'TIL TOMORROW. RIG THE CAMERA SO WE CAN GET ALL THE DETAILS OF THE NEW PLANE DESIGN!

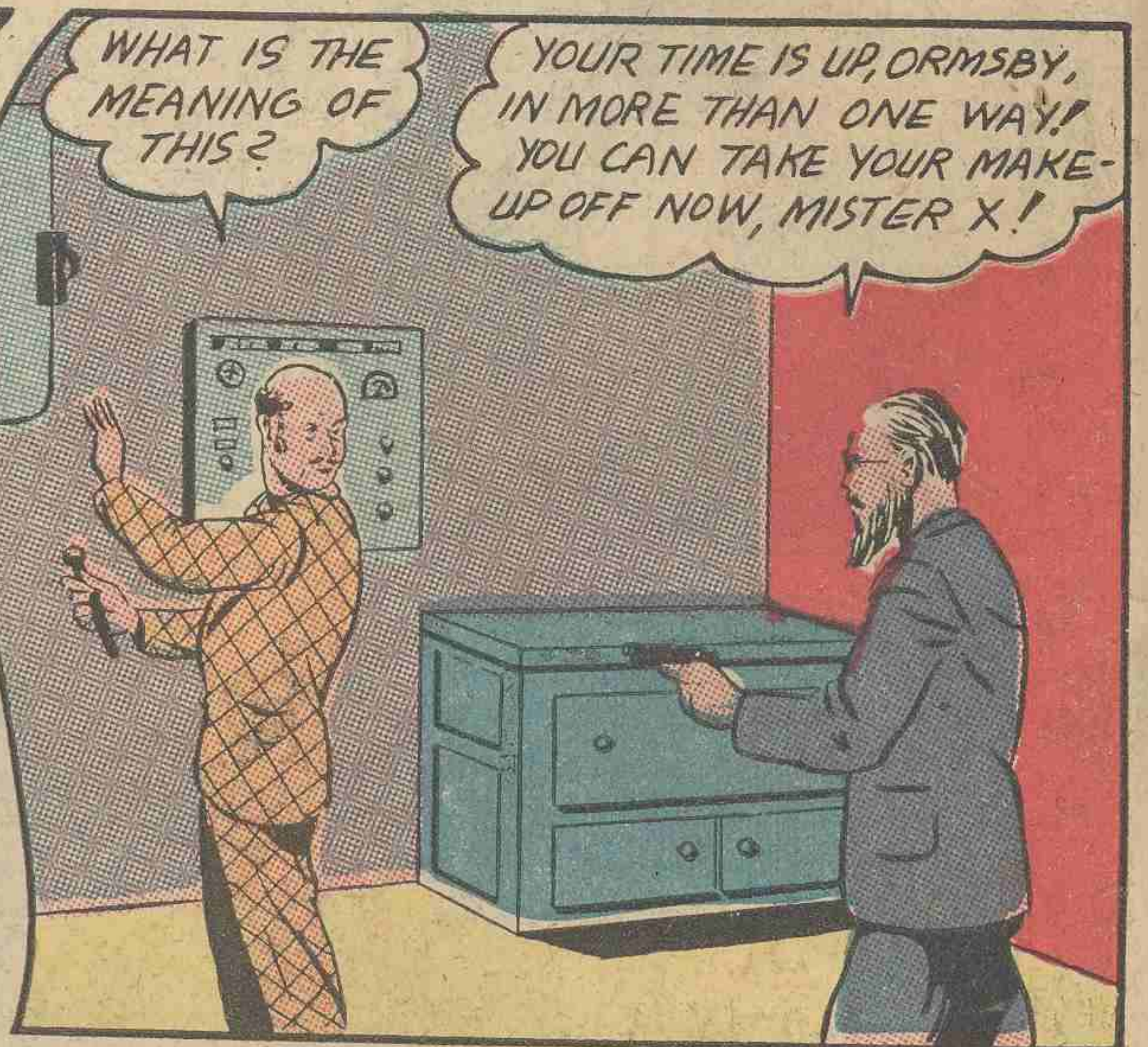
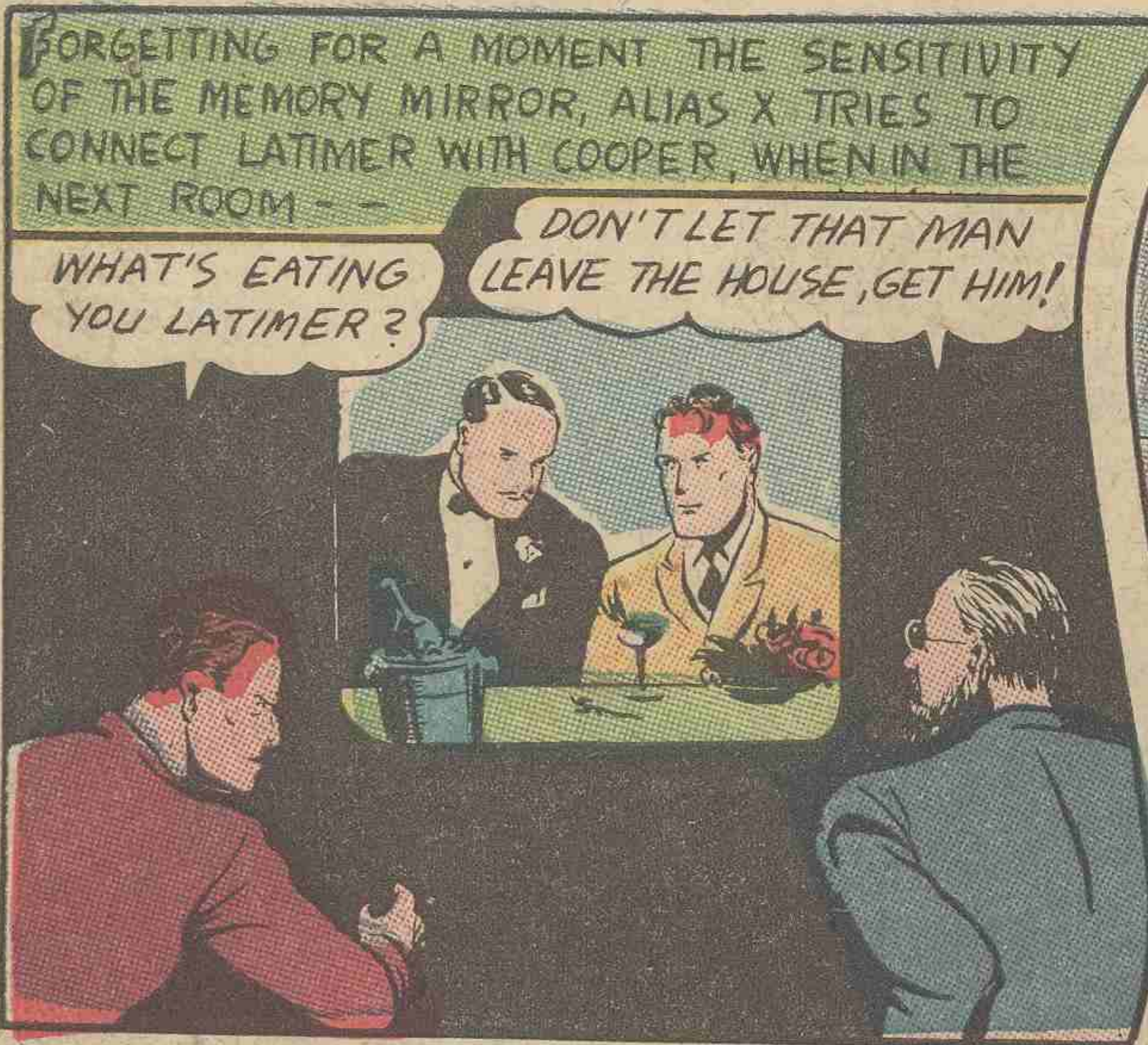
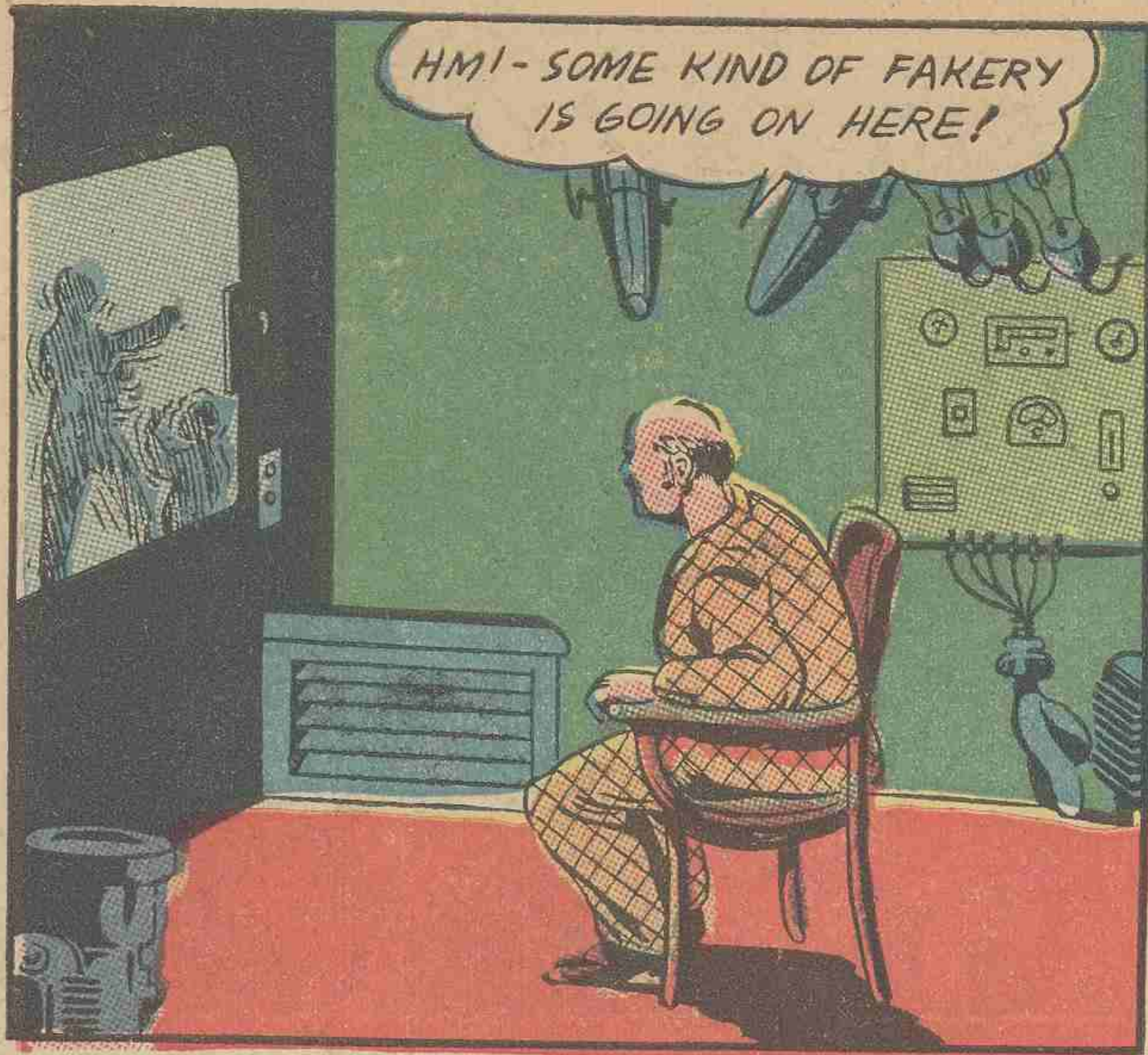


THE NEXT DAY, ALIAS X, DISGUISED AS AN ELDERLY PLAYBOY, BECOMES A PATIENT OF DR LATIMER--

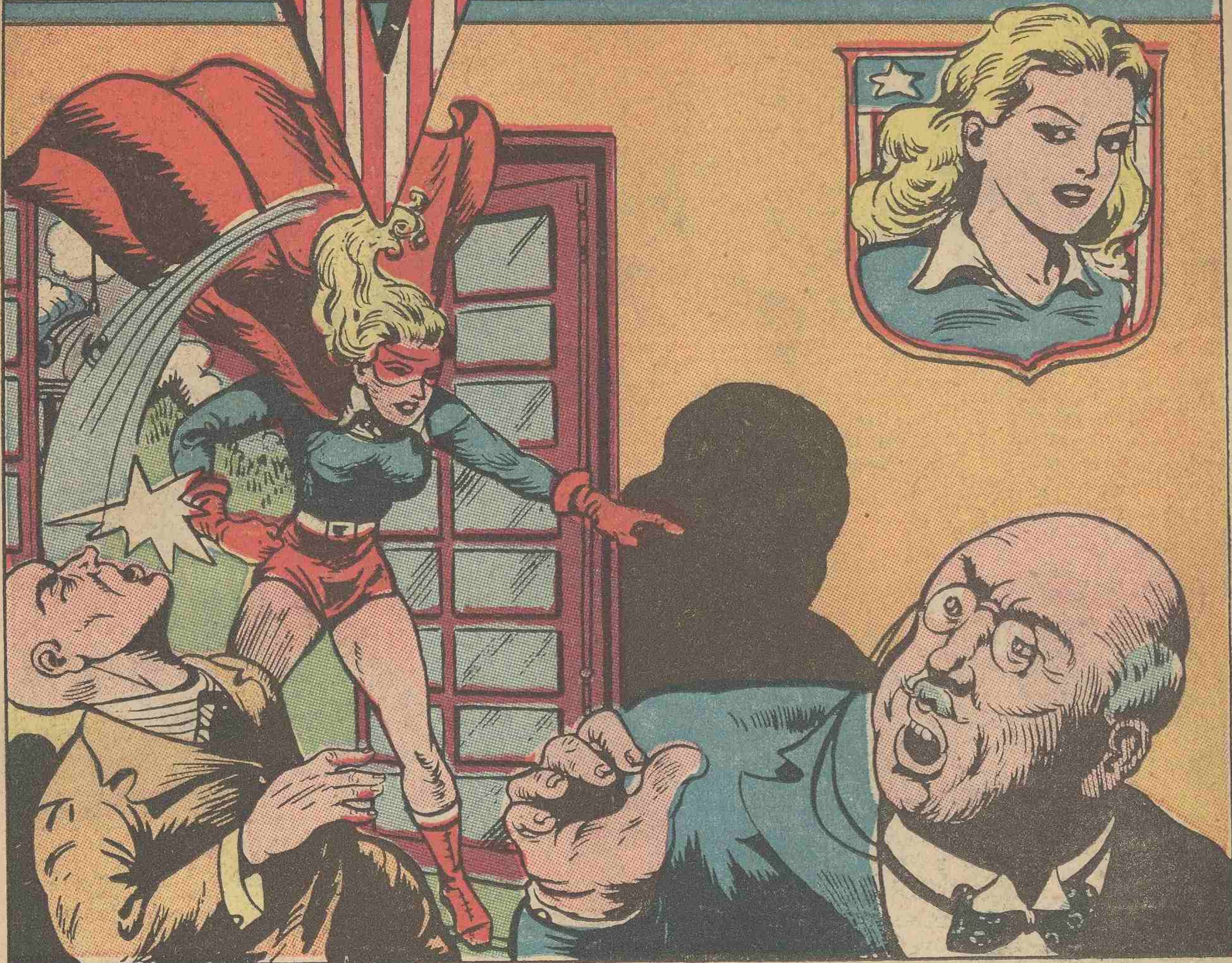
YES, MR ORMSBY, I CAN GIVE A 10 MINUTE TRIAL TREATMENT ARE YOU READY?

CERTAINLY! IF I'M SATISFIED I SHALL CONTINUE TREATMENTS INDEFINITELY!



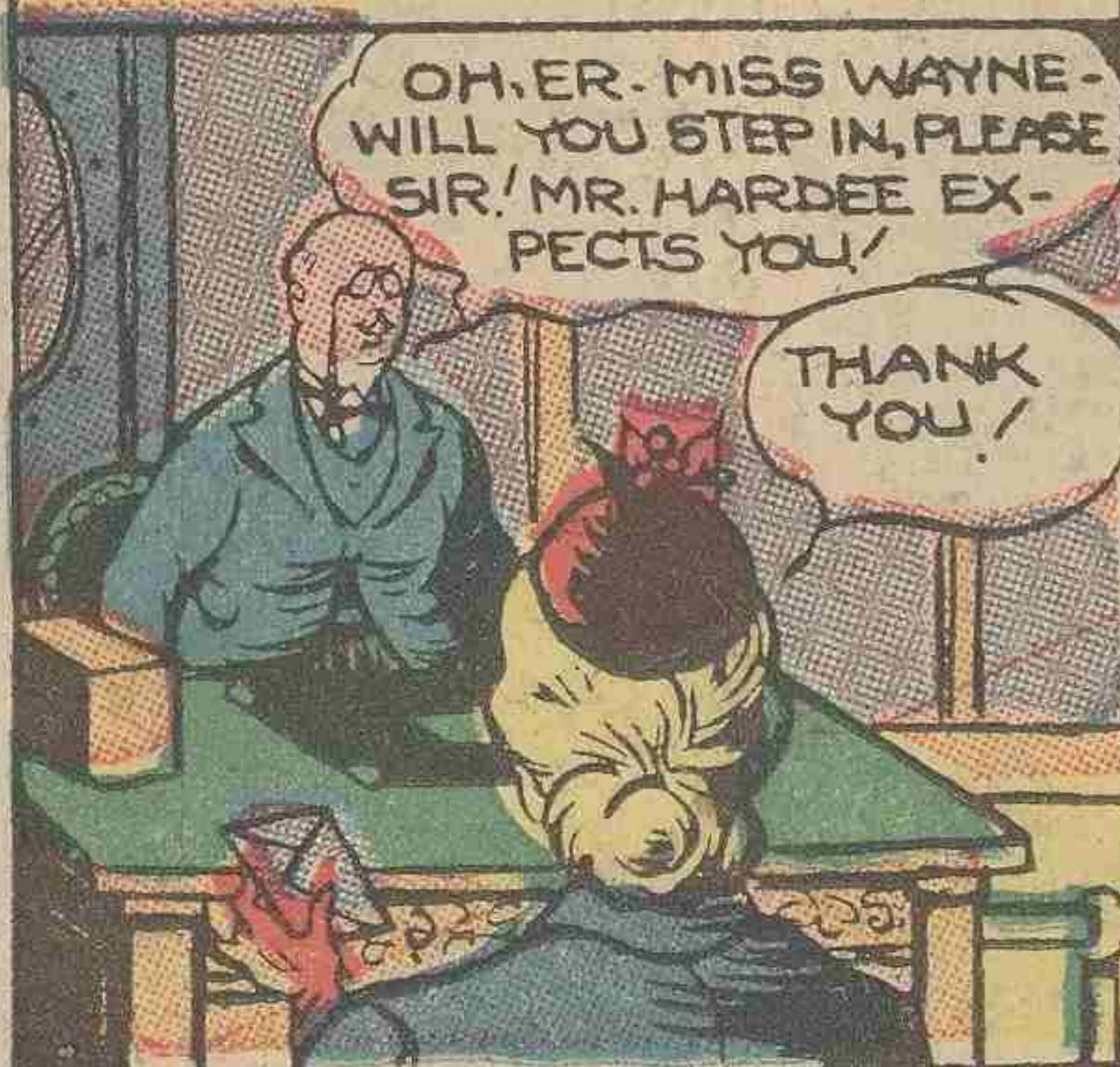


Miss VICTORY



ORGANIZED BANDS OF CORRUPT POLITICIANS AND DIPLOMATS HAVE BEEN OPERATING AGAINST THE INTERESTS OF OUR OWN GOVERNMENT IN WASHINGTON - THE F.B.I. HAS BEEN POWERLESS TO GET AT THE ACTUAL HEADS OF THE RING UNTIL A STRANGE UNANNOUNCED FIGURE ENTERS THE SAD PICTURE --- A GIRL WHO WEARS A DARING RED, WHITE AND BLUE COSTUME AND CALLS HERSELF **MISS VICTORY!**

IT IS SPRING IN WASHINGTON-- ONE DAY A YOUNG WOMAN PRESENTS HERSELF AT THE OFFICE OF THE CHAIRMAN OF THE FOREIGN TRADE COMMITTEE



AM, SO THEY DID SEND YOU! MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME - I'LL TELL THE CHIEF YOU'RE HERE!

YES, DO - AND THEN PLEASE TELL ME WHAT YOU SUSPECT!



MARK HAYS, THE SECRETARY, SEEMS PECULIARLY INTERESTED



LATER, IN A HOTEL ROOM ON THE OTHER SIDE OF TOWN MARK HAYS REPORTS TO A CERTAIN MR. AXIS

DON'T KNOW WHO THE DAME IS, BUT SHE'S GOT PULL EVEN IF SHE'S NO BARGAIN FOR LOOKS

I GOT MY NOTICE AND SHE'S THE NEW 'SEC'!

HM-M! WE'VE GOT TO ACT QUICKLY!



SEND FOR THE CRUSHER!



YES, GEN. TOMAS, THE AGREEMENT WILL BE SIGNED TO-DAY WITHIN THE HOUR, WHEN I SUBMIT IT TO THE COMMITTEE!

BUENO!! LEAVE BY PLANE TO-NIGHT!



MR. HARDEE HAS AN IMPORTANT VISITOR!

THIS RUBBER IMPORT AGREEMENT WITH RUMBA IS VERY ESSENTIAL TO NATIONAL DEFENSE-TAKE CARE OF ROUTINE MATTERS UNTIL I RETURN FROM THE COMMITTEE MEETING, MISS WAYNE!

YOU CAN RELY ON ME, MR. HARDEE



TAXI!

OKAY, BOSS!



OKAY, GUS, STEP ON IT! GOT THIS BOZO SO HE CAN'T HOLLER!



SURPRISE!

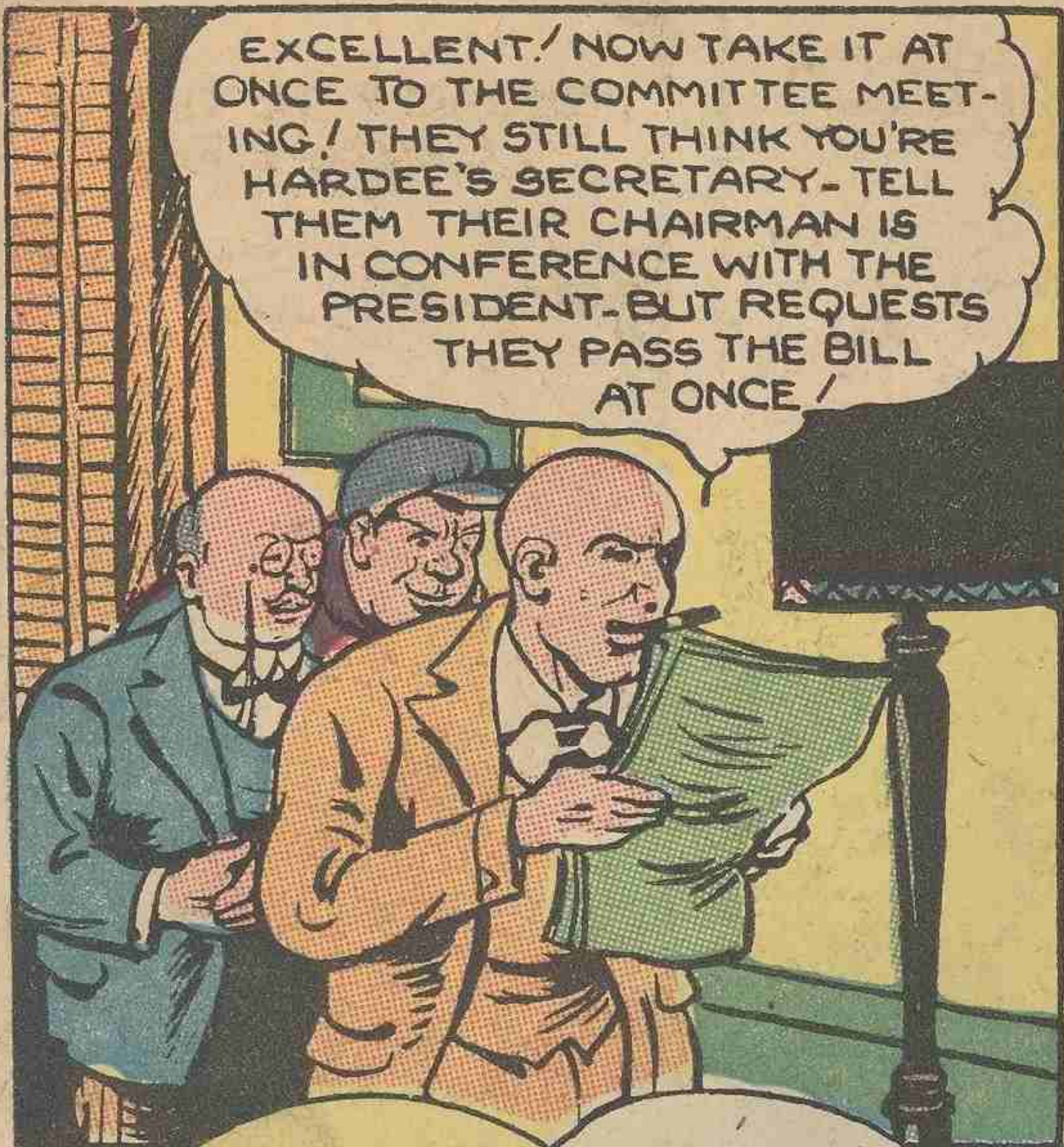
HERE'S DE PAPERS, BOSS! DE GUY'S ALL TIED UP LIKE CHRISTMAS!

GOOD WORK, CRUSHER-- HAYS GET BUSY ON THAT SUBSTITUTION! WE HAVEN'T MUCH TIME!

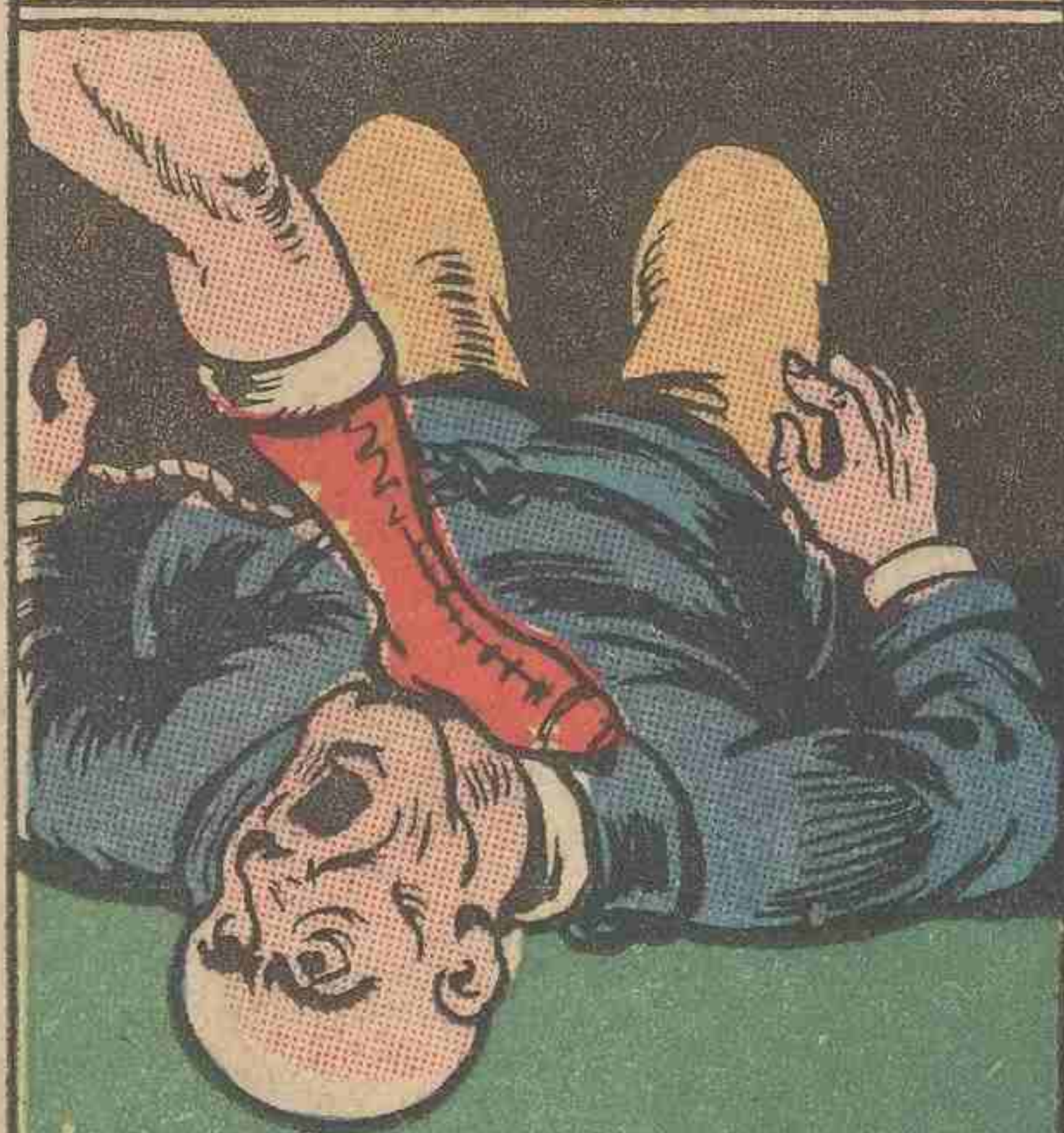


THE SPECIAL TALENTS OF MARK HAYS ARE PUT TO USE--CERTAIN IMPORTANT CLAUSES IN THE AGREEMENT ARE CHANGED AND MR HARDEE'S SIGNATURE FORGED!





THOROUGHLY SUBDUED
NOW, MR. AXIS CRIES
"ENOUGH!"

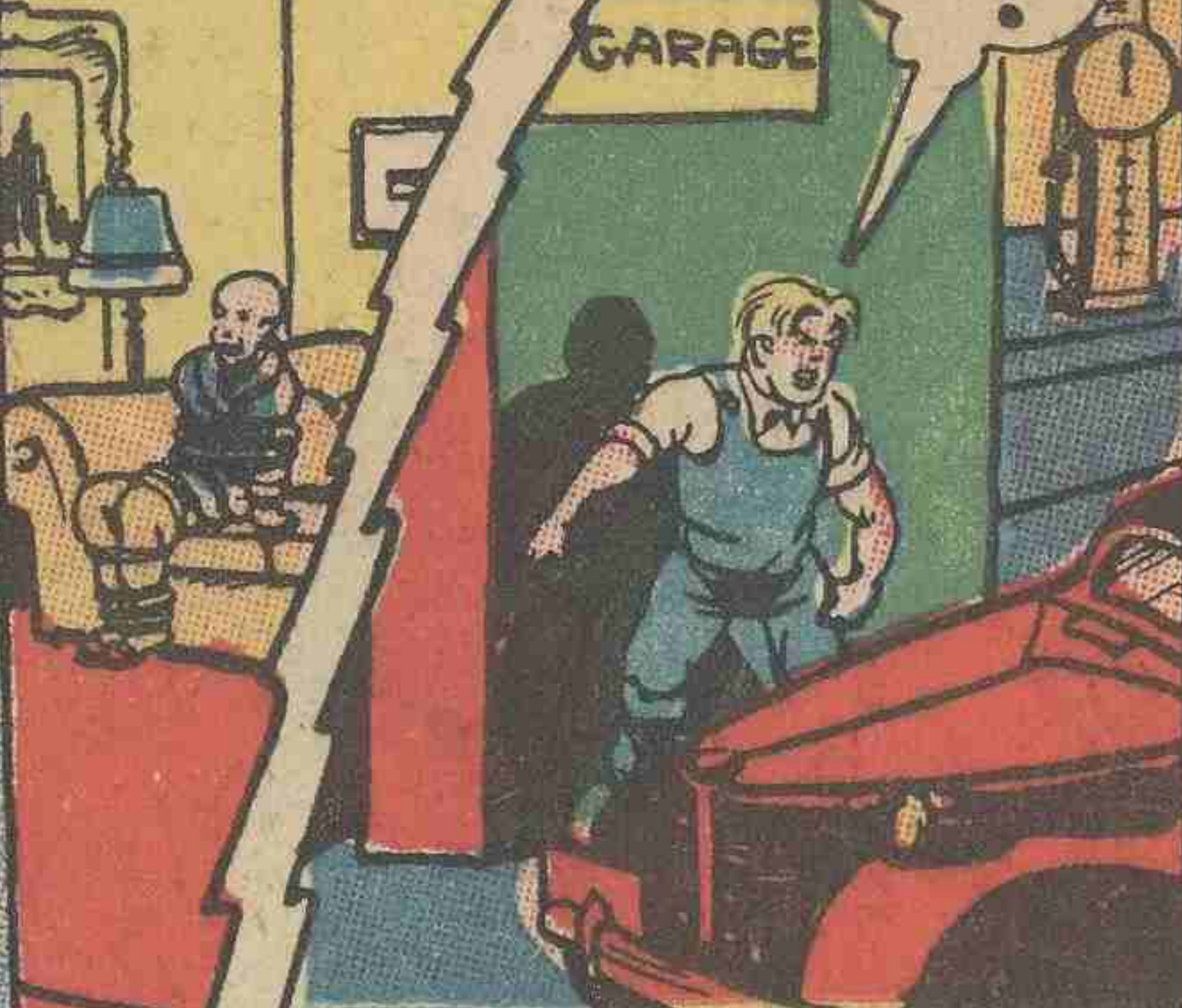


HONORABLE CITIZENS
CALL ME "MISS VICTORY"
I STAND FOR THE VICTORY
OF RIGHT OVER WRONG,
PATRIOTISM OVER YOUR
KIND OF VERMIN, MR. AXIS!
WE'LL MEET AGAIN!



HEY! YOU
CRAZY DAME
- YOU CAN'T
GO IN
THERE!

GARAGE

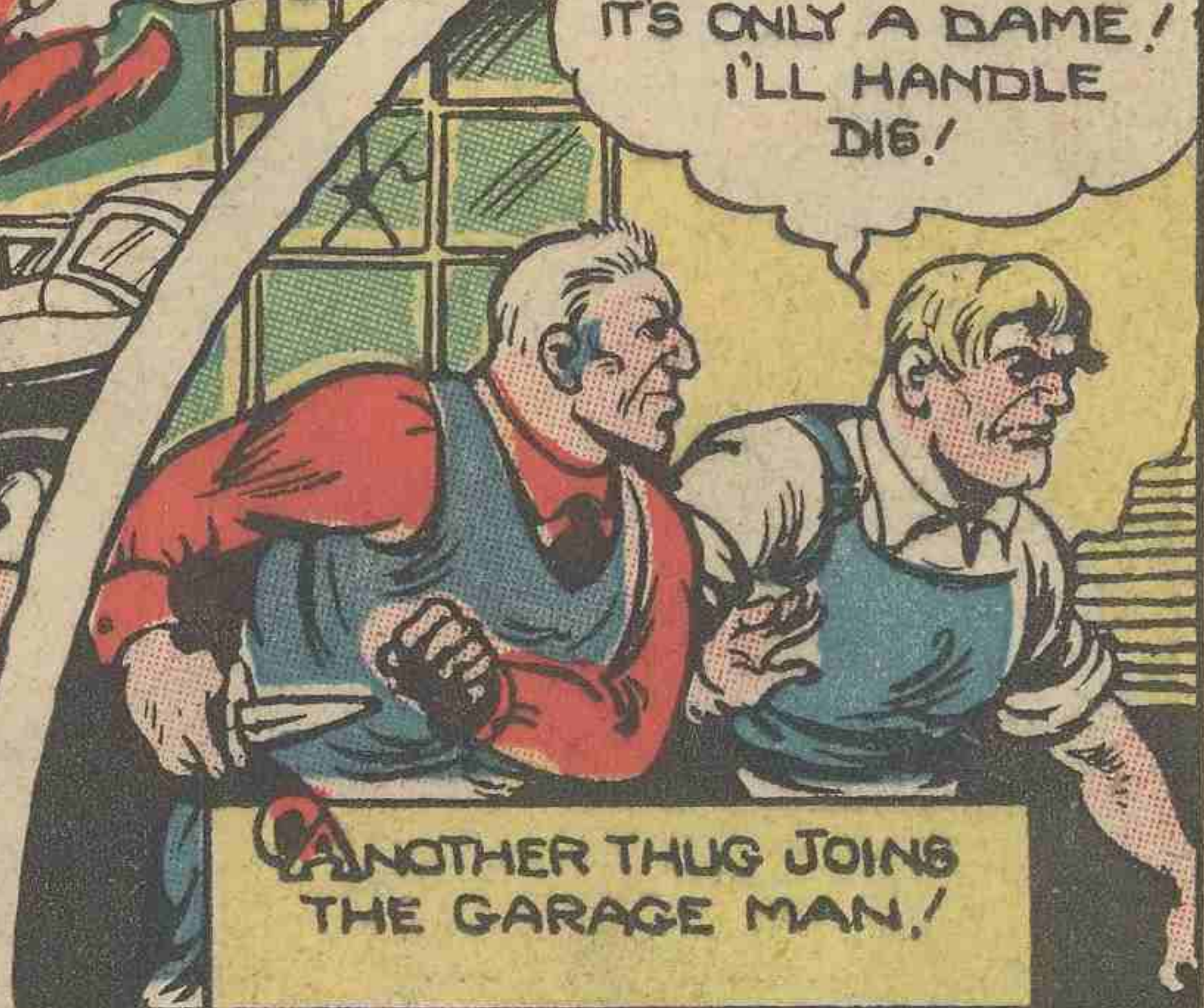
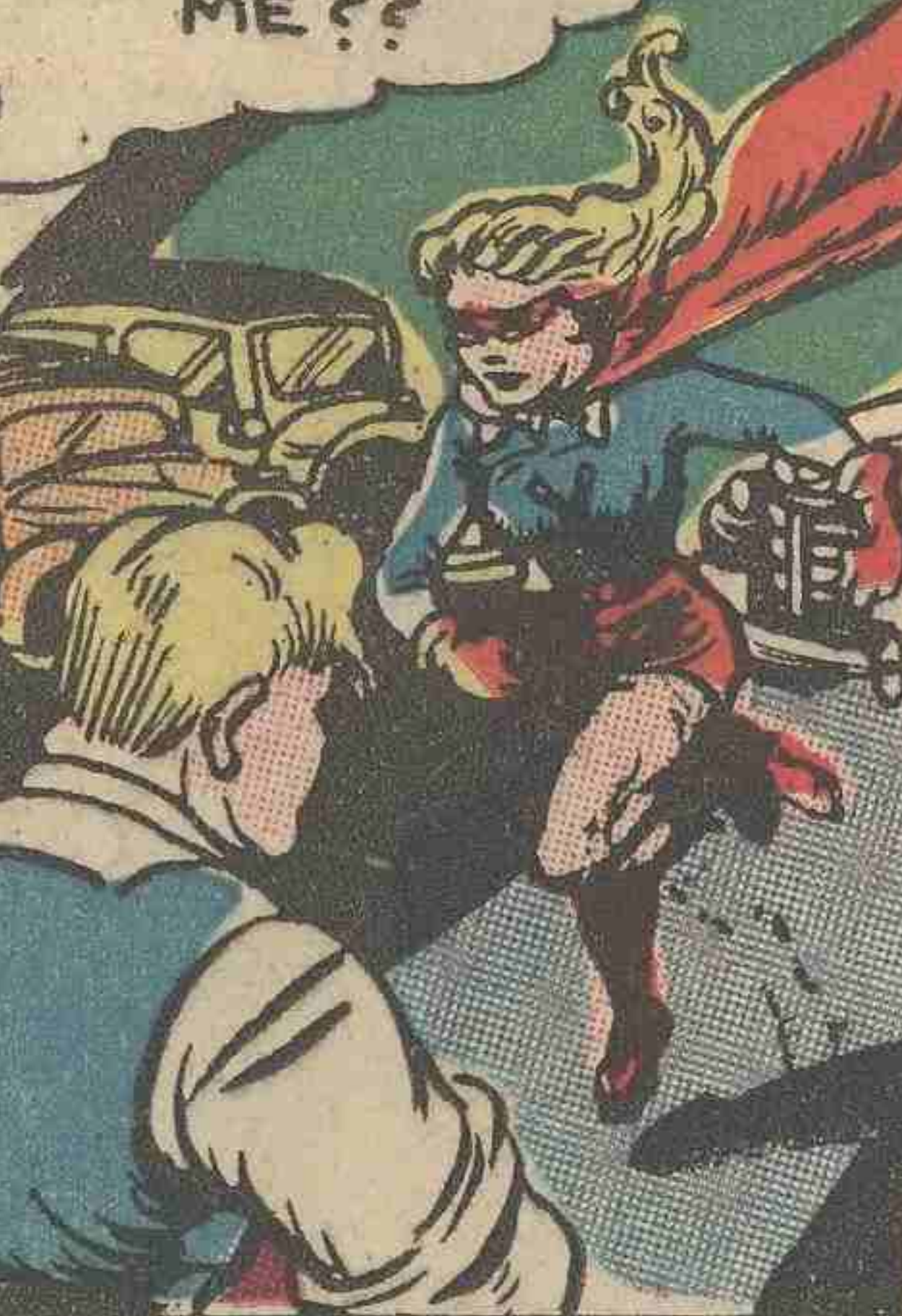


LATER - AT MIKE'S GARAGE.

WOT'S DE RACKET? GET
DATE CRATE OUTA HERE,
LADY... OR I'LL TEAR
IT APART-- GET
ME??

NO TIME FOR
ARGUMENT! WHERE'S
MR. HARDEE?

DROP DAT KNIFE!
IT'S ONLY A DAME!
I'LL HANDLE
DIS!



ANOTHER THUG JOINS
THE GARAGE MAN!

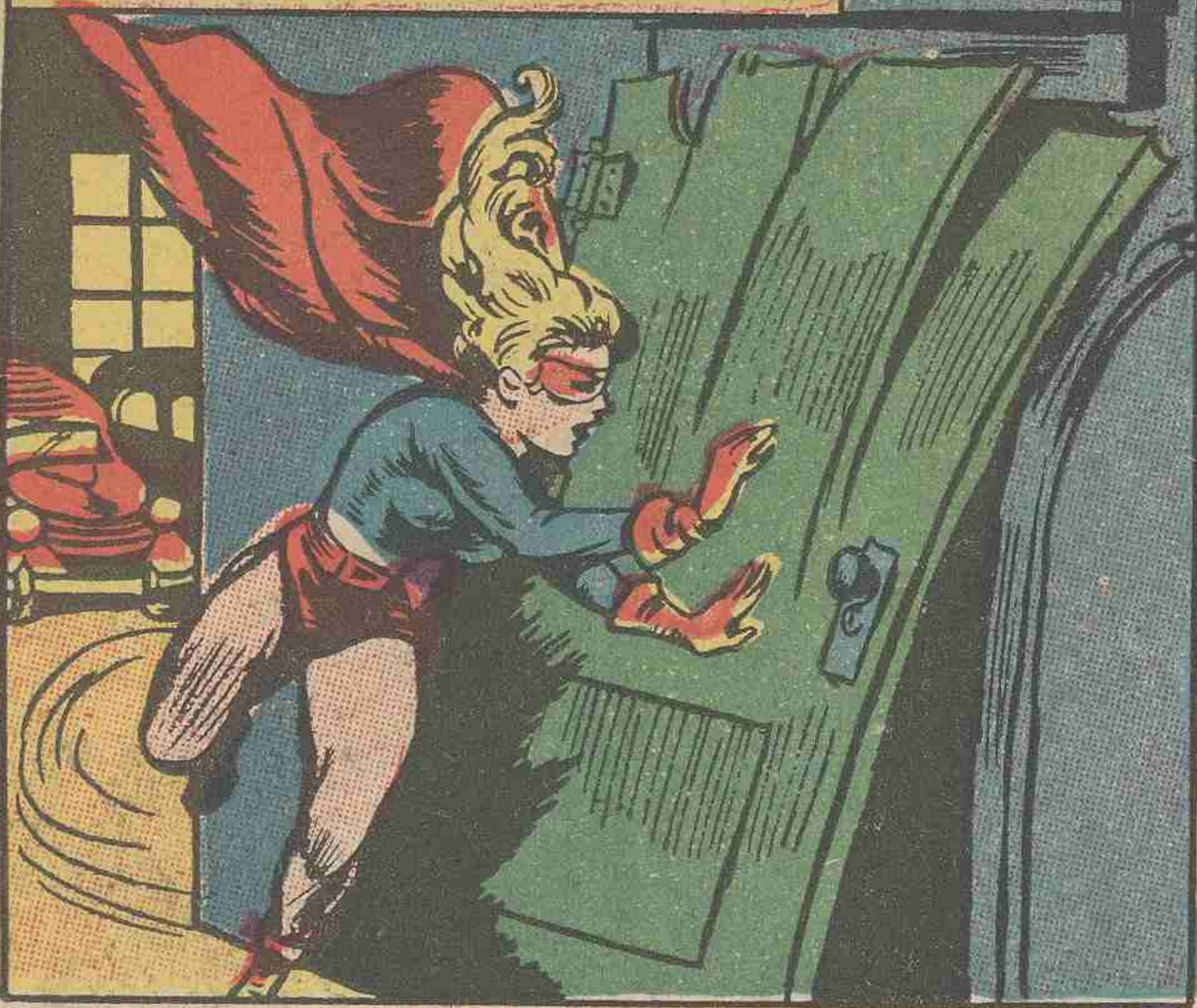
AND CRACKS THEIR
HEADS TO-GETHER!



MISS VICTORY MAKES
A FLYING LEAP



MISS VICTORY THROWS HERSELF AGAINST A DOOR-SMASHING IT!



I'LL HAVE YOU LOOSE IN A JIFFY!

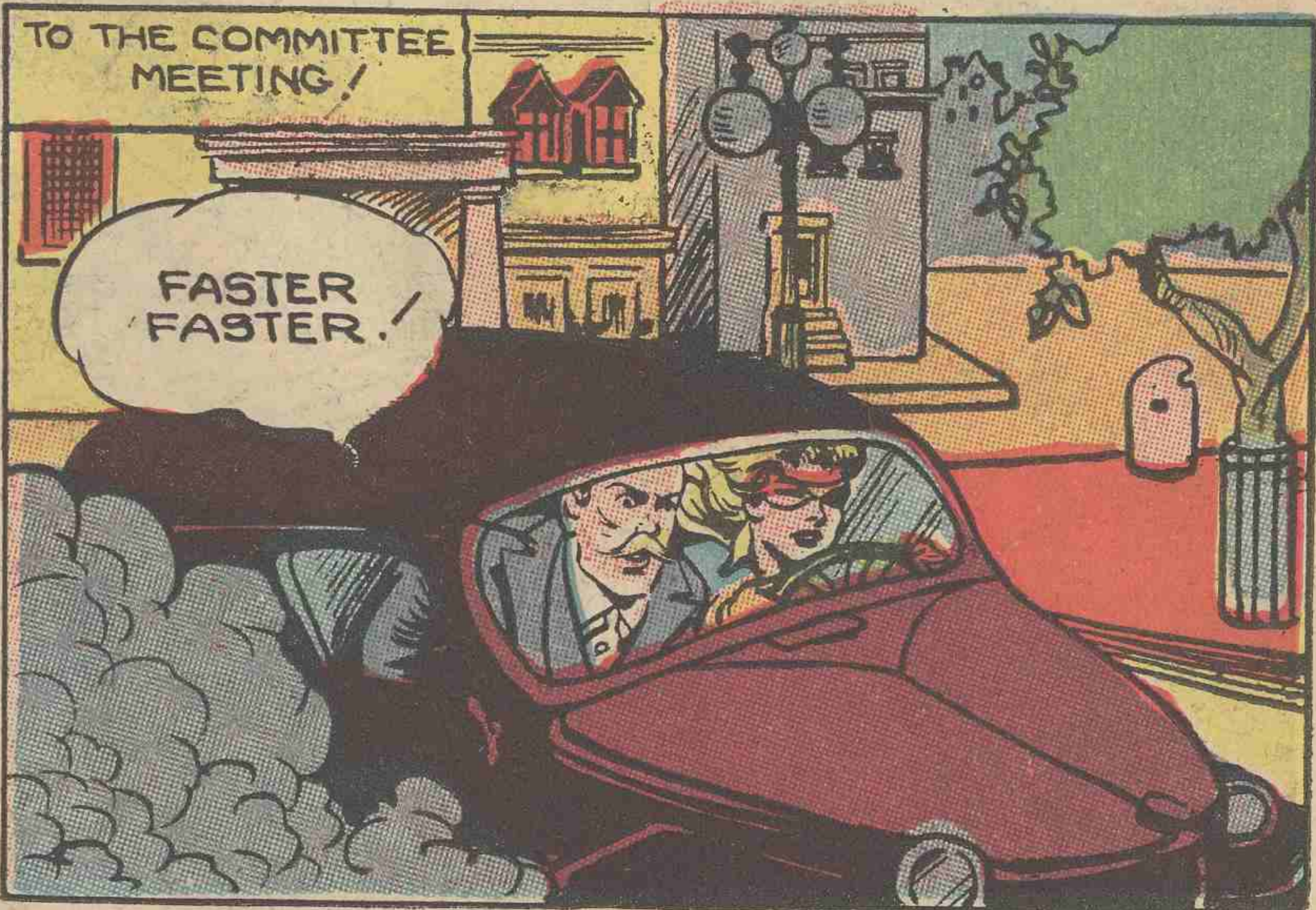


QUICK! WE HAVEN'T MUCH TIME!



TO THE COMMITTEE MEETING!

FASTER FASTER!



WITH JUST A FEW SECONDS TO SPARE!

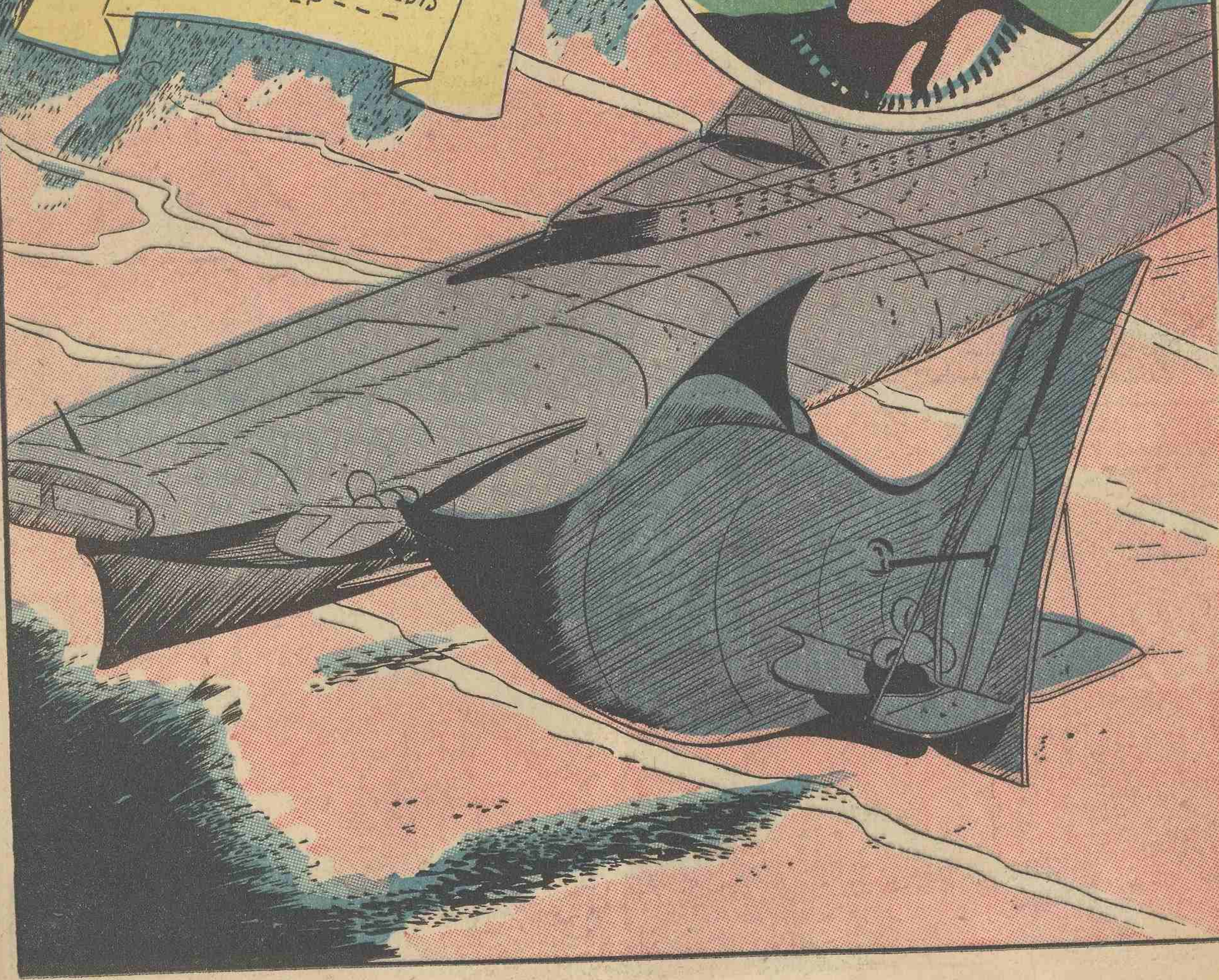


AND AS A FINAL ITEM, MISS WAYNE -- SAY THAT THE RUMBIAN RUBBER AGREEMENT WAS DULY RATIFIED AND THAT WE ARE NOW ASSURED OF AMPLE RUBBER FOR OUR DEFENSE NEEDS ---- AND ER --- THANK YOU, MISS, ER. WAYNE!



HAMMERHEAD HAWLEY

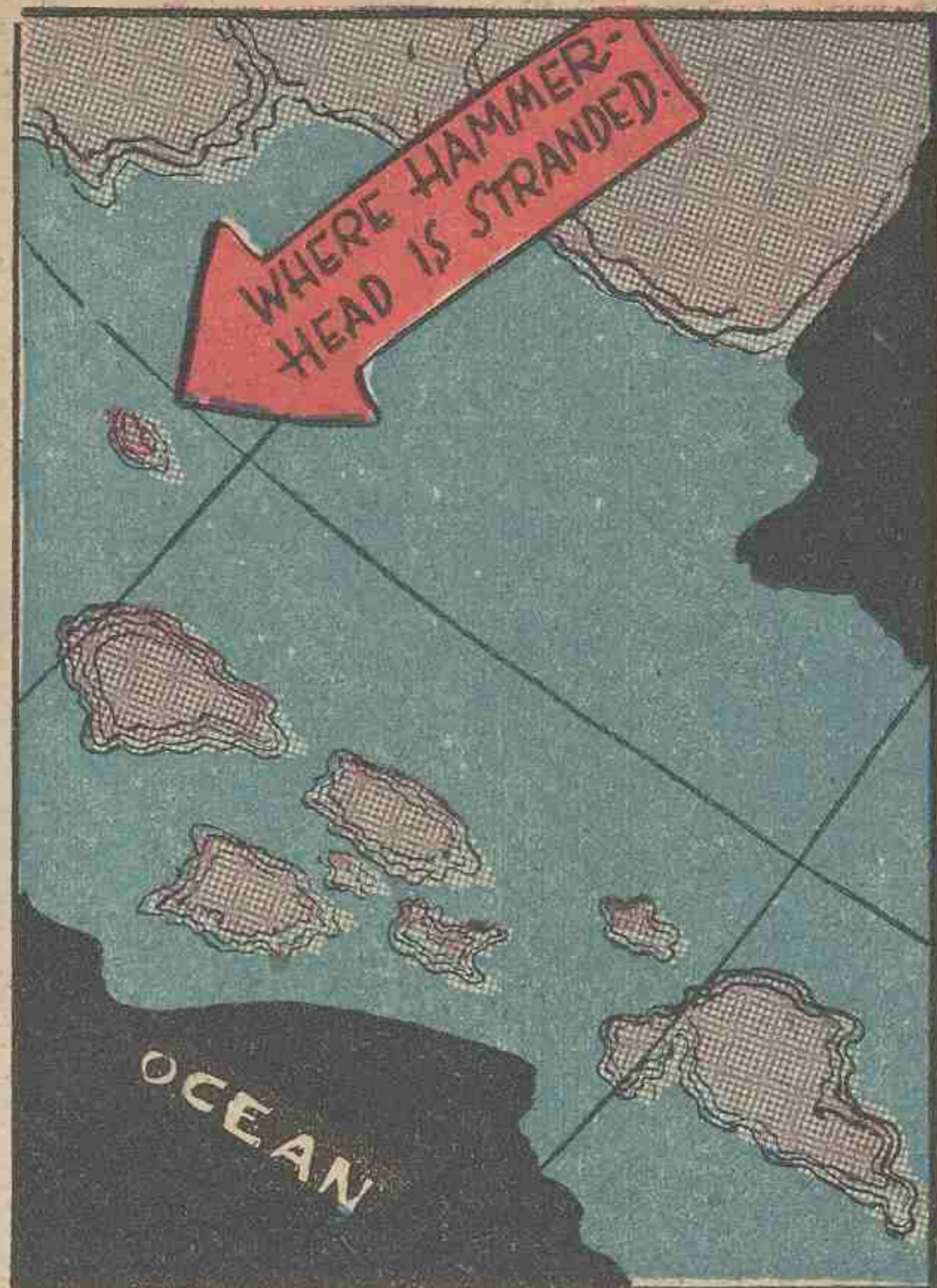
THE SWIFT SILENT
ATTACKS OF HAMMERHEAD
HAWLEY ARE LIKE A
THORN IN THE SIDE OF
THE JAP'S ALEUTIAN
CAMPAIGN.
THEY ARE DETER-
MINED TO DESTROY
THIS ONE-MAN NEMESIS
OF THE DEEP ---



STRANDED ON A SMALL ISLAND IN THE ALEUTIANS WHERE THE JAPS HAVE A WELL CONCEALED SUBMARINE BASE HAMMERHEAD HAWLEY HOLDS OFF A SWARM OF THE BACK-STABBERS WITH A STOLEN MACHINE GUN THE ENTIRE ISLAND IS BLANKETED WITH A HEAVY FOG AS THE FAMOUS LONE WOLF OF THE SEA WAITS FOR ANOTHER ATTACK --

Editors Note

WHEN THIS MAGAZINE WENT TO PRESS WE WERE JUST INFORMED THAT THE ISLAND OF ATTU ONE OF THE LARGEST IN THE ALEUTIAN GROUP WAS TAKEN FROM THE JAPS BY A HARD-BITTEN ARMY OF AMERICAN GROUND FORCES AND NAVAL UNITS. OUR STORY BEGINS ON A TINY ISLE ONLY ABOUT A HUNDRED MILES NORTH-EAST OF ATTU -- --

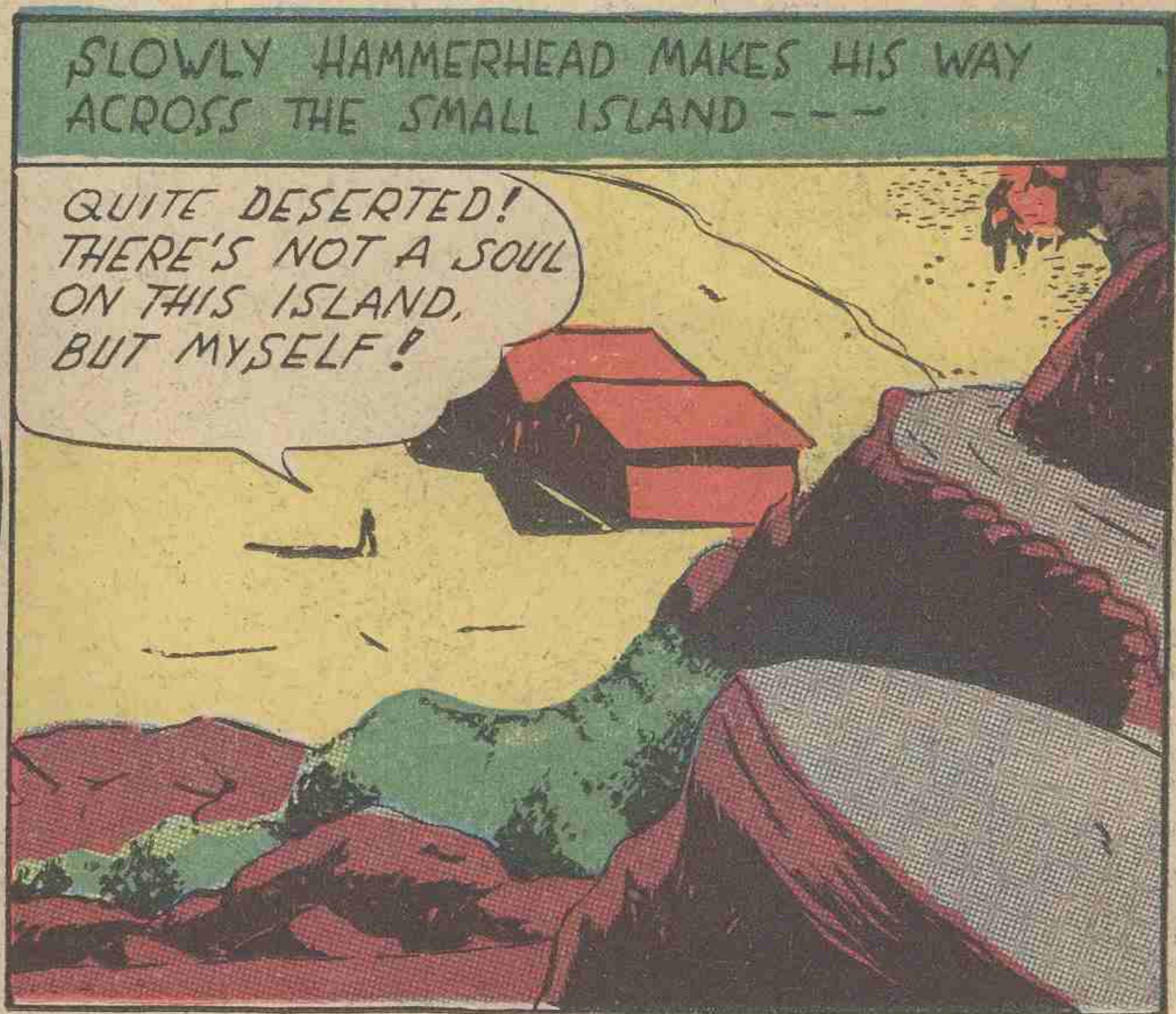


AH, THE FOG IS LIFTING -- HM, SOMETHING IS MIGHTY QUEER AROUND HERE! TOO QUIET!



SLOWLY HAMMERHEAD MAKES HIS WAY ACROSS THE SMALL ISLAND -- --

QUITE DESERTED! THERE'S NOT A SOUL ON THIS ISLAND, BUT MYSELF!



I WONDER WHAT HAPPENED TO MAKE THEM LEAVE - WELL THIS IS A BREAK, THEY LEFT MY SUB HERE -- HEY SOUNDS LIKE A MESSAGE COMING OVER MY WIRELESS!

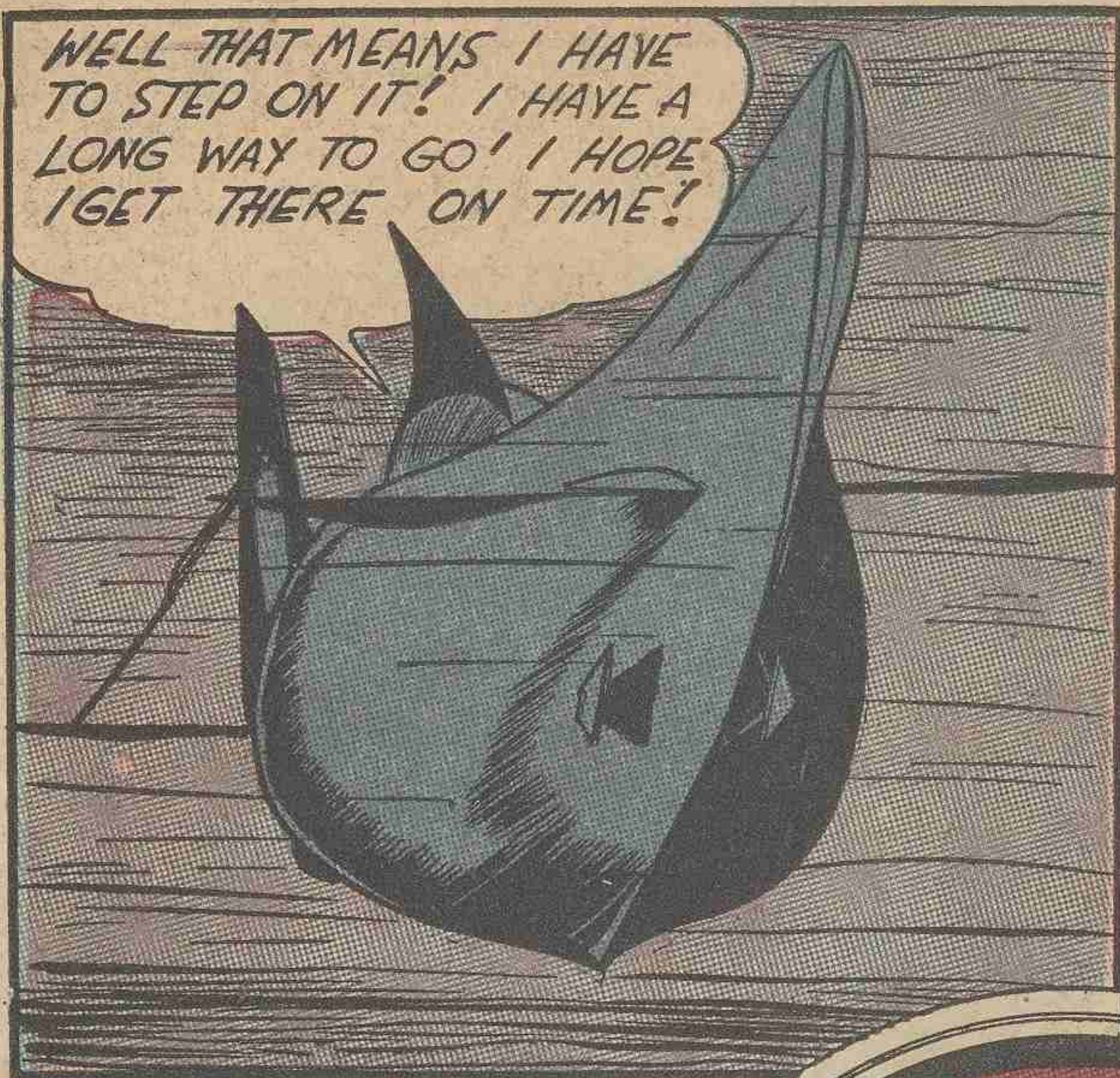


AMERICAN TROOPS ON WAY TO LAND ON ALEUTIANS! SUBMARINE No 88 PROCEED TO LONGITUDE 60° - LATITUDE 15° --

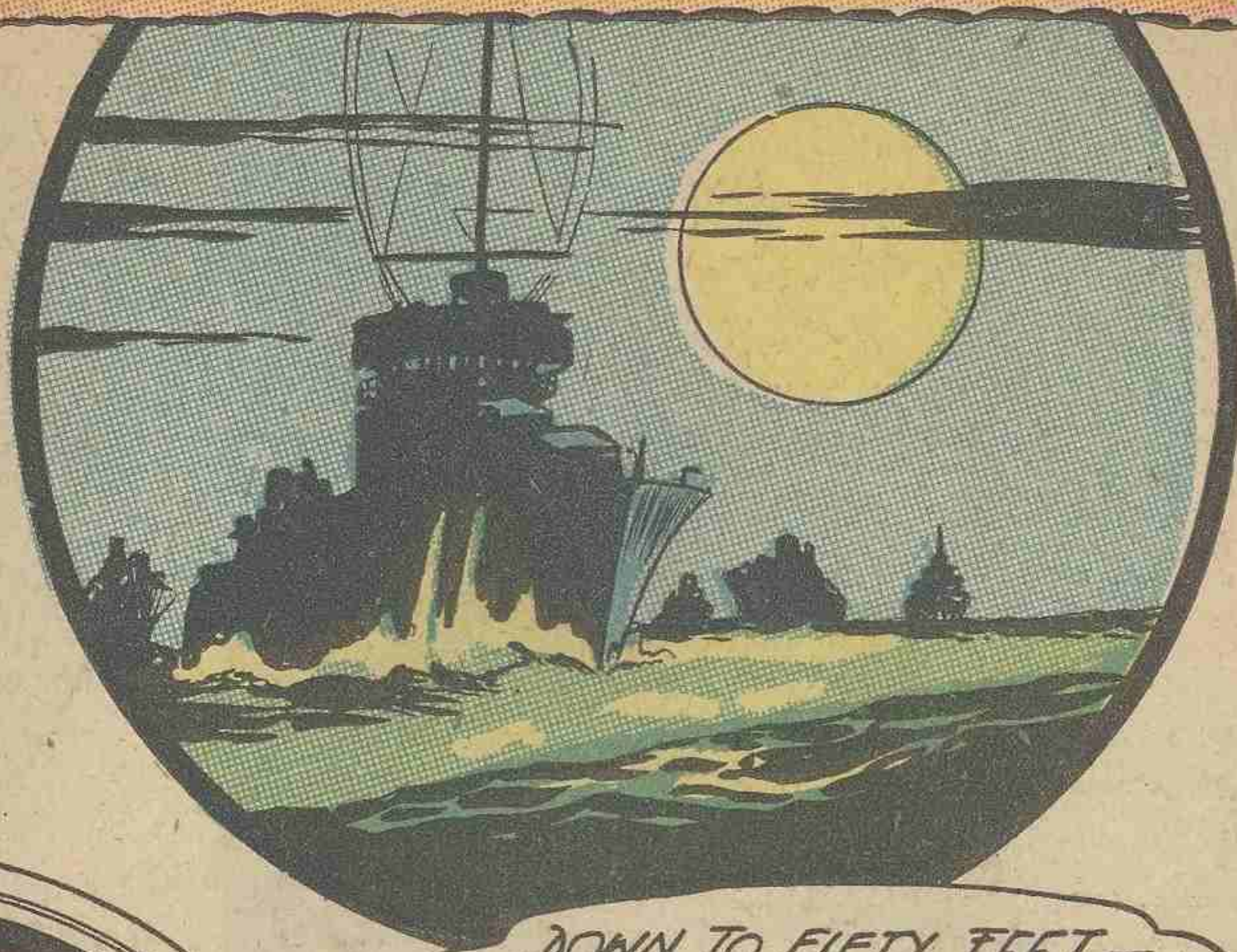
SO THAT'S THEIR GAME! THEY ARE AFTER THAT CONVOY OF TROOPS WITH THAT BIG SUB!



WELL THAT MEANS I HAVE TO STEP ON IT! I HAVE A LONG WAY TO GO! I HOPE I GET THERE ON TIME!



MEANWHILE, PLOWING SLOWLY ACROSS THE PACIFIC, A LARGE AMERICAN CONVOY HEADS FOR THE JAPANESE HELD ALEUTIANS - - -



BUT UNSEEN BY THE CONVOY A PERISCOPE BREAKS THE SURFACE - -

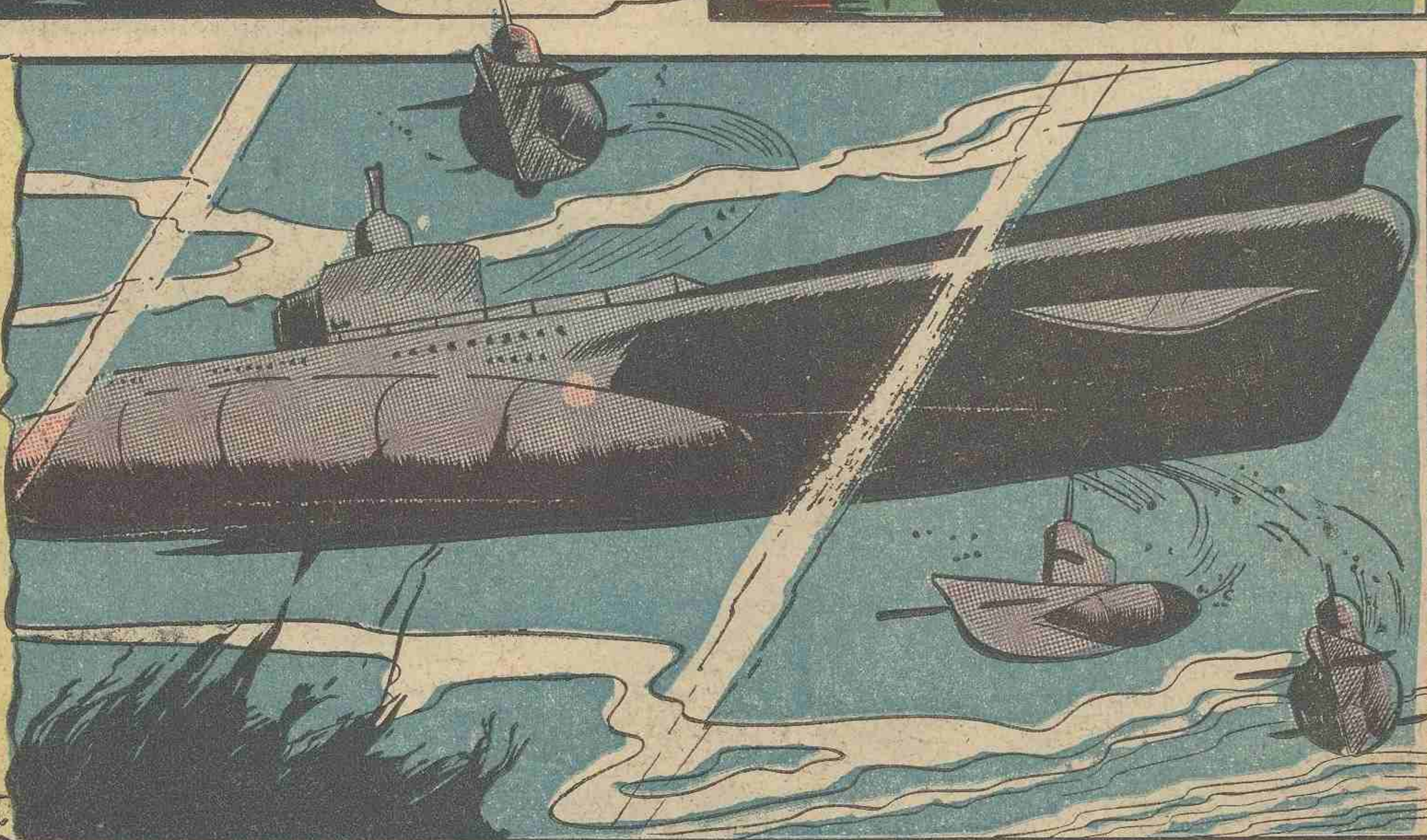


DOWN TO FIFTY FEET - PERISCOPE UP - - - PREPARE FOR ACTION! ALL SMALL SUBS STAND BY!



HA! WE HAVE FOUND THE BLASTED AMERICANS! THERE IS ONLY ONE DESTROYER GUARDING THE CONVOY! WE WILL SINK EVERY SHIP FOR OUR HONORABLE EMPEROR!

AT A GIVEN ORDER FROM THEIR COMMANDER - THREE SMALLER SUBMARINES SHOOT OUT FROM THE MOTHER-SUB!



AND A FEW MINUTES LATER, THREE DEADLY TORPEDOS CUT THE WATER AND SMASH INTO THE DESTROYER --



WE'RE HIT! ALL MEN TO BATTLE STATIONS!

HOLY SMOKE! THERE MUST BE HALF A DOZEN SUBS OUT THERE --- GIVE ORDERS TO DROP DEPTH CHARGES!

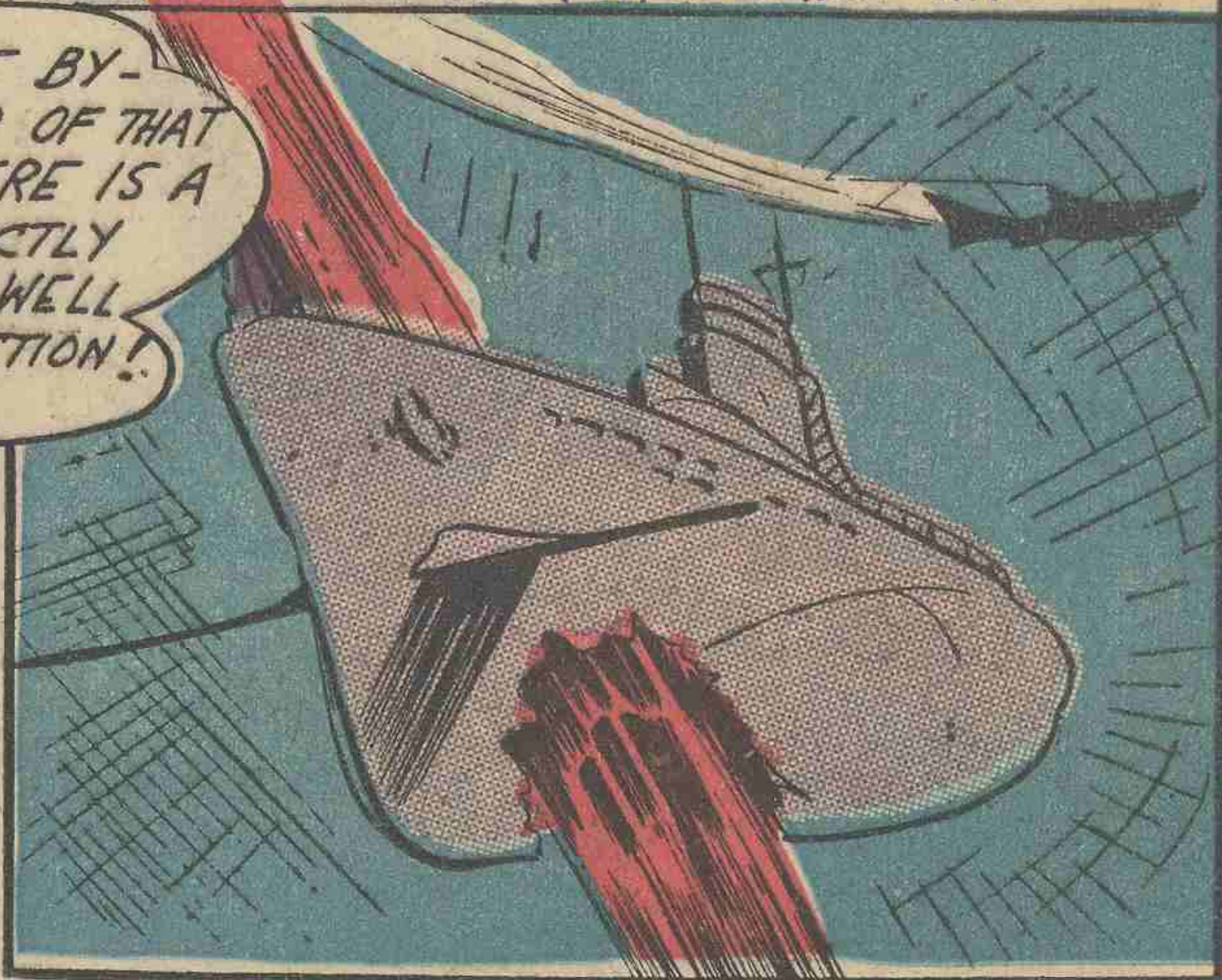


AYE, AYE SIR!

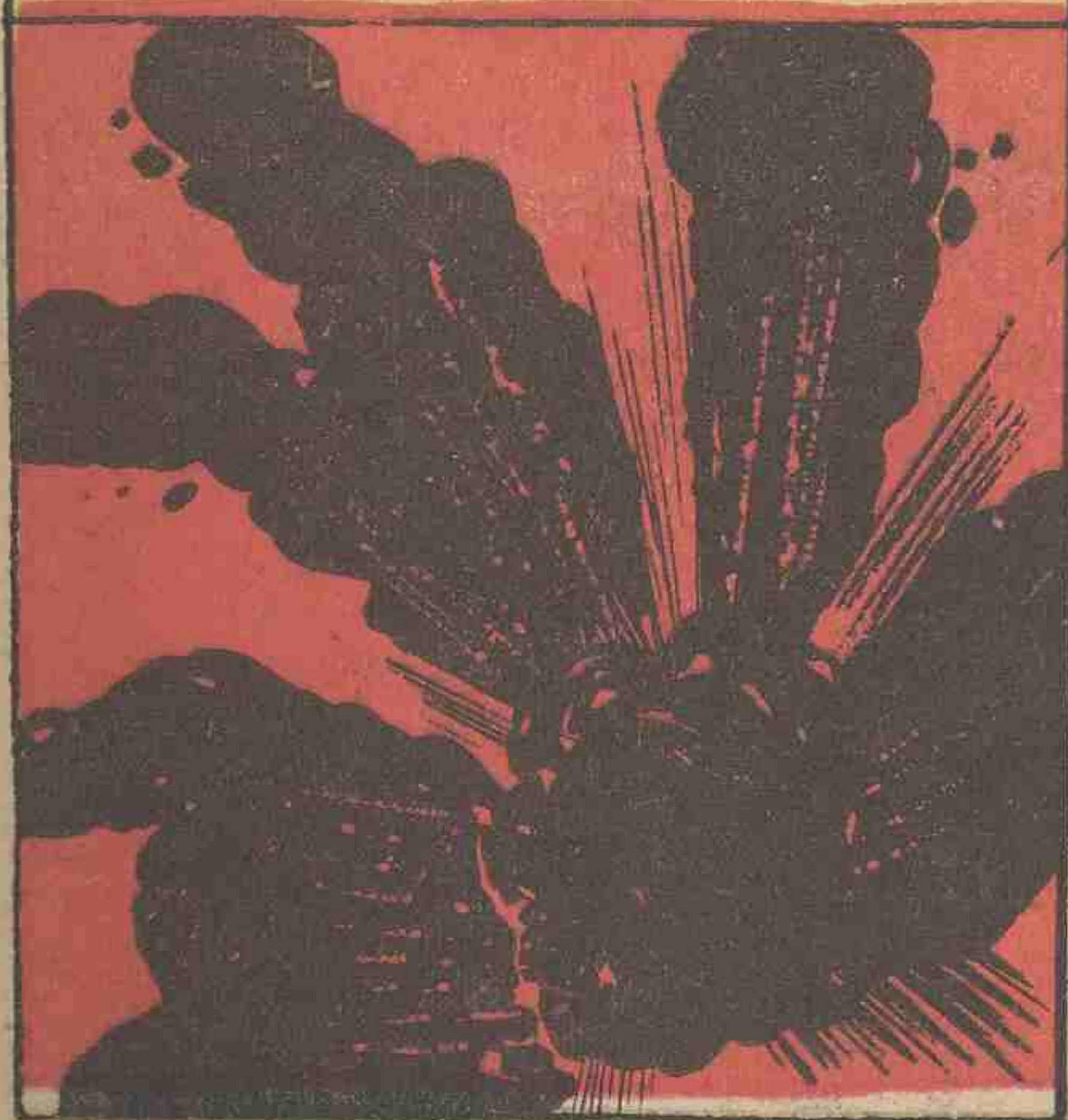
DIVING DOWN ON THE JAP SUB HAMMERHEAD RELEASES A TORPEDO FOR A DIRECT HIT --



I MUST BE CLOSE BY--
- I HEAR THE MOTOR OF THAT BIG SUB --- AH, THERE IS A SMALLER ONE DIRECTLY AHEAD OF ME -- WELL HERE GOES ACTION!



BUT FROM THE DESTROYER ABOVE DEADLY DEPTH CHARGES ARE BEING DROPPED --



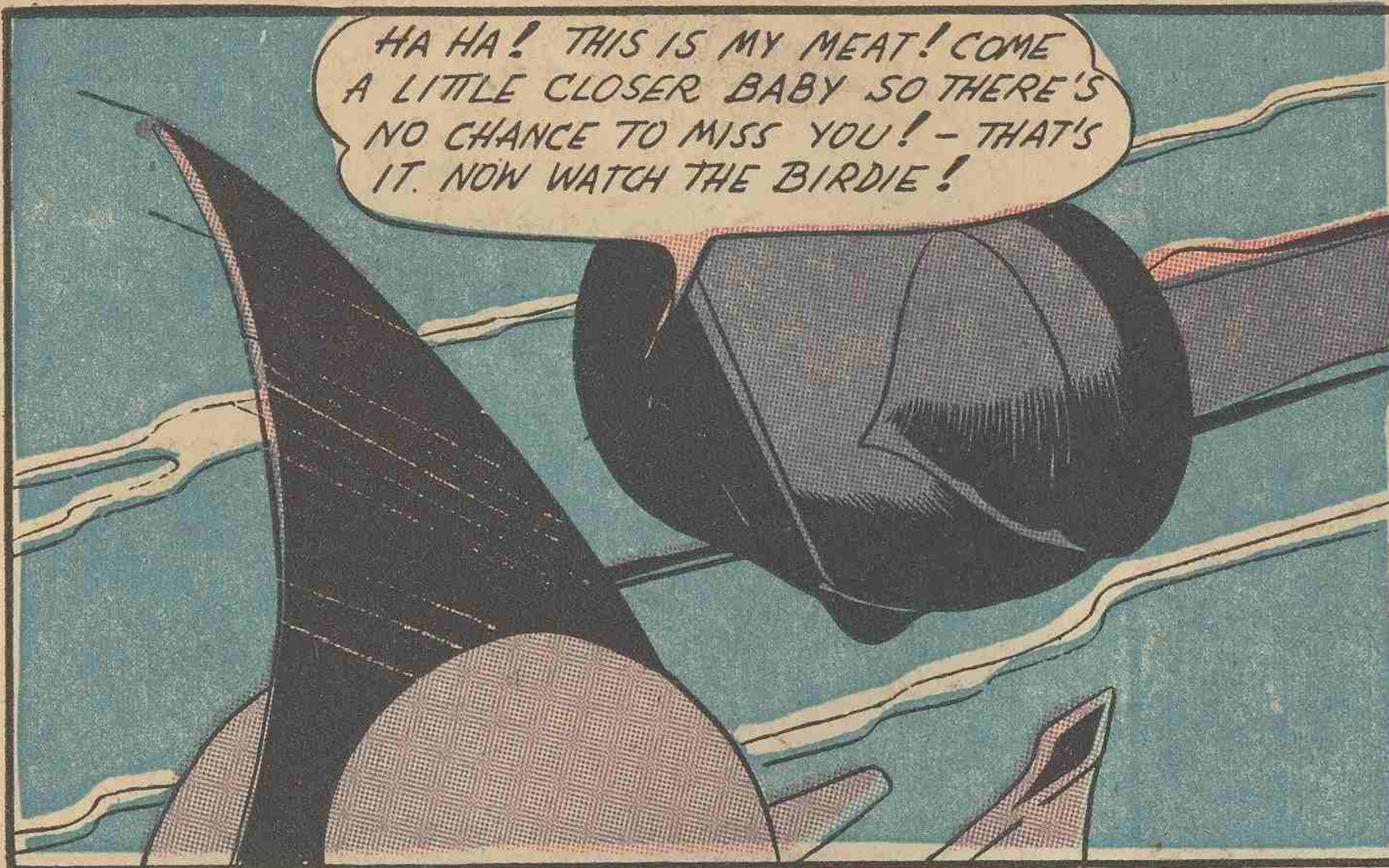
THE HAMMERHEAD SUBMARINE OF CAPT. HAWLEY QUIVERS FROM STEM TO STERN FROM A NEAR HIT --



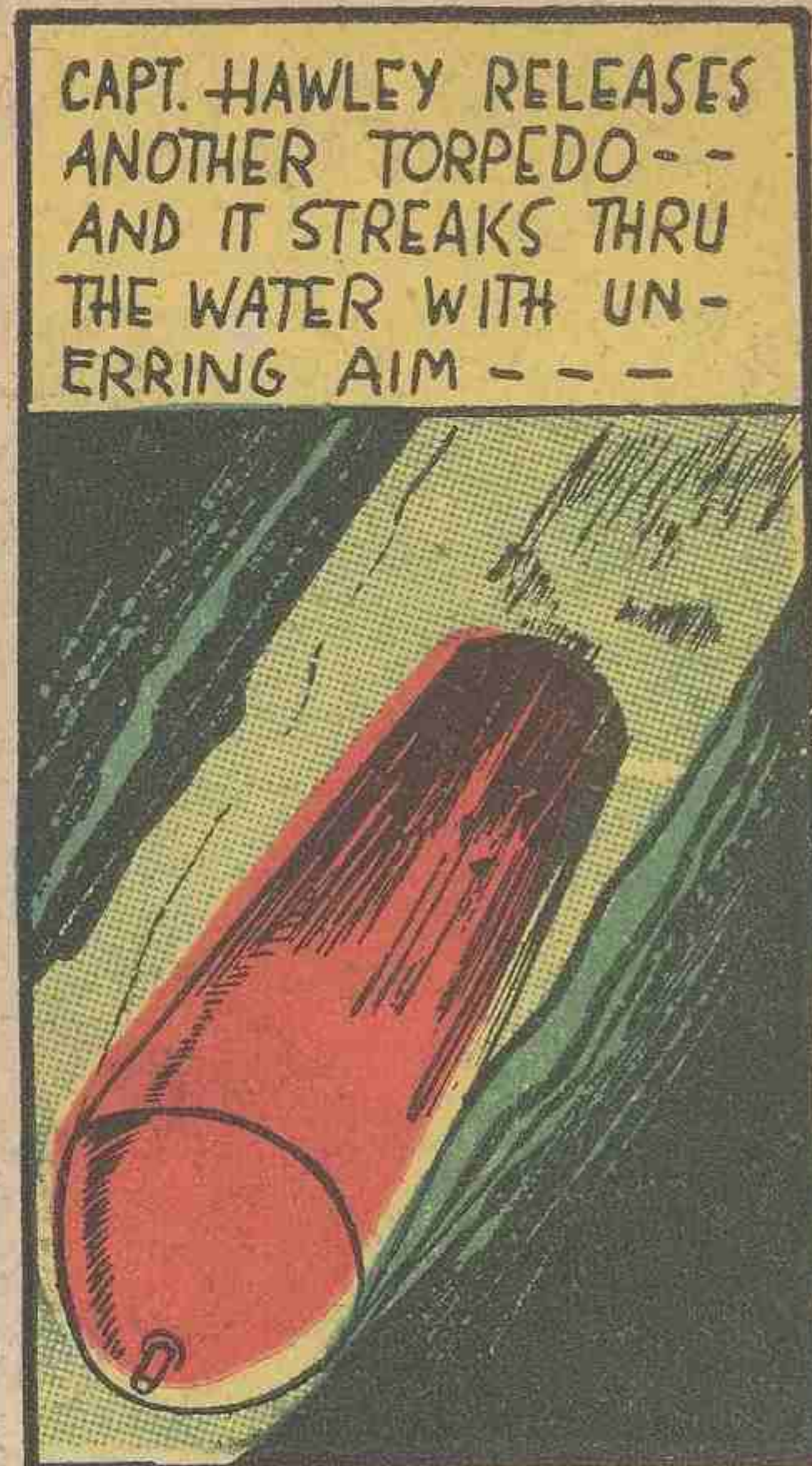
WOW! THAT ALMOST GOT ME!

THE ENGINES ARE STILL WORKING BUT ONLY FOR ABOUT 20 MINUTES! MAYBE I HAVE ENOUGH TIME TO KNOCK OUT ANOTHER SUB OR TWO!

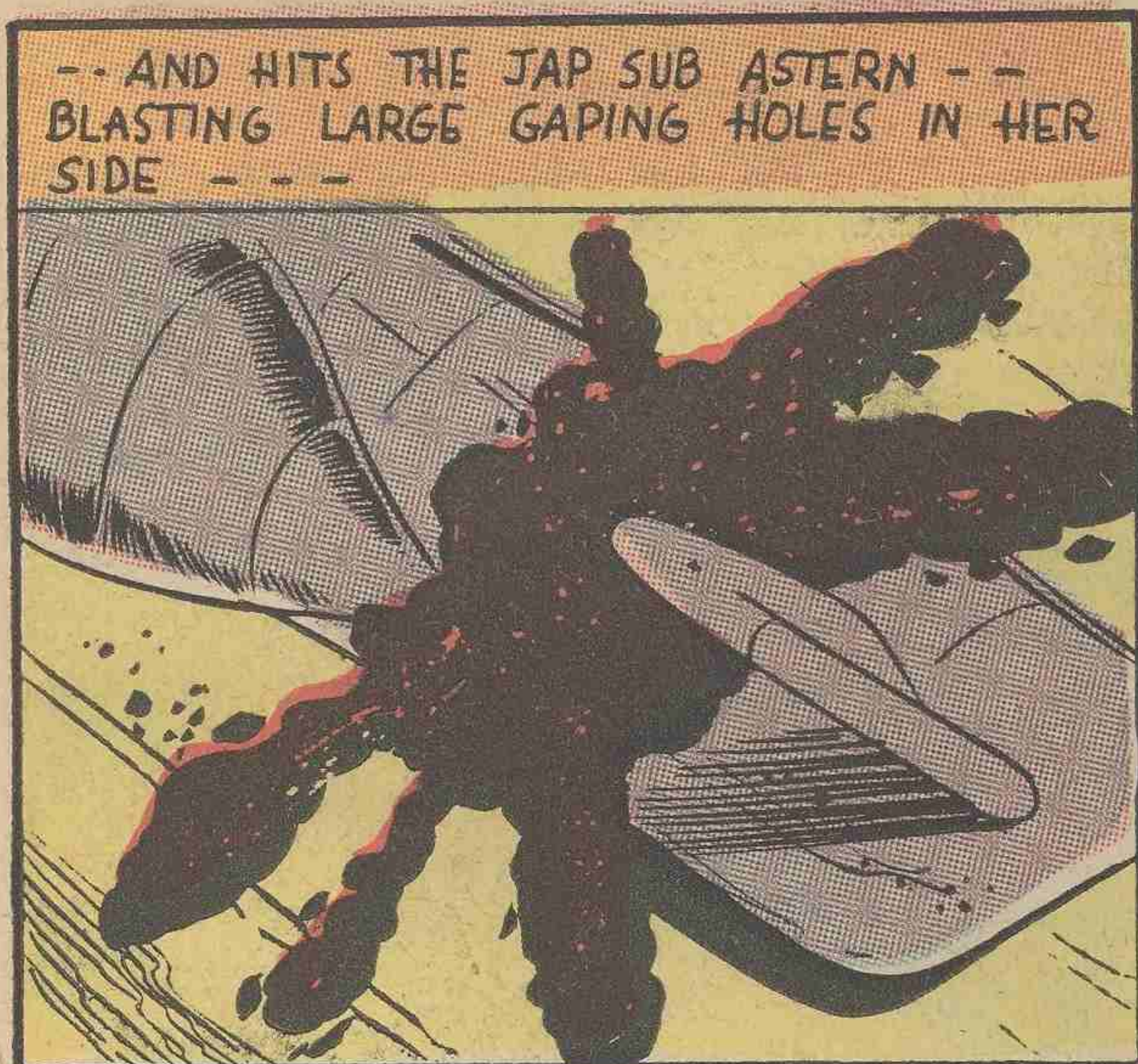




HA HA! THIS IS MY MEAT! COME A LITTLE CLOSER BABY SO THERE'S NO CHANCE TO MISS YOU! - THAT'S IT. NOW WATCH THE BIRDIE!



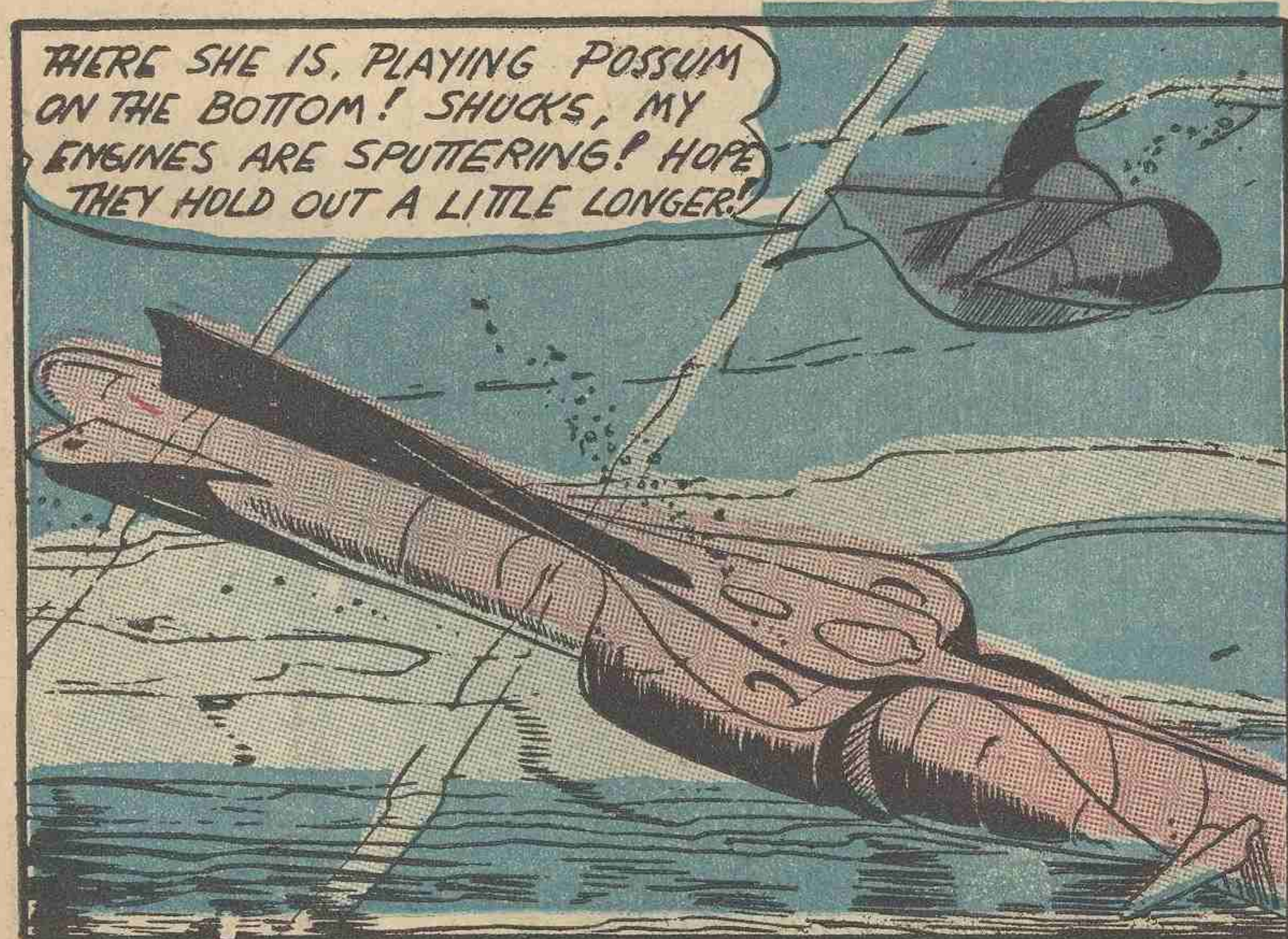
CAPT. HAWLEY RELEASES ANOTHER TORPEDO - - AND IT STREAKS THRU THE WATER WITH UNERRING AIM - - -



- - AND HITS THE JAP SUB ASTERN - - BLASTING LARGE GAPING HOLES IN HER SIDE - - -



THAT'S THAT! NOW TO HUNT OUT THE BIG BABY - - - I'VE GOT TO THINK FAST FOR THIS ONE - - - !

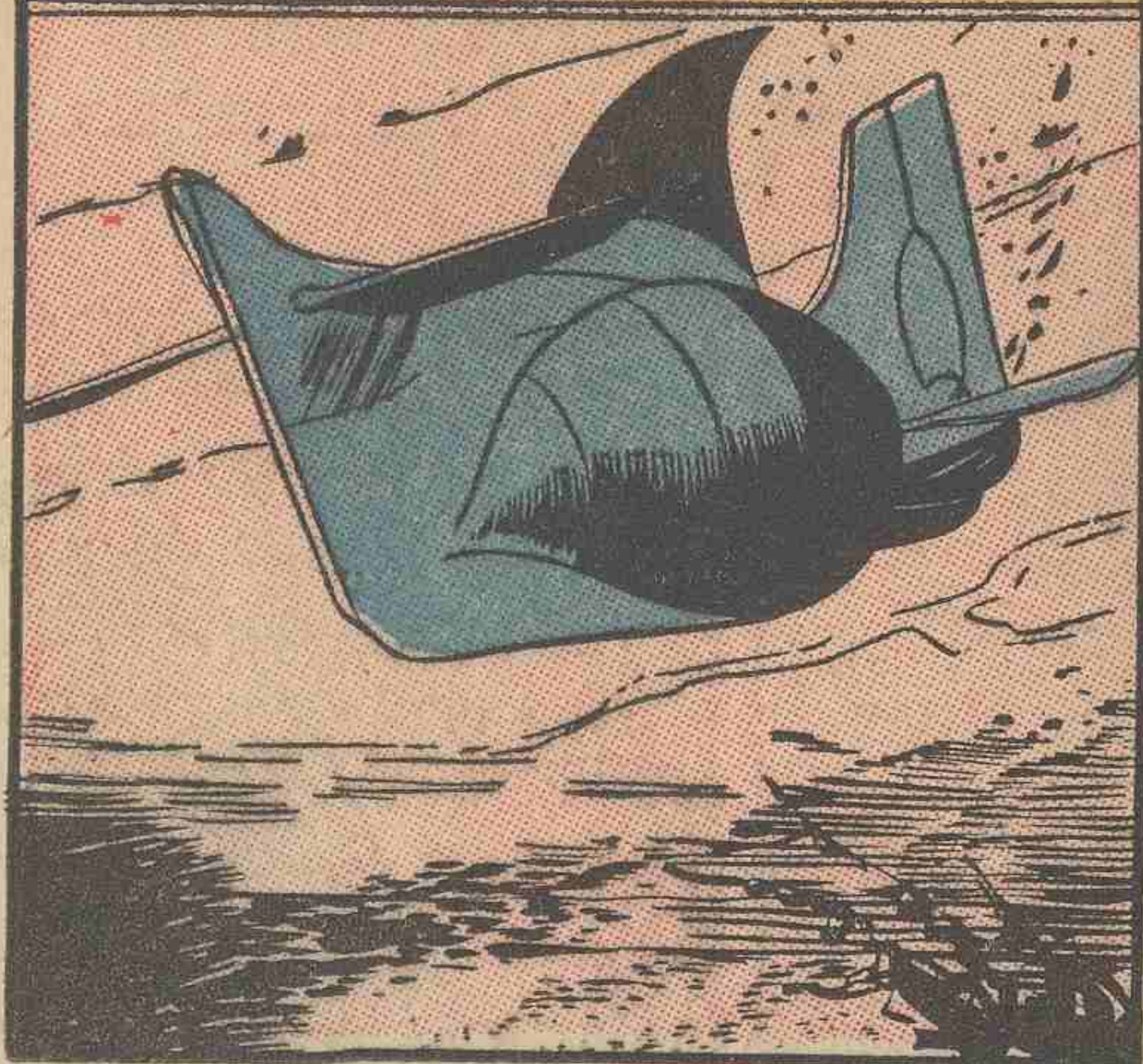


THERE SHE IS, PLAYING POSSUM ON THE BOTTOM! SHUCKS, MY ENGINES ARE SPUTTERING! HOPE THEY HOLD OUT A LITTLE LONGER!

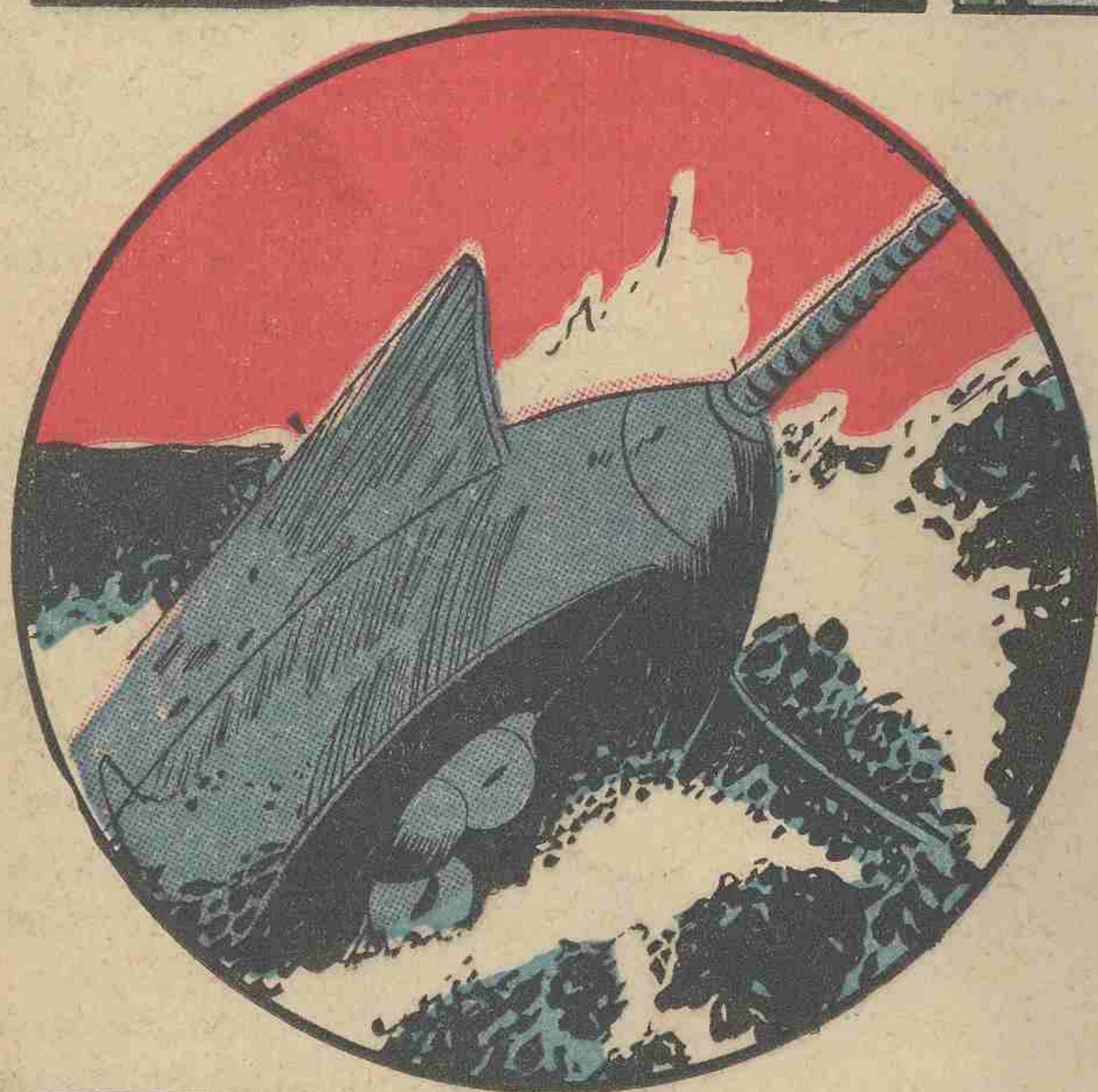
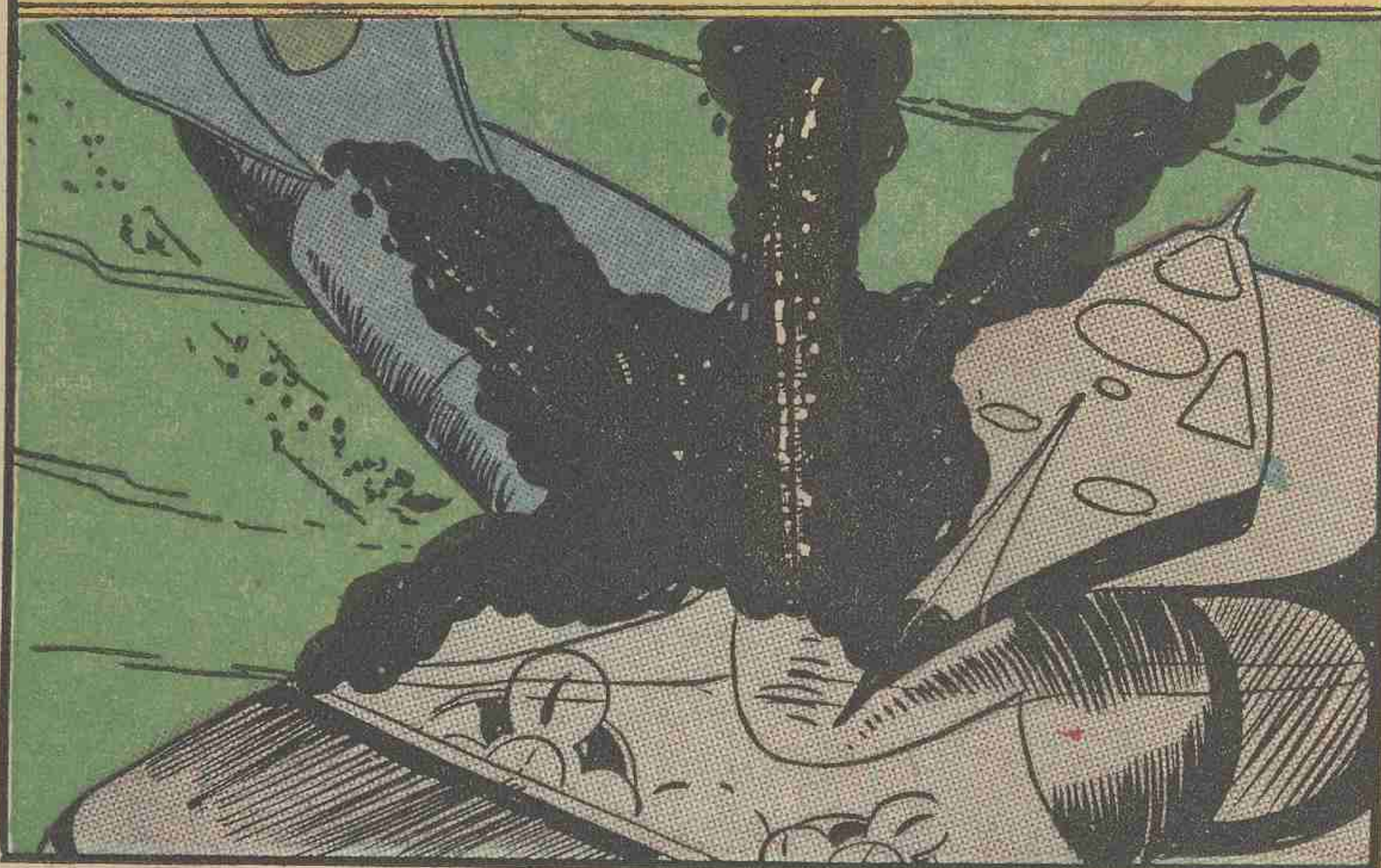


THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO! I'LL HAVE TO RAM INTO THE BIG FISH! MAYBE I CAN REACH THE ESCAPE HATCH ERE THE CRASH!

WELL, HERE WE GO -- I HOPE IT WORKS
-- COMON BABY, GIVE ME SOME
SPEED!

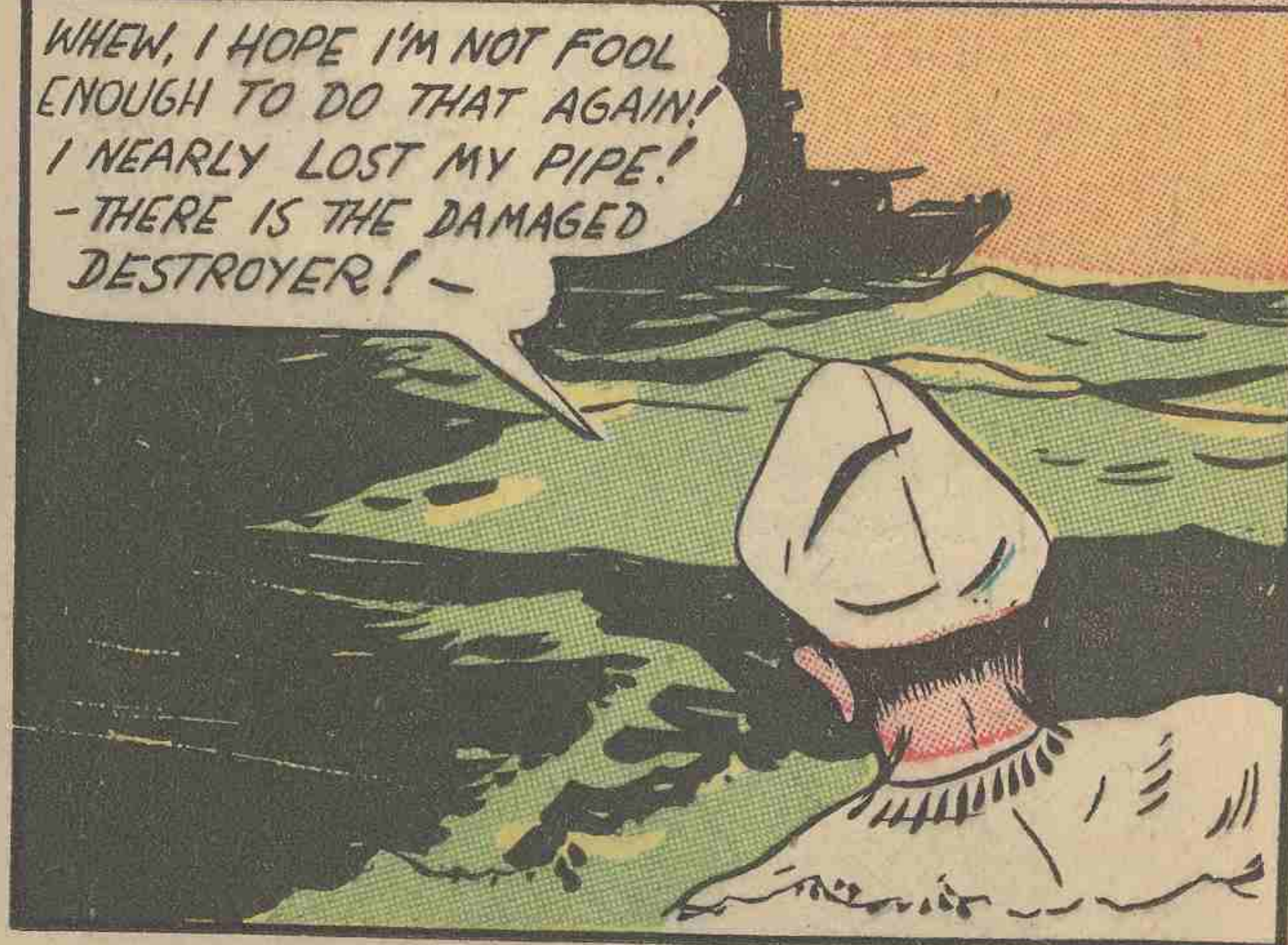


WITH A SICKENING, MUFFLED CRASH, HAMMERHEADS
SUB SMASHES INTO THE MONSTROUS UNDER-SEA
MARAUDER --

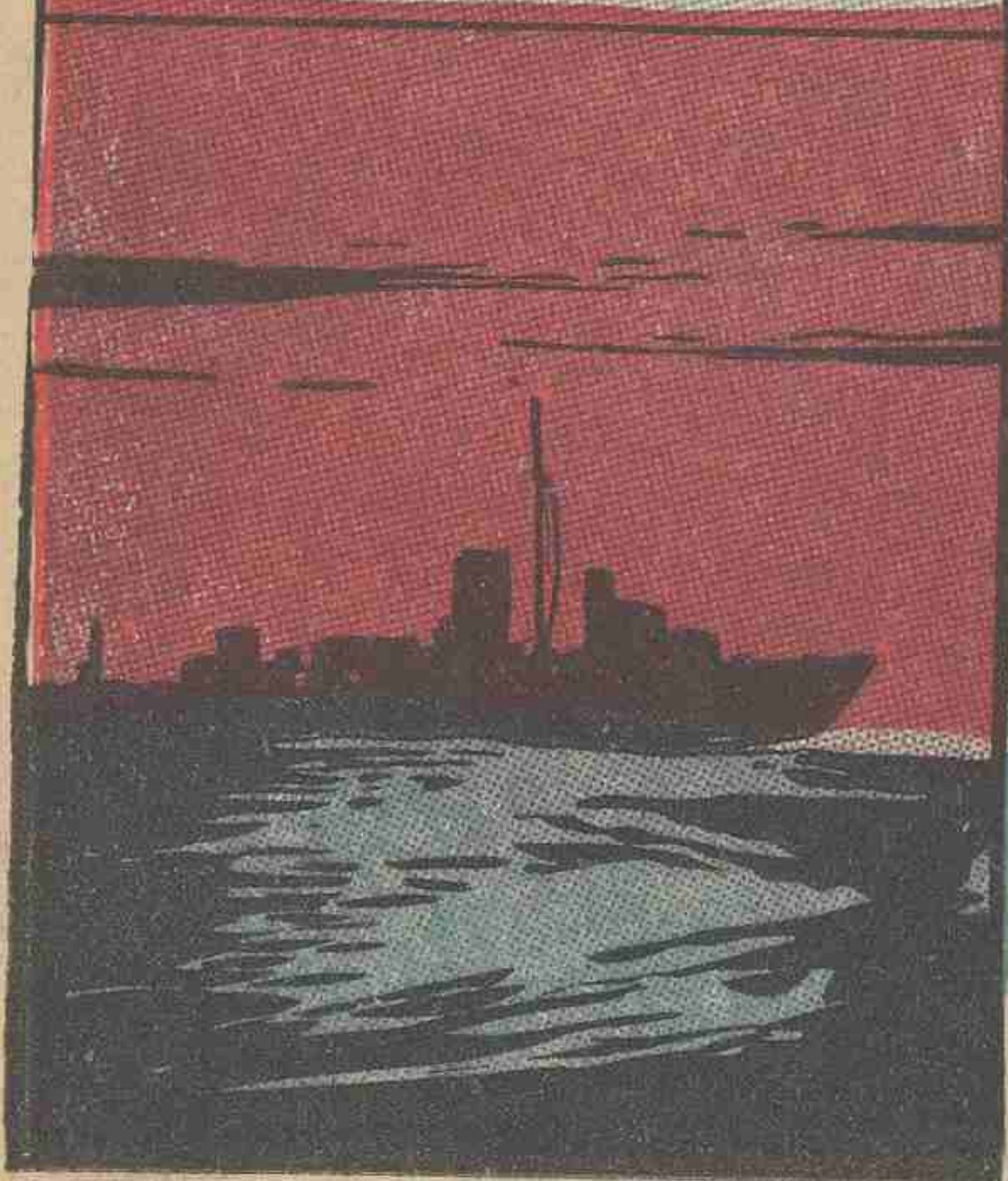


THROUGH THE THICK BLACK OIL A FAMILIAR
HEAD BOBS TO THE SURFACE -- --

WHEW, I HOPE I'M NOT FOOL
ENOUGH TO DO THAT AGAIN!
I NEARLY LOST MY PIPE!
- THERE IS THE DAMAGED
DESTROYER! -



A FEW MOMENTS LATER
CAPT. HAWLEY IS PULLED
ABOARD THE DESTROYER-



IT'S A LUCKY THING
YOU'RE NOT BADLY
DAMAGED. YOU WILL
PROBABLY BE ABLE TO
MAKE PORT!

THANKS TO YOU
CAPT. HAWLEY!
YOU SAVED
OUR CONVOY!



READ
THE NEXT ISSUE
OF
CAPT. AERO
COMICS, WHEN
HAMMERHEAD
HAWLEY COMMANDS
A NEW AND BETTER
SUB TO LICK
THE AXIS!



LAW OF THE WILD

by
Robert Turner

IN this wild north country with its lumber and mining camps taking the place of towns, there was only one law. The law of Might. The heaviest fists and the fastest trigger fingers ruled. Justice was meted out swiftly, liberally salted with violence.

This day, in the heavy, smoke-filled dimness of the *Sawmill Cafe and Restaurant*, the air was charged with the electric expectancy of trouble.

The men, all lumberjacks and miners, sat about at tables and lounged across the bar, in nervous silence. There was none of the usual hilarity, the good natured bantering and shouting. All eyes in the place kept shifting from the ludicrous scene being enacted in the center of the dance floor, to the door of the saloon, and back again.

It was a strange and rather pitiful sight there on the dance floor. A skinny shrimp of a Chinese cook was hopping up and down and jigging about, puffingly, in his own version of all the combined dances he had ever heard about. Standing over him, laughing loudly and twirling a gun over his thick finger, was Frenchy Le Croix.

For a few seconds the tired, pale piano player in the corner stopped plinking the dirty keys. At the cessation of the music, the frightened Chinese cook's feet automatically stopped.

Frenchy Le Croix roared a protest that shook the whole building. He spun around to the piano player.

"Play, you long-haired fool!" Frenchy bellowed. "Don't stop again until I tell you!"

Frenchy wheeled back to the Chink, leveled the gun at his feet. The Chink leaped straight into the air.

"Yi-yi-yi-yieeee!" he squealed in horror. "Don't shoot again, Mist Frenchy! Me dance! Me dance!"

Frenchy's two hundred and fifty pound bulk rocked with laughter. "You dawgawn right you dance!" he guffawed. His finger squeezed the trigger. Smoke puffed from the barrel. The bullet kicked dust and splinters up from under the Chinaman's hopping feet.

Frenchy Le Croix was the biggest and toughest man in the north country. He was six foot four. His fists were like hams. His chest was as strong and as thick round as some of the stout trees he felled in the forest. Many's the time Frenchy, in a sombre mood, had been seen sitting with a steel crowbar in his heavy fingers, twisting it easily back and forth into queer shapes, without even realizing what he was doing.

Frenchy, at all times, was mean and brutish and bullying. When he had had a few drinks, he was a roaring, swashbuckling, unholy terror. Right now Frenchy had imbibed more than a few. He was primed for trouble.

It came suddenly, just as everyone in the cafe knew it would. Bart Jones came down for his supper about this time every night. The Chinese victim of Frenchy Le Croix's current pranks was owned by Bart Jones. He was Bart's cook and all-round servant.

Bart strode through the swinging doors and the piano stopped. The Chink halted hopped up on one foot like he had been frozen. The grin lazied off Frenchy's face. All the men in the room made one giant sucking sound with their indrawn breaths. Fingers gripped tables until knuckles were white.

Bart Jones saw what was going on in one quick flash of his blue eyes. He stopped still. He looked from the piano player to the cook to Frenchy and there his eyes remained.

Bart Jones was another man feared and respected by the north country. But he was also loved. He, too, was tough and hard and dangerous. But he was just. He wasn't a big man compared with Frenchy. He wasn't a midget either.

Frenchy and Bart hated each other. There was no special reason for it. It was a natural. They had never crossed up until now but every man in the north country knew that someday they would. When that time came everybody knew it would be a combination earthquake and explosion and tornado.

Bart kept his eyes glued to Frenchy's and slowly walked up to him. The Chinese cook, scuttled to a corner, crouched down behind a barrel, sniveling. The rest of the room was so quiet you could hear Frenchy's heavy breathing.

"Well?" Frenchy said finally. "What you staring at? Why you interrupt Frenchy's fun?"

"I don't like your kind of fun!" Bart Jones said. "I don't like you, either. I'm going to teach you a lesson not to tease my cook hereafter!"

Frenchy's big fists balled at his sides. His chest swelled. He let out a roar like an angered, wounded bull. He pulled back his arm, started a swing from the floor that would have felled an elephant. But it never landed.

Bart Jones' feet moved so fast they were only a blur. His right fist came up and sizzled forward. It only moved six inches but the cracking sound of it against Frenchy's bearded jaw was like the report of a rifle. All this while Frenchy was winding up.

The big lumberjack staggered backward from the impact. But he didn't fall. He lowered his great shaggy head and rushed forward, arms flailing like windmills. Bart waited until he was almost upon him, then sidestepped and slammed his fist through the whirling arms and into the Frenchman's stomach.

Frenchy hooked forward like he was sick. Bart's fist flashed again. There was another *crack!* and Frenchy straightened up, walked backward with a glassy look in his eyes, hit the wall and slumped down like an empty sack.

Bart beckoned his cook, and the two left the *Sawmill Cafe*, followed by still unbelieving, admiring gazes.

A few minutes later, Frenchy Le Croix struggled to his feet. His eyes were bloodshot and madly gleaming. He wiped a smear of blood from his mouth, bent over and picked up his gun. At the door of the cafe, he took a steady bead on the back of Bart Jones.

Bart dropped the tiny mirror cupped in his hand in which he had been watching behind him. Before it splintered against the road he pivoted and the guns in his hand blasted flame and lead at the same time as Frenchy's.

Not quite the same time. Frenchy pitched forward on his face. Bart continued on his way. The bartender of the *Sawmill Cafe* pulled Frenchy out of the doorway and grinned, weakly. There was only one law in this wild north country.



INSTRUCTIONS AD LIB

It had been a long hard day on the drill field for the colored corporal who was going over the elementary principles of drill with a squad of dusky soldiers.

It soon developed that he was adding to the drill manual some very vivid and original instructions of his own making.

A group of officers finally sidled over within earshot to get a load of what was happening and this is what they heard:

"Here, you boys—when I sez 'mark time' I wants yo to move dem big flat feet but don't none o' you guys go nowhere!"

SELF SERVICE

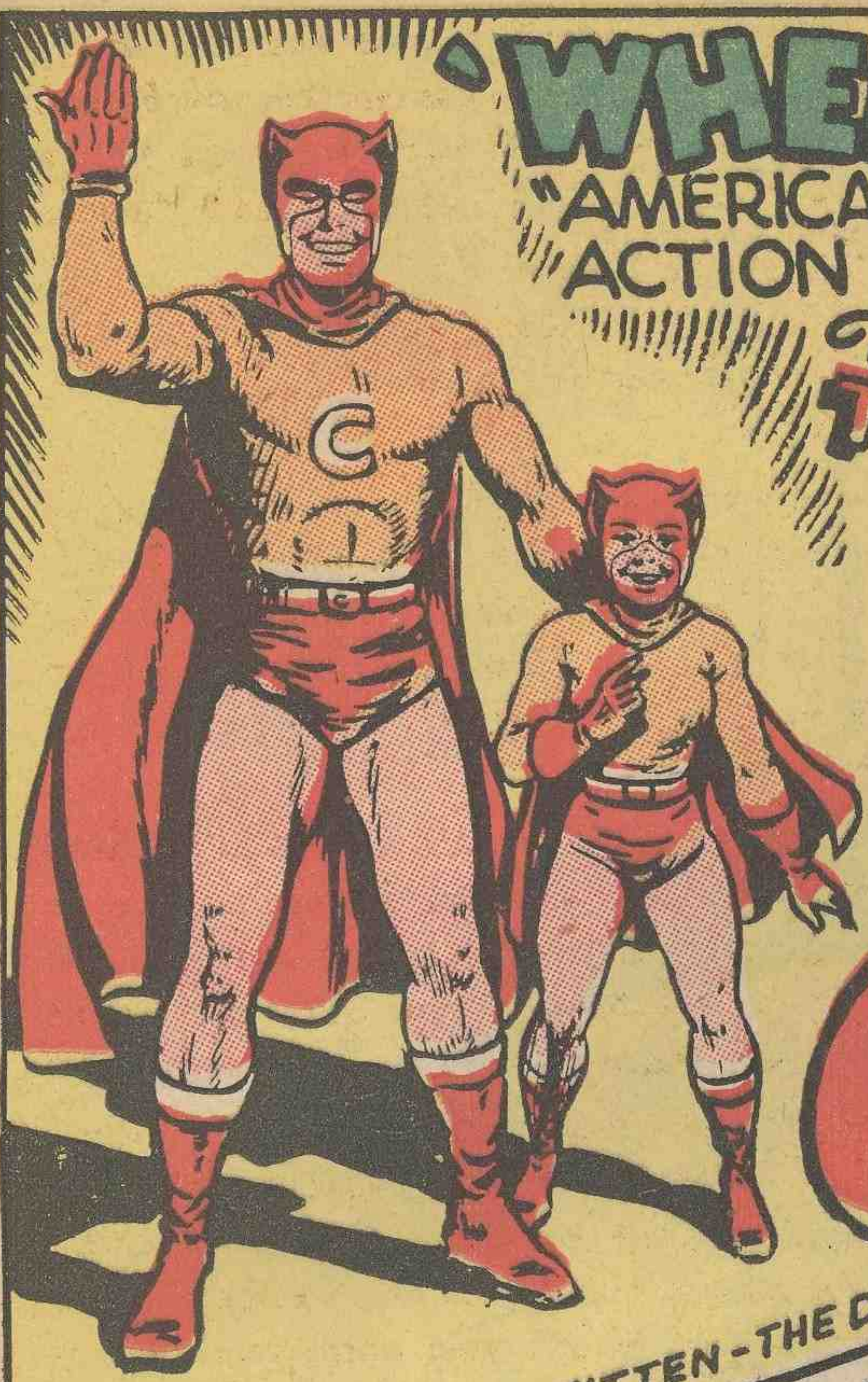
The awkward squad were being issued their rifles—Private Bungler, after looking over his fire arms stepped out of line and walked up to the detachment commander.

"Sir," he said, "is this here gun an automatic?"

"Yes it is," said the officer.

"Then I'd rather have one I can shoot off myself."





WHEN WE SAY!

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We mean just that!

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Captain Aero COMICS
presents

AN ACCOUNT OF THE INDOMITABLE WILL AND COURAGE OF THE PEOPLE OF POLAND HAS BEEN TOLD BEFORE, AND WILL BE TOLD AGAIN. THROUGH THE UNDERGROUND MOVEMENT, AIDED AND ENCOURAGED BY THE RED CROSS, THAT DYNAMIC HERO OF ALL FREE SPIRITED PEOPLES, THE BRAVE POLES PURSUE WITH UNDYING FERVOR THEIR JOB OF RIDDING THE NAZI OPPRESSOR FROM THE LAND...

"THE RED CROSS"

THE GREAT NEW HERO THAT SYMBOLIZES THOUSANDS OF DOCTORS and NURSES

Drawn by
JACK ALDERMAN



AN MALOVSKI LEADER OF THE POLISH UNDERGROUND HOLDS A MEETING IN THE CITY OF KRAKOW.



MRS. PULASKI, WE WILL HEAR FROM YOU NOW!

THE NAZIS AGAIN HAVE TAKEN HOSTAGES TO BE SHOT! MY POOR HUSBAND WAS ONE OF THEM. WILL IT NEVER STOP?

THE DARING LEADER UNFOLDS HIS PLAN TO RESCUE THE DOOMED HOSTAGES.

YOU ALL REMEMBER THE PEACEFUL TIMES BEFORE THE NAZIS, HERE IN KRAKOW. WE HAD STARTED TO BUILD A SUBWAY UNDER THE CITY!



THE FOLLOWING MORNING....



WE WOULD LIKE TO SPEAK TO OUR MEN BEFORE THEY DIE!

ALL RIGHT! THEY DIE IN A FEW MINUTES, SO MAKE IT SHORT AND SWEET!

EACH WOMAN, WITH A KNIFE CONCEALED IN HER SKIRTS, CUTS THE ROPES WHILE SHE TALKS TO HER MAN....



THERE IS AN OPEN HOLE ON THE SIDE OF YOU WHICH LEADS TO THE SUBWAY TUNNEL. RUN FOR IT. YOU WILL MEET FRIENDS!



LOOK! THEY ARE ESCAPING! STOP THEM!

HURRY MEN! WE WILL HOLD THEM OFF!

THE SVINE HAFF DISAPPEARED! SEIZE THESE MEN! QUICK!



MORE NAZIS ARE CALLED, AND MALOVSKI, AND HIS HELPER ARE CAPTURED

WOMEN AND CHILDREN HAVE BEEN KILLED, BUT RESISTANCE TO THESE NAZI TYRANTS WILL CONTINUE AS BEFORE!

HA! WHEN YOU ARE KILLED, YE ARE SURE DE MOVEMENT VILL SHTOP!



AT THE GESTAPO HEADQUARTERS

FINE WORK, LIEUTENANT TILTZ SUMMON THE FIRING SQUAD AT ONCE!

BUT KAPTAIN VON SCHMECK, DERE ISS A BETTER VAY!



MAYBE YOU WOULD LIKE MY JOB, EH TILTZ?

THANK YOU NO, HERR KAPTAIN BUT IF WE HOLD MALOVSKI AS HOSTAGE DERE VILL BE NO MORE SABOTAGE!

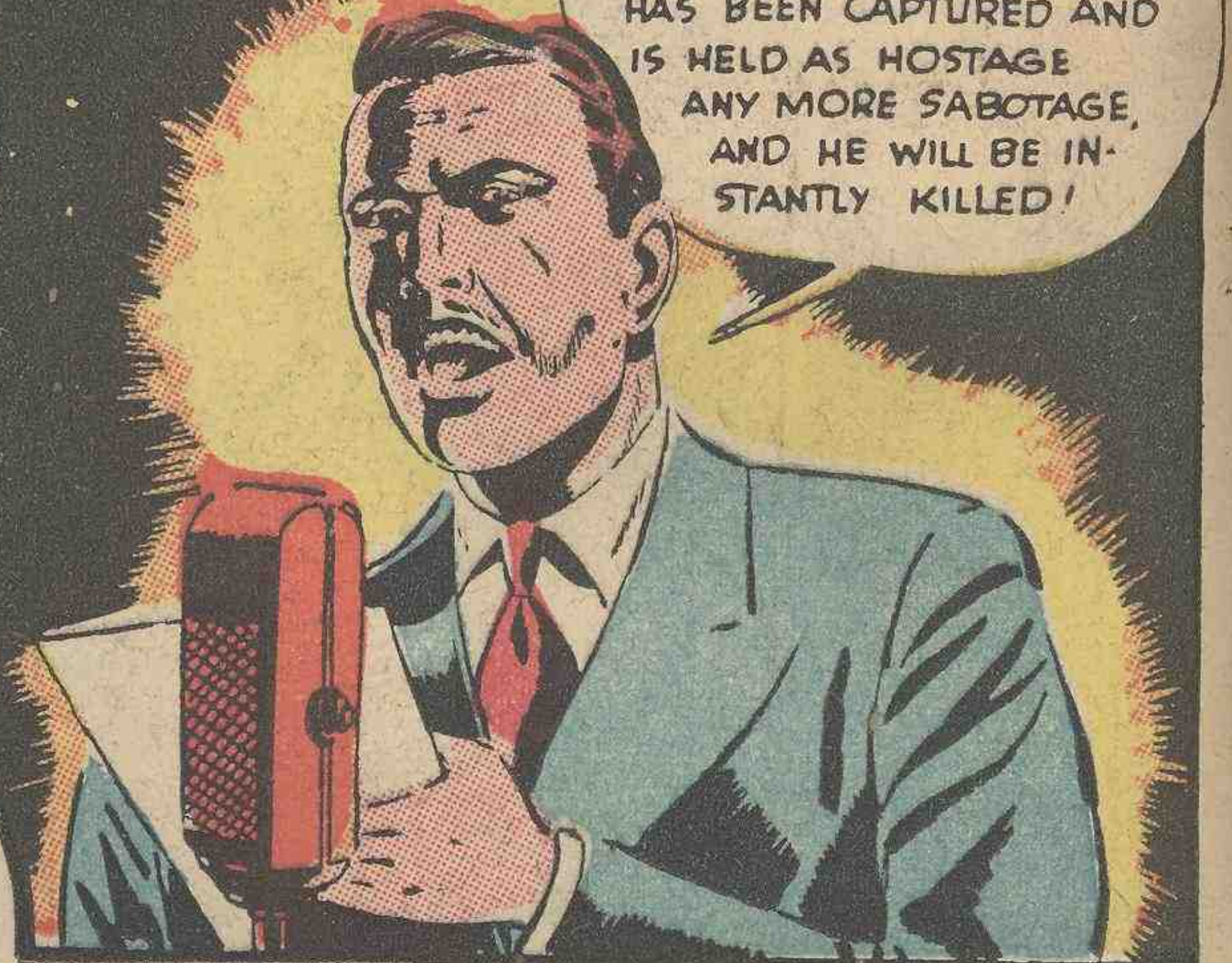


HAF DE RADIO STATION ANNOUNCE DIS TO DE PEOPLE IMME DIATELY!

JA, HERR KAPTAIN AT ONCE!



JAN MALOVSKI, LEADER OF DE POLISH UNDERGROUND HAS BEEN CAPTURED AND IS HELD AS HOSTAGE ANY MORE SABOTAGE, AND HE WILL BE INSTANTLY KILLED!

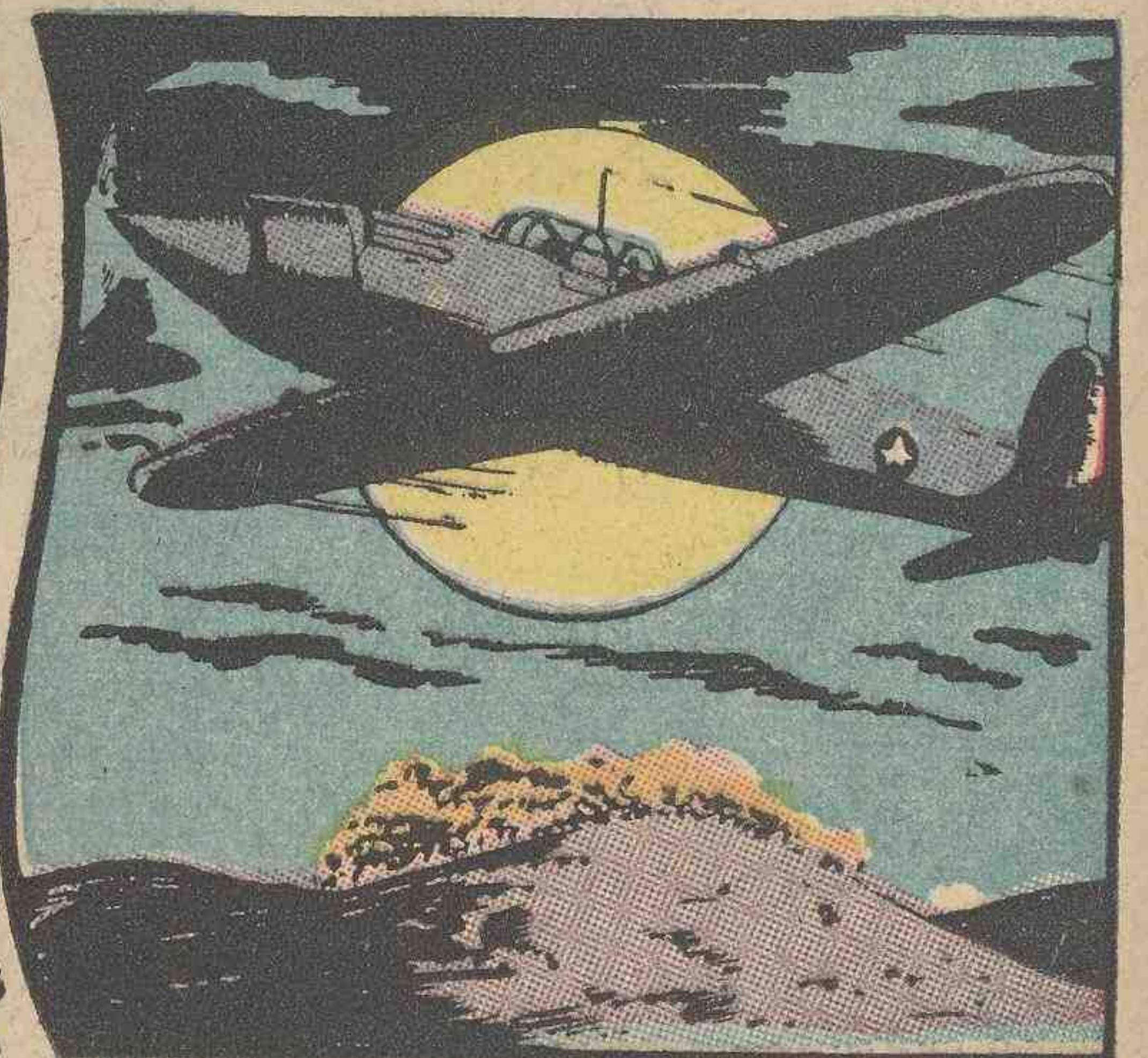


HOLY SMOKES! I'VE GOT TO SAVE HIM SOMEHOW, OR THE POLES WILL BE LICKED! LUCKY MY SPECIAL DUTY HERE IS FINISHED!

SOMEWHERE ALONG THE RUSSIAN FRONT PETER HALL YOUNG AMERICAN DOCTOR HEARS THE ANNOUNCEMENT



A RUSSIAN PLANE, BEARING A VERY DE TERMINED PASSENGER HEADS TOWARD KRAKOW...



AT A MEETING OF THE UNDERGROUND....

AS YOU KNOW, OUR LEADER IS BEING HELD AS HOSTAGE. IF THE UNDERGROUND MOVEMENT STARTS AGAIN, HE WILL BE KILLED!



NOTHING MUST STOP US! I THINK JAN WOULD FEEL THE SAME WAY!

I THINK HE IS RIGHT! THE MOVEMENT MUST GO ON AT ALL COST!



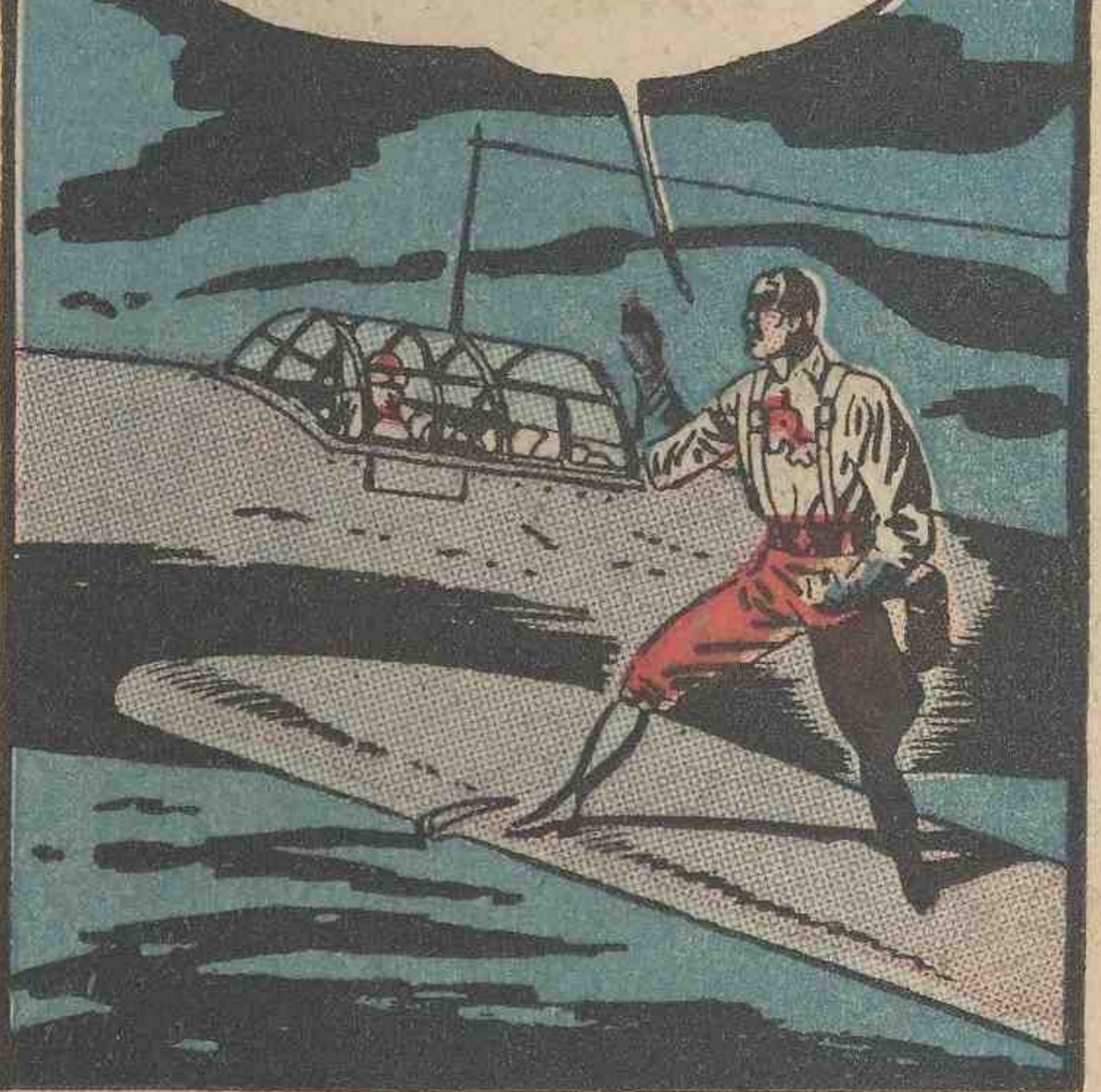
HERE IS WHAT WE WILL DO! NOW LISTEN...

YES! YES! HE IS RIGHT! WE WILL SHOW THE DOGS THEY CANNOT SCARE US!



MEANWHILE OUR FRIEND PETER HALL CHANGES INTO THE RED CROSS AND BAILS OUT OF THE PLANE CARRYING HIM....

THANKS FOR THE LIFT, COMRADE HERE'S HOPING FOR A NICE SOFT LANDING SPOT!



AH! LOOKS LIKE MY PRAYER'S BEEN ANSWERED!



THE RED CROSS! YOU ARE JUST IN TIME!



THE PATRIOT REVEALS THE UNDERGROUND'S PLANS TO ANOTHER WILLING HAND

WHERE ARE THE NAZI RATS KEEPING JAN MALOVSKI?

IN AN OLD ARMORY NOT FAR FROM HERE TO-MORROW WE HAVE PLANNED...



MOMENTS LATER, AT THE ARMORY....

OUT OF MY WAY, CHILDREN, I'M BUSY!



MEANWHILE INSIDE

HOW DOES IT FEEL TO BE A HERO SVINE?

HA! HA! EFEN TWO UFF US CAN BEAT HIM OPP!



THE RED CROSS CRASHES INTO THE ROOM...

HERE'S A LITTLE PRESENT FOR YOU WITH MY REGARDS RAT!



THE RED CROSS!

I'LL UNTIE YOU AND WE'LL GET OUT IAN WE HAVE LOTS OF WORK TO DO!



AT THE GESTAPO HEADQUARTERS

KAPTAIN! THE POLES AT THE MUNITIONS PLANT REFUSE TO GO BACK TO YORK!

VOT? TELL THEM VE VILL SHOOT THEM DOWN IF THEY DON'T!





NOW EIDER YOU
DOGS GO BACK TO
YORK OR ELSE....



SUDDENLY THE MUNITIONS PLANT EXPLODES



VOSS? THE PLANT BLEW
UP? THE RAILROAD BRIDGE
ALSO! TWENTY SOLDIERS
KILLED! BRING MALOVSKI!
HIMMEL! VOT?
HALP!



I'M ALREADY HERE
GENERAL! HOW'S
THIS FOR A QUICK
REPLY?

I'LL TAKE CARE
OF THESE OTHER
STOOGES, JAN. HE'S
ALL YOURS!



SOME TIME LATER...

TILTZ, I VILL
SHOOT YOU MY-
SELF AT SUNRISE!
MALOVSKI EGG-
SCAPES, AND I
GET BEADT OPP!
YOU UND YOUR
BRIGHT IDEAS
BAH!

... BUT
HERR KAP-
TAIN! I
DIDN'T
KNOW DER
RED CROSS
WOULD BE
HERE!

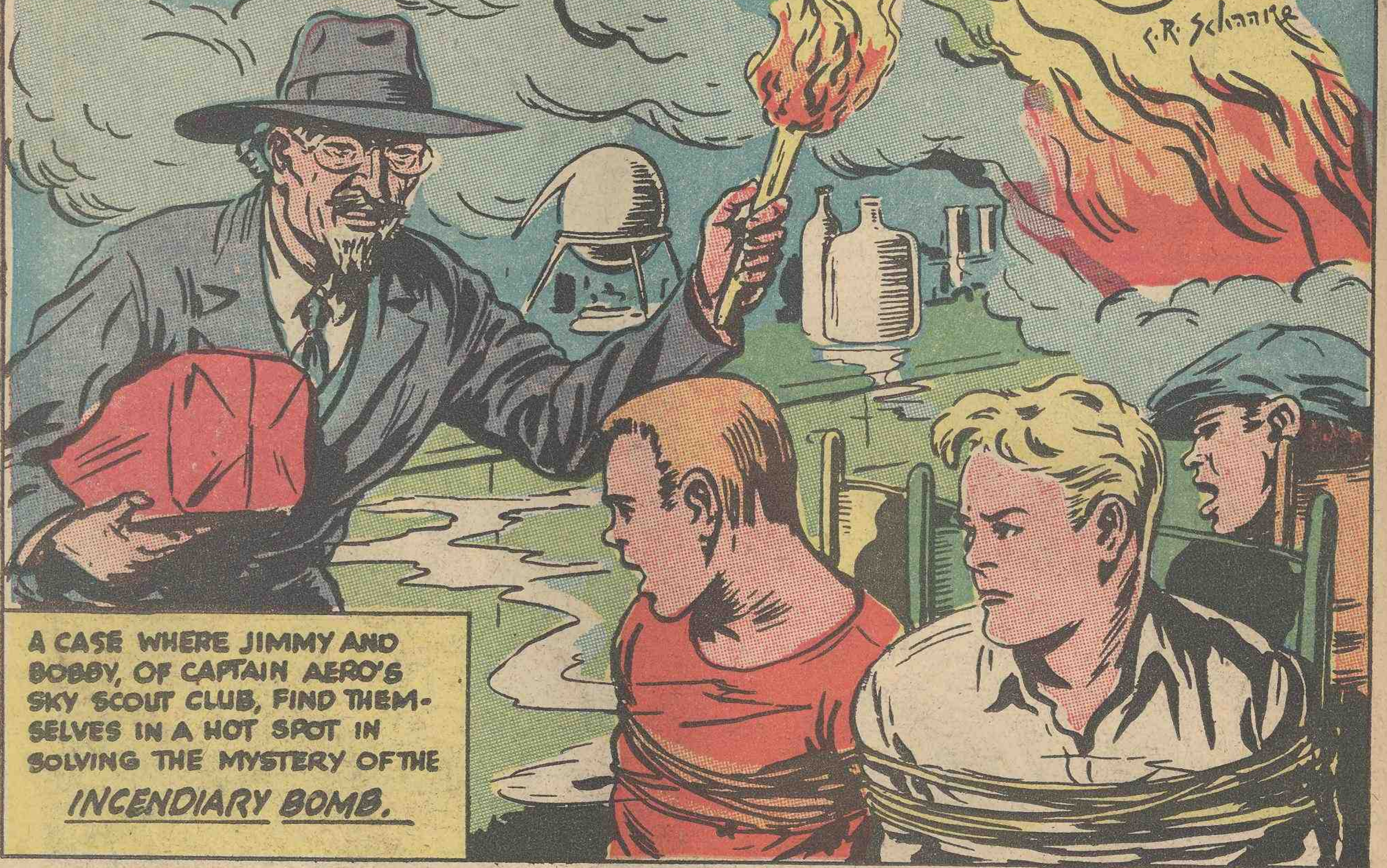


THANKS TO YOU RED
CROSS, I NOT ONLY GET
THIS WELCOME REVENGE,
BUT OUR PEOPLE WILL
FIGHT, NOW MORE THAN
EVER!

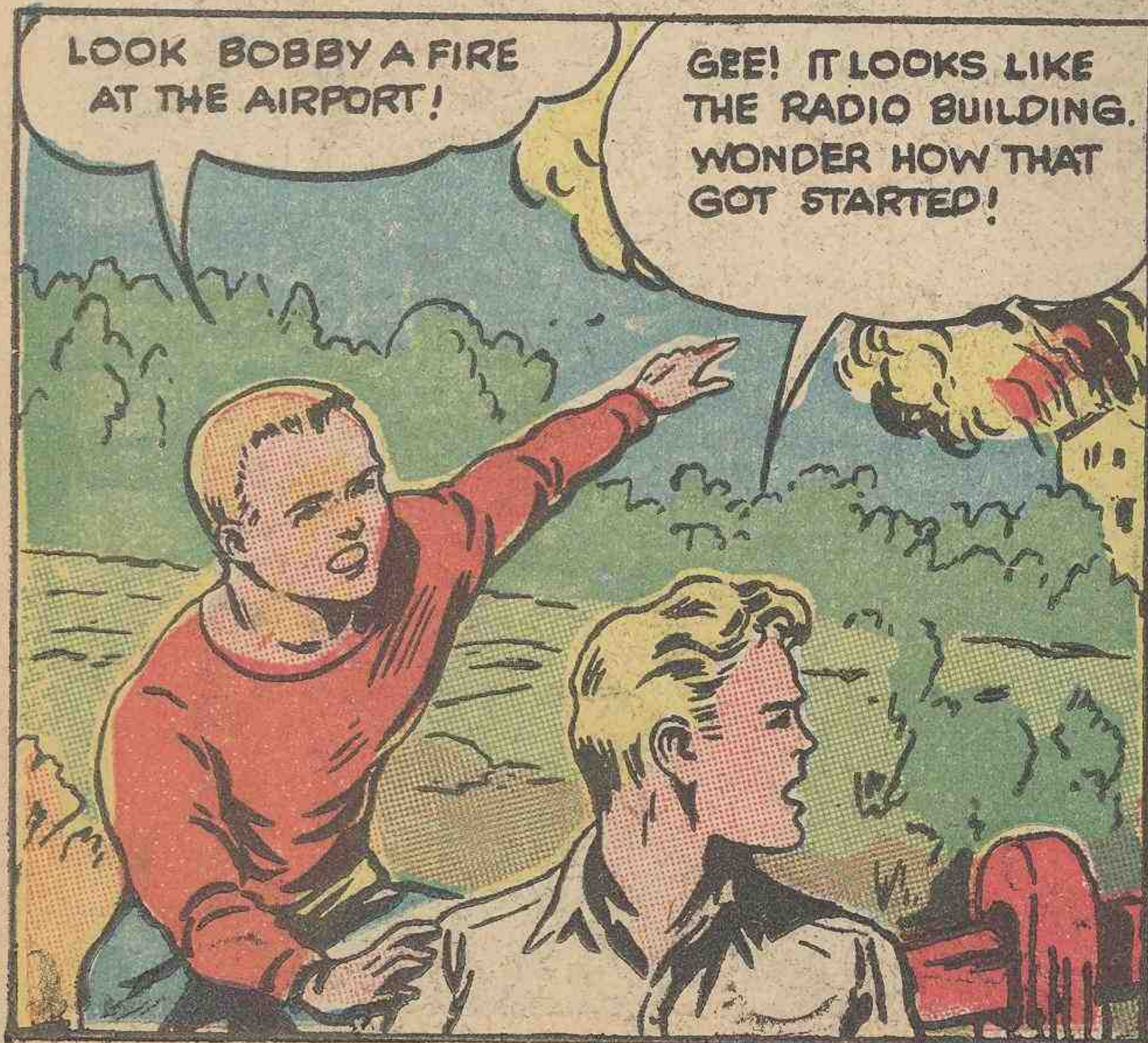
THEY NEED
YOUR LEADER-
SHIP, JAN. I
KNOW YOU WON'T
LET THEM
DOWN!

FOLKS!
A REMINDER TO ALL
OF YOU NOT TO MISS
THE
NEXT AMAZING
ADVENTURE of
"The Red Cross"
IN
**CAPTAIN
AERO** COMICS
Jack Alderman

CAPTAIN AERO'S SKY Scouts



A CASE WHERE JIMMY AND BOBBY, OF CAPTAIN AERO'S SKY SCOUT CLUB, FIND THEMSELVES IN A HOT SPOT IN SOLVING THE MYSTERY OF THE INCENDIARY BOMB.



LOOK BOBBY A FIRE AT THE AIRPORT!

GEE! IT LOOKS LIKE THE RADIO BUILDING. WONDER HOW THAT GOT STARTED!



AFTER THE FIRE WAS UNDER CONTROL, CAPTAIN AERO FINDS A SUSPICIOUS LOOKING OBJECT....

WHAT IS IT CAPTAIN AERO?

LOOKS LIKE THE PART OF A SMALL INCENDIARY BOMB, EVIDENTLY PLANTED BY A SABOTEUR!

ON THE WAY HOME, JIMMY AND BOBBY STOP AT A SODA STORE FOR REFRESHMENTS...



WHATTA YOU LOOKING AT SISSY? TRYING TO HORN IN ON THIS PARTY?

NO! BUT WHAT DID YOU DO, LIPPY, INHERIT A FORTUNE?



WHAT'S IT TO YOU? GO ON SCRAM, BEFORE I POKE YOU IN THAT CUTE LITTLE BEEZER OF YOURS, COME ON, GET GOIN'!



O.K. I'LL GET GOING RIGHT ON YOU!



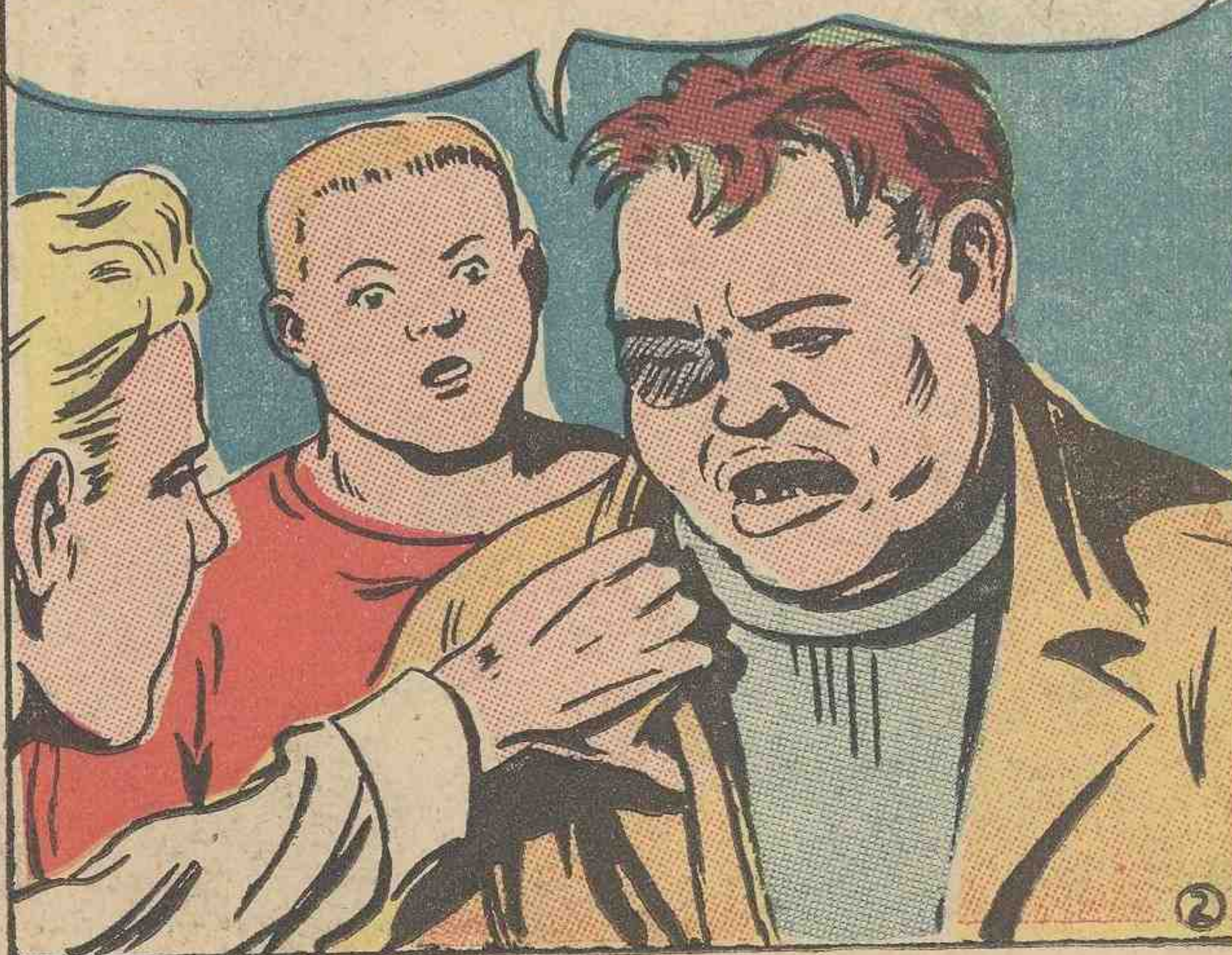
AFTER A SHORT BUT LIVELY BATTLE, LIPPY WOUNDS UP ON THE FLOOR...

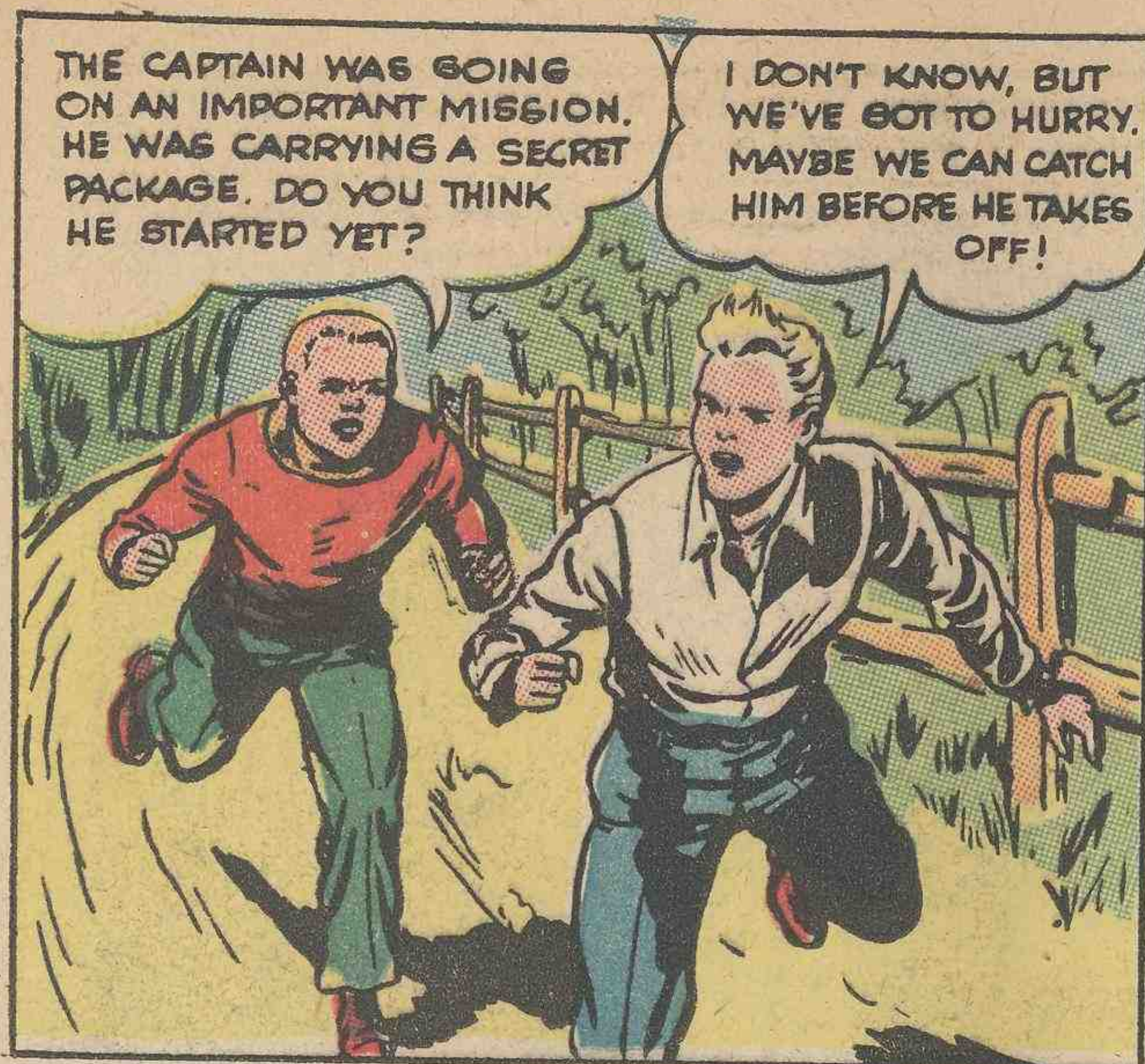
WELL! ARE YOU READY TO ANSWER MY QUESTION NOW, OR DO YOU WANT SOME MORE?

NO, NO, HELP, STOP! I QUIT! I'LL TELL! I'LL TELL WHERE I GOT THE DOUGH!



SOME OLD GUY GAVE IT TO ME FOR PUTTING A SMALL GADGET, SOMETHING LIKE THE ONE FOUND AT THE AIRPORT FIRE, INTO CAPTAIN AERO'S PLANE!







WOW!
I DIDN'T
GET OUT
OF THAT
ANY TOO
SOON!



THE SERGEANT CIRCLED AROUND, LANDING AS NEAR TO THE CAPTAIN AS POSSIBLE....

THANKS BOYS! I GUESS
I'LL HAVE TO BORROW
YOUR PLANE TO TAKE
THIS PACKAGE TO IT'S
DESTINA-
TION SER-
GEANT!

YES SIR! CAPTAIN!

JIMMY, BOBBY AND THE SERGEANT THUMB A RIDE BACK TO THE AIRPORT...

I WONDER WHO'S
AT THE BOTTOM OF
ALL THIS?

I DON'T KNOW, BUT I
THINK THERE'S A WAY
WE CAN FIND OUT. LET'S
GO JIMMY! SO LONG!
SARGE.



THE BOYS SEEK OUT LIPPY FOR FURTHER INFORMATION

UNLESS YOU TAKE
US TO THE FELLOW
THAT GAVE YOU THE
MONEY, I'LL GIVE
YOU ANOTHER BEATING
AND TELL THE POLICE!

I DIDN'T
KNOW IT
WAS A
BOMB!

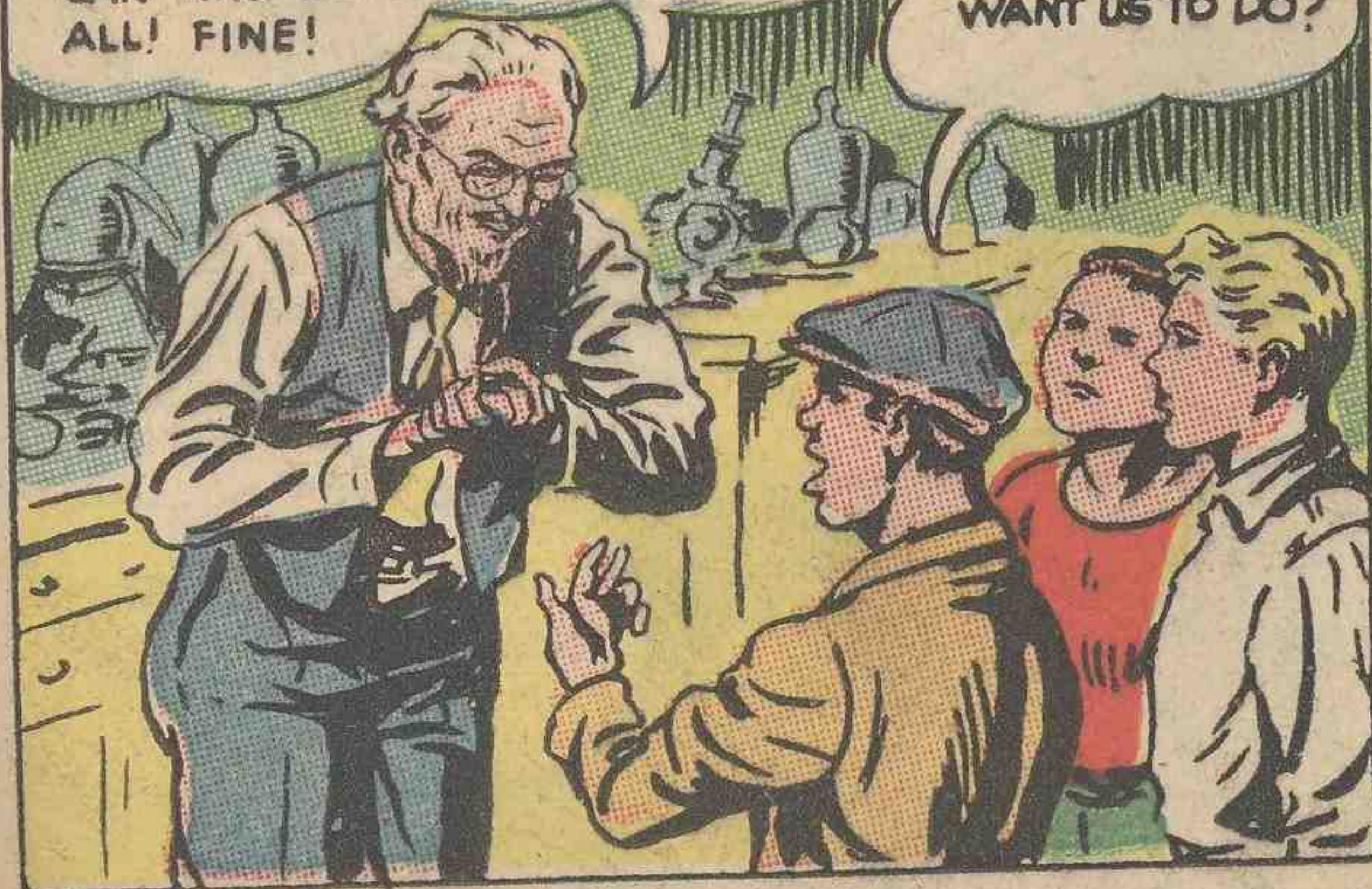
TELL THE OLD
GUY WE'RE
FRIENDS OF YOURS
AND WANT TO MAKE
SOME MONEY TOO!



LIPPY TAKES THE BOYS TO A HOUSE IN THE LONELY COUNTRY WHERE THEY MEET A MAN WHO CALLS HIMSELF PROFESSOR SNITZ...

WELL! WELL! LIPPY! FRIENDS OF
YOURS? HOW NICE! I THINK WE
CAN FIND SOME WORK FOR YOU
ALL! FINE!

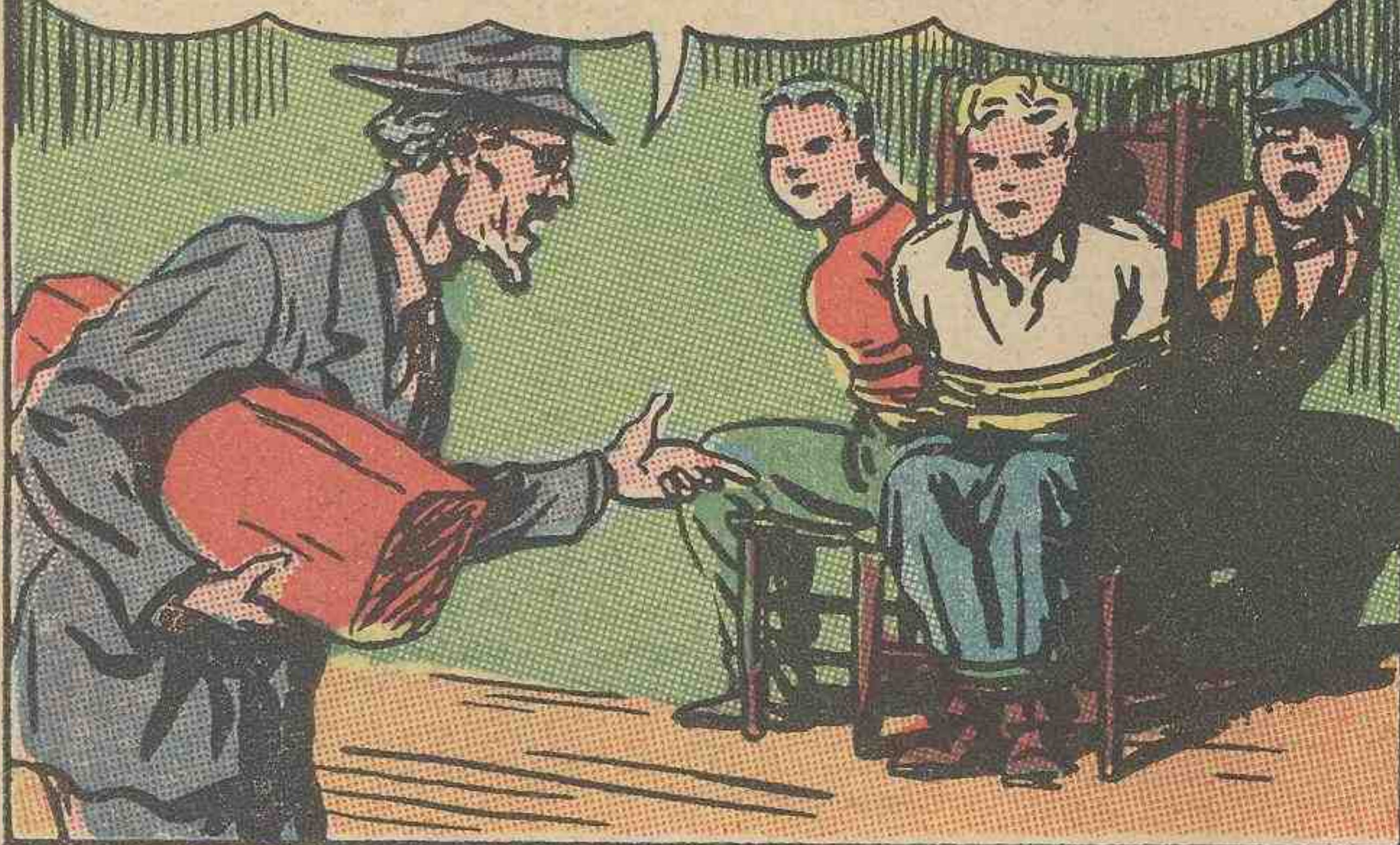
ALRIGHT
PROFESSOR!
WHATTA YOU
WANT US TO DO?



FIRST LIPPY I WANT YOU TO TIE UP JIMMY AND BOBBY.
OH YES. OH YES, I KNOW THEM TO BE CAPTAIN AERO'S
SKY SCOUTS! YOU SEE I HAVE WAYS OF FINDING
OUT THINGS. ONE FALSE MOVE AND I WILL KILL YOU!
AFTER YOU HAVE FINISHED LIPPY, I WILL TIE YOU
UP AS A REWARD FOR YOUR NICE WORK, YOU
BLABBERING LITTLE FOOL!



NOW MY DEAR BOYS, I WILL START THE FIRE WHEN IT REACHES THE CHEMICALS, WELL YOU CAN GUESS! I AM SORRY TO LEAVE YOU BUT I HAVE OTHER WORK TO DO WITH THESE POWERFUL EXPLOSIVES. IT IS TOO BAD YOU WILL NOT BE THERE TO SEE THE DESTRUCTION OF YOUR BEAUTIFUL AIRPORT, GOOD BYE!



ON HIS RETURN TRIP CAPTAIN AERO SIGHTS THE BURNING BUILDING...



I'D BETTER MAKE A LANDING THEY MAY NEED HELP!

SOME BODY'S INSIDE AND THERE GOES A CAR OUT THE DRIVE! THAT'S QUEER!



HELP!
HELP!

MEANWHILE THE FIRE RAPIDLY SPREADS TOWARDS THE EXPLOSIVE CHEMICALS...

LOOKS LIKE WE'RE DONE FOR JIMMY!

HELP! I'M SORRY I EVER GOT MIXED UP WITH THAT PROFESSOR!



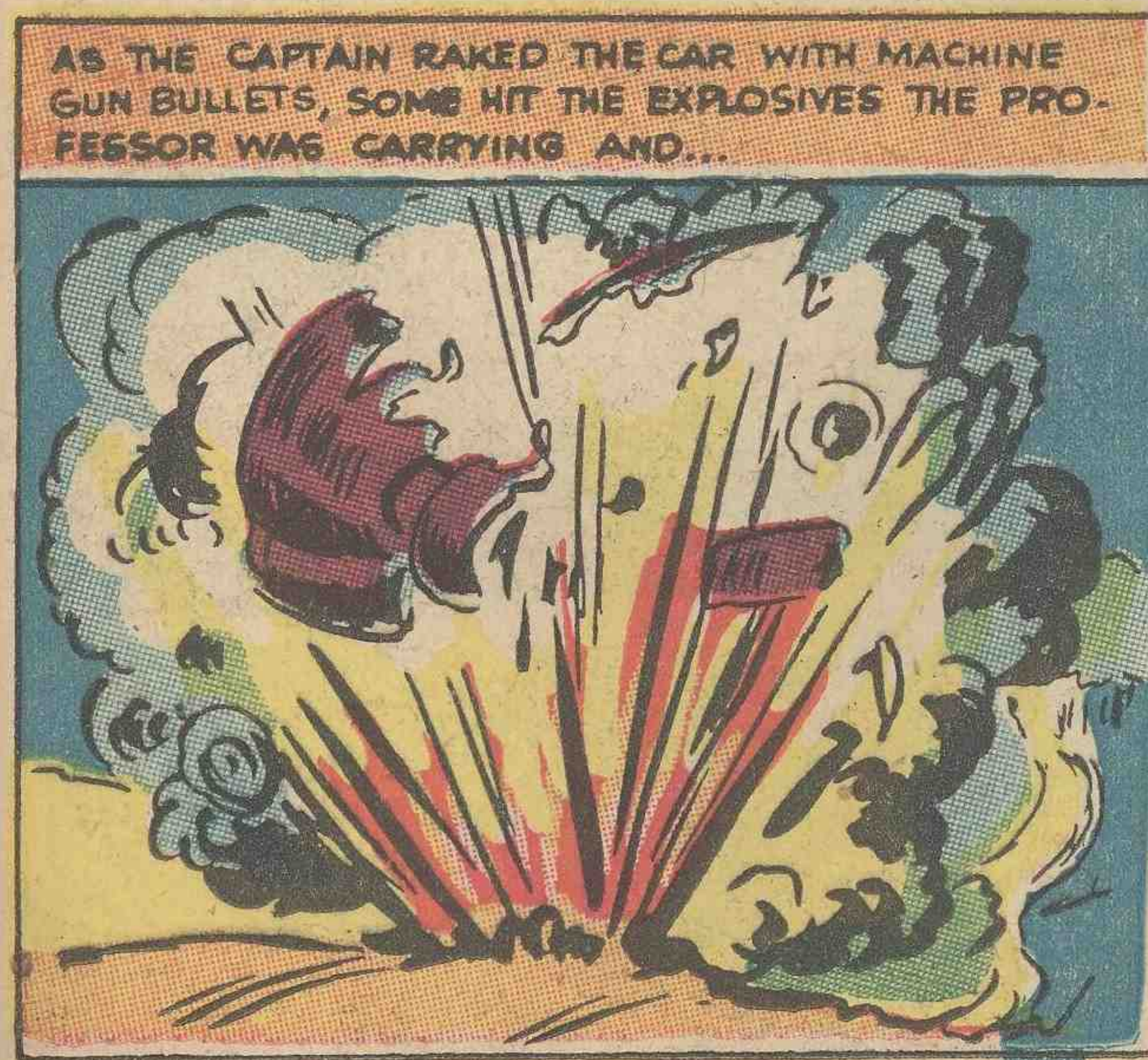
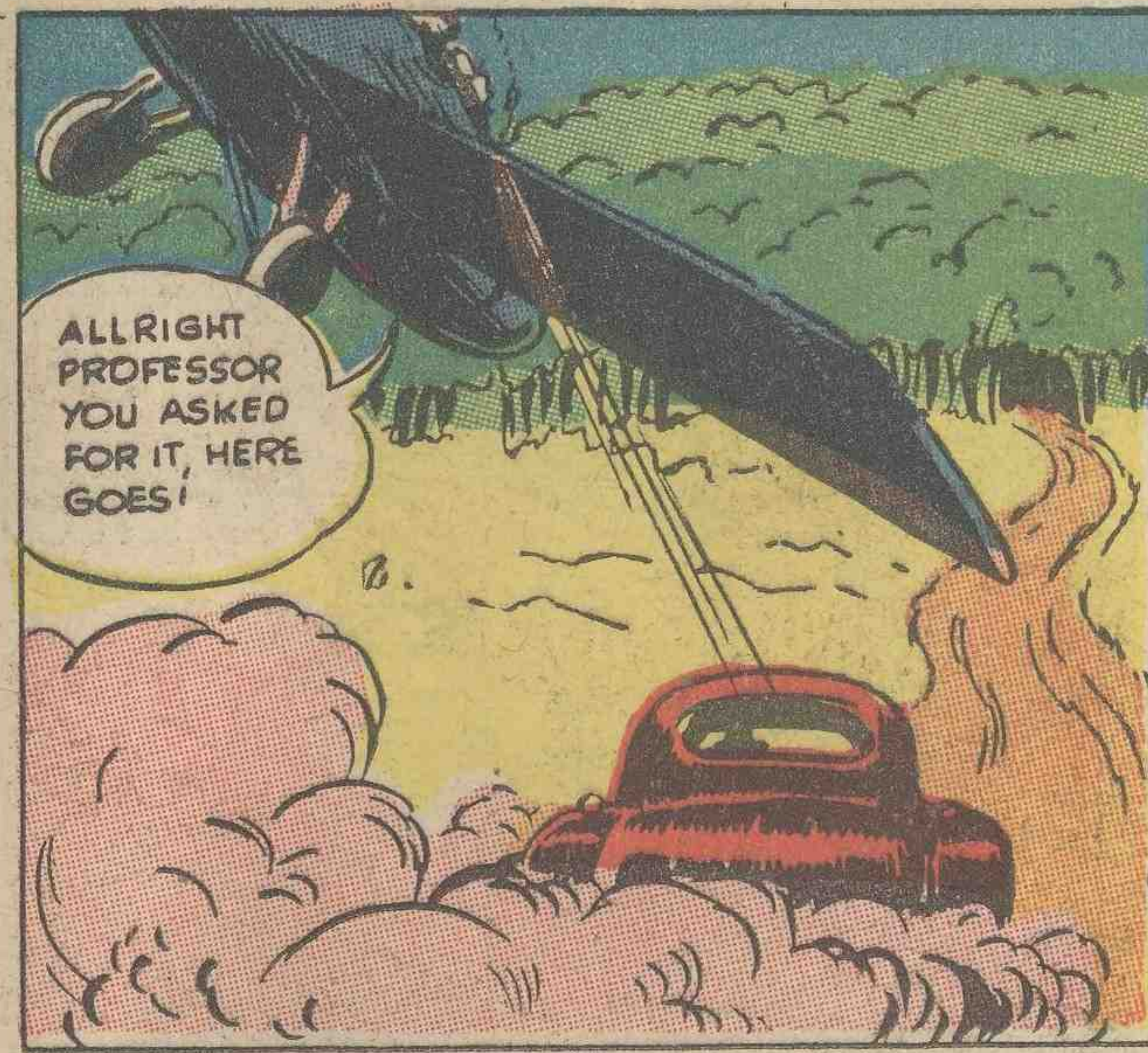
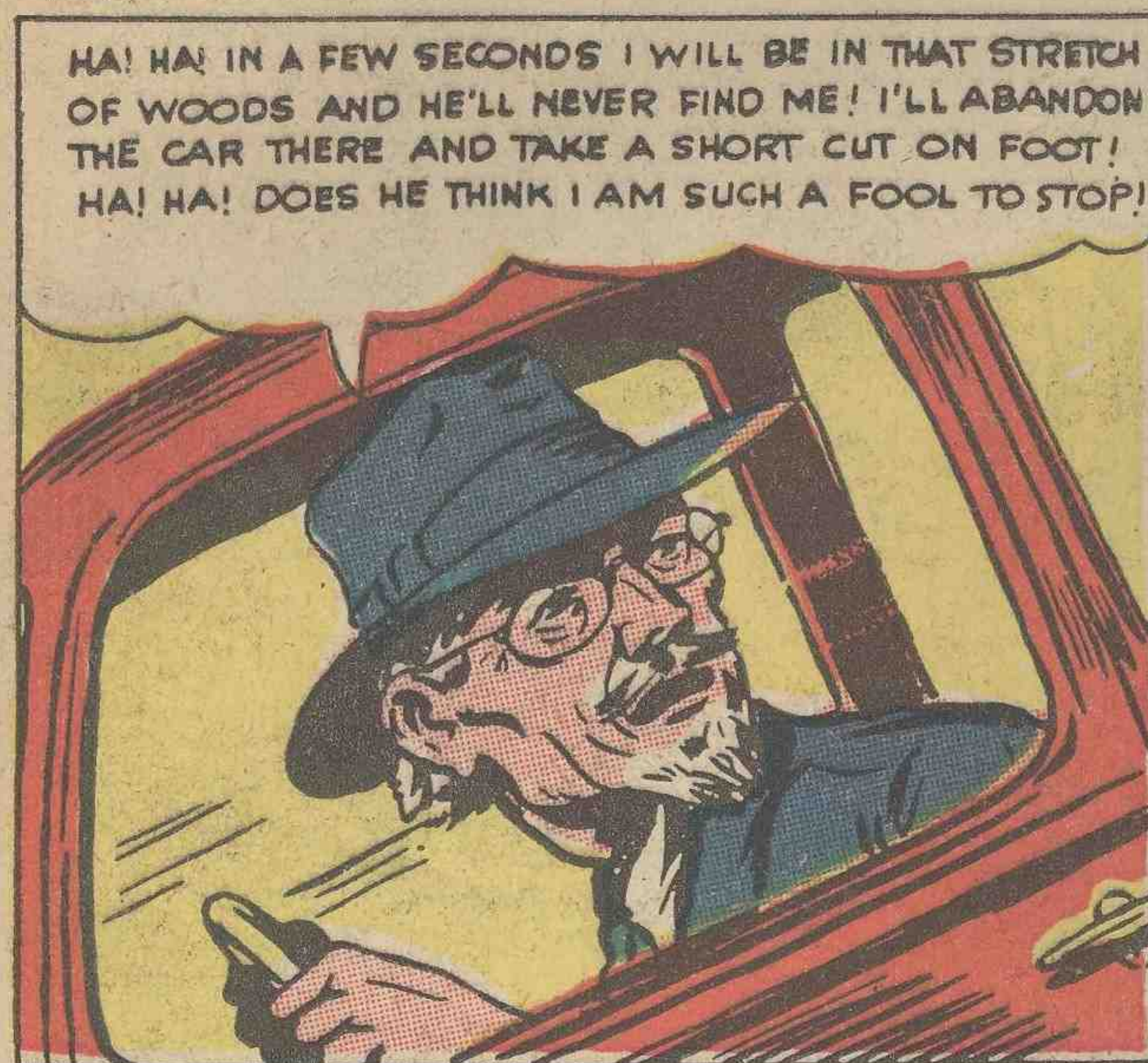
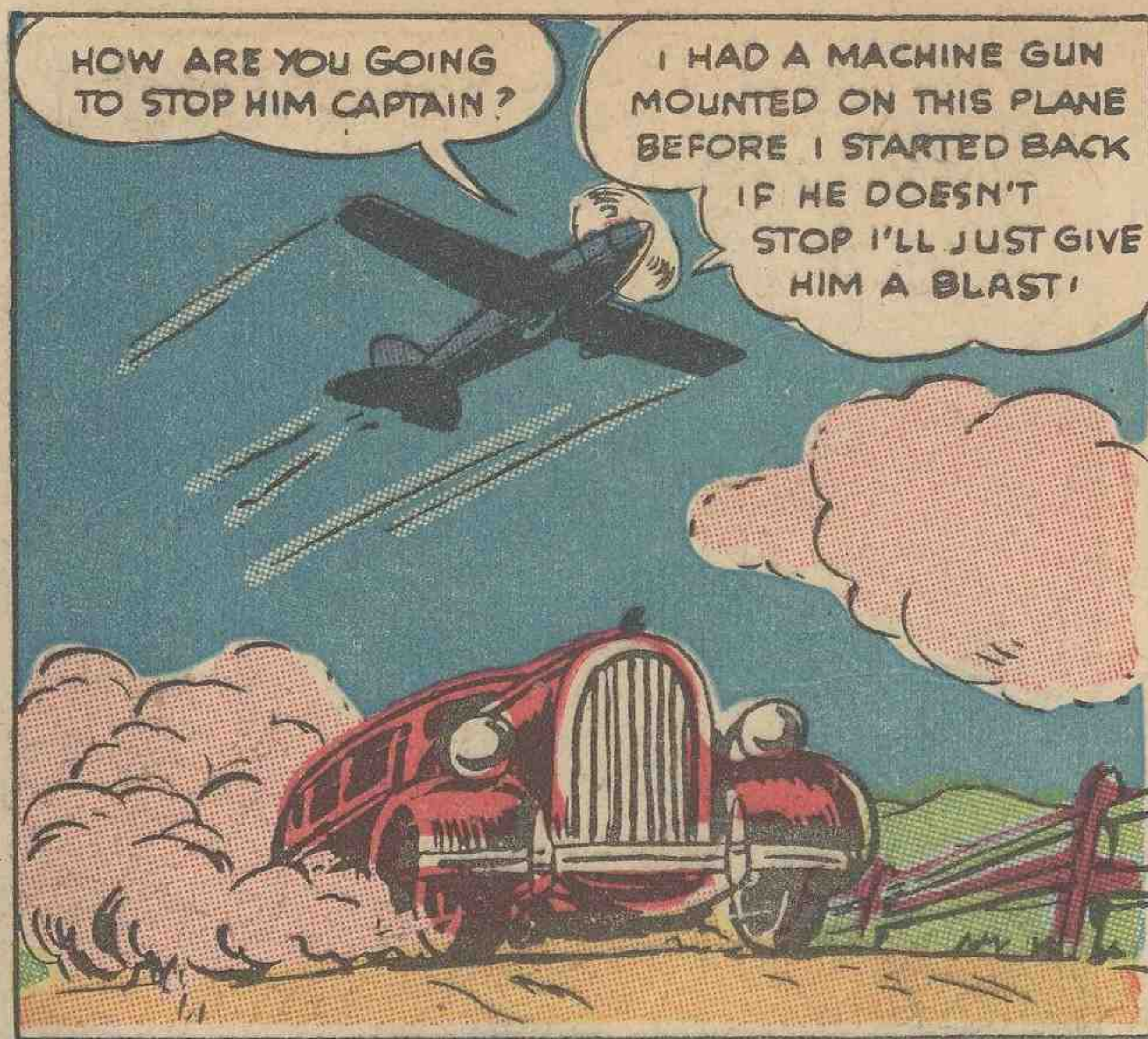
WELL... I'LL BE... IT'S JIMMY AND BOBBY! HOW DID YOU EVER GET IN TO THIS MESS?



CAPTAIN AERO!



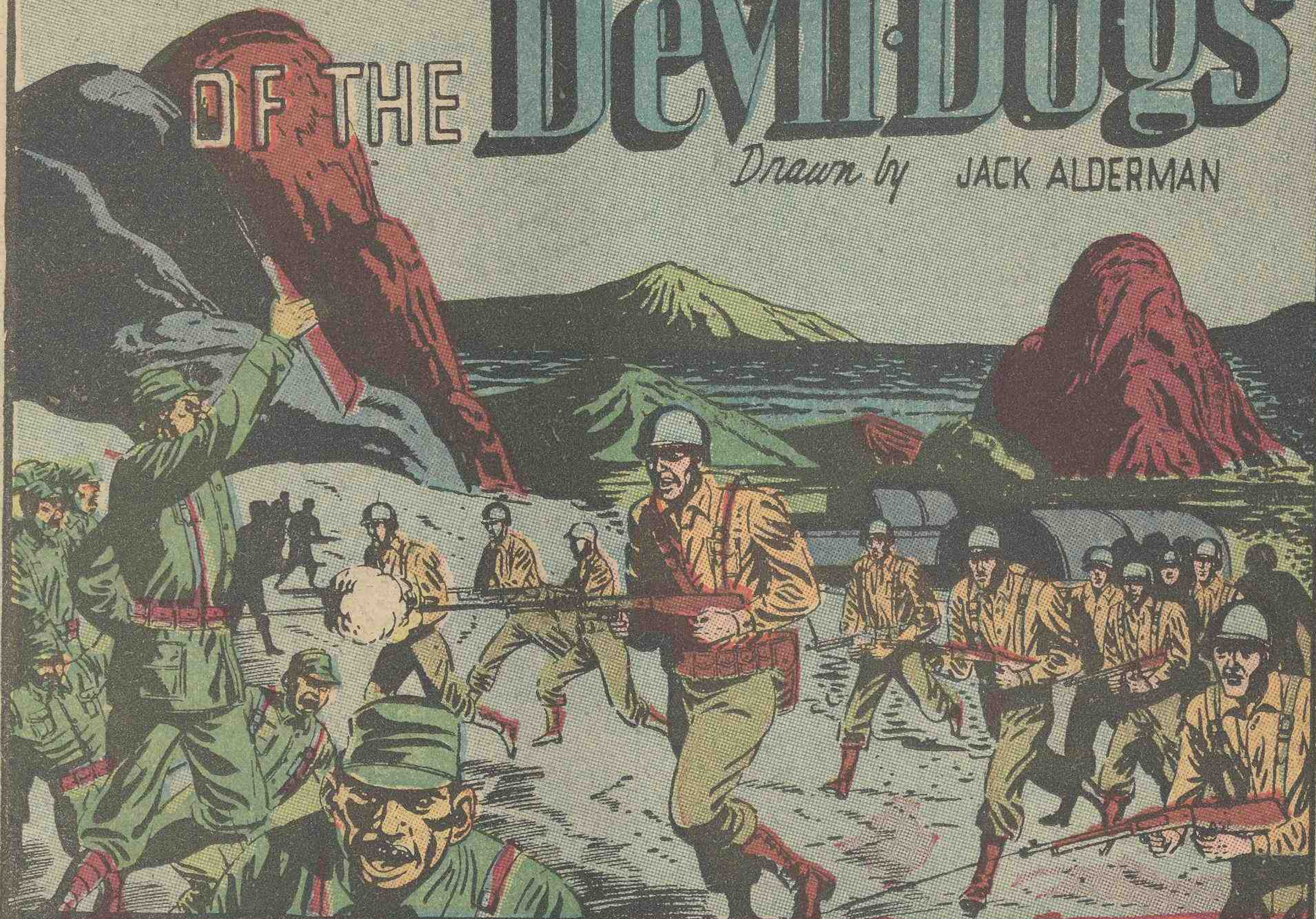
THERE SHE BLOWS! BOY THAT SURE WAS A CLOSE ONE!



CAPTAIN AERO COMICS presents

Commandos OF THE Devil Dogs

Drawn by JACK ALDERMAN



AN EXCITING AND THRILLING ADVENTURE OF THE COMMANDOS!

AT A
MARINE
COMMANDO
BASE SOME-
WHERE ON
THE COAST
OF NEW
GUINEA.

MEN, THE COMMANDING OF-
FICER NEEDS TWO MEN FOR
A VERY DANGEROUS MISSION.
THOSE WHO VOLUNTEER WILL
PLEASE TAKE ONE STEP
'FORWARD!'

SARGEANT TANNER AND CORPORAL WHITE STEP
FORWARD SOONER THEN THE REST...

YOU MEN WILL
REPORT TO COLONEL
BROWN!





MEANWHILE BACK AT THE CAMP THE COMMANDOS ARE PREPARING TO STRIKE SWIFTLY AND SILENTLY...



THAT BUILDING BEHIND THE WALL IS THE CONTROL BASE FOR THE SUBMARINE LOCKS, CAPTAIN LAWSON.

LET'S GO MEN, WE'LL CHARGE, BUT DON'T FORGET... KEEP WELL COVERED AND DON'T MAKE A SOUND'



THE LARRUPING LEATHERNECKS HEAD FOR THE CONTROL BUILDING, KILLING A JAP GUARD ON THE WAY...



THAT SWITCH ON THE WALL MUST OPEN THE BIG DOORS! LET THE REST OF THE BOYS IN!



FORWARD, MEN! RIGHT THROUGH THE OPEN DOOR!



UNDER A HEAVY BARRAGE OF DEADLY FIRE, THE DEVIL DOGS COMMANDOS CHARGE THE WELL PROTECTED JAPS.

BOY WAIT TILL I....!

NOT SO FAST, GUY. WE'LL STAY HERE. 200 OF US ARE ENOUGH TO HANDLE THOSE JAPS.



IN THE MIDGET OF THE FRACAS, SOME OF THE ENEMY ESCAPES TO THE OUTSIDE...



HA! THE YANKEE SWINE ARE NOT SO SMART EH?

WE'LL GIVE THEM ALL WE GOT!





QUICK! PULL THAT SWITCH THAT CLOSES THE GATE! THEY HAVE US COVERED FROM OUTSIDE!



WE'LL KNOCK THOSE RATS OFF YET!

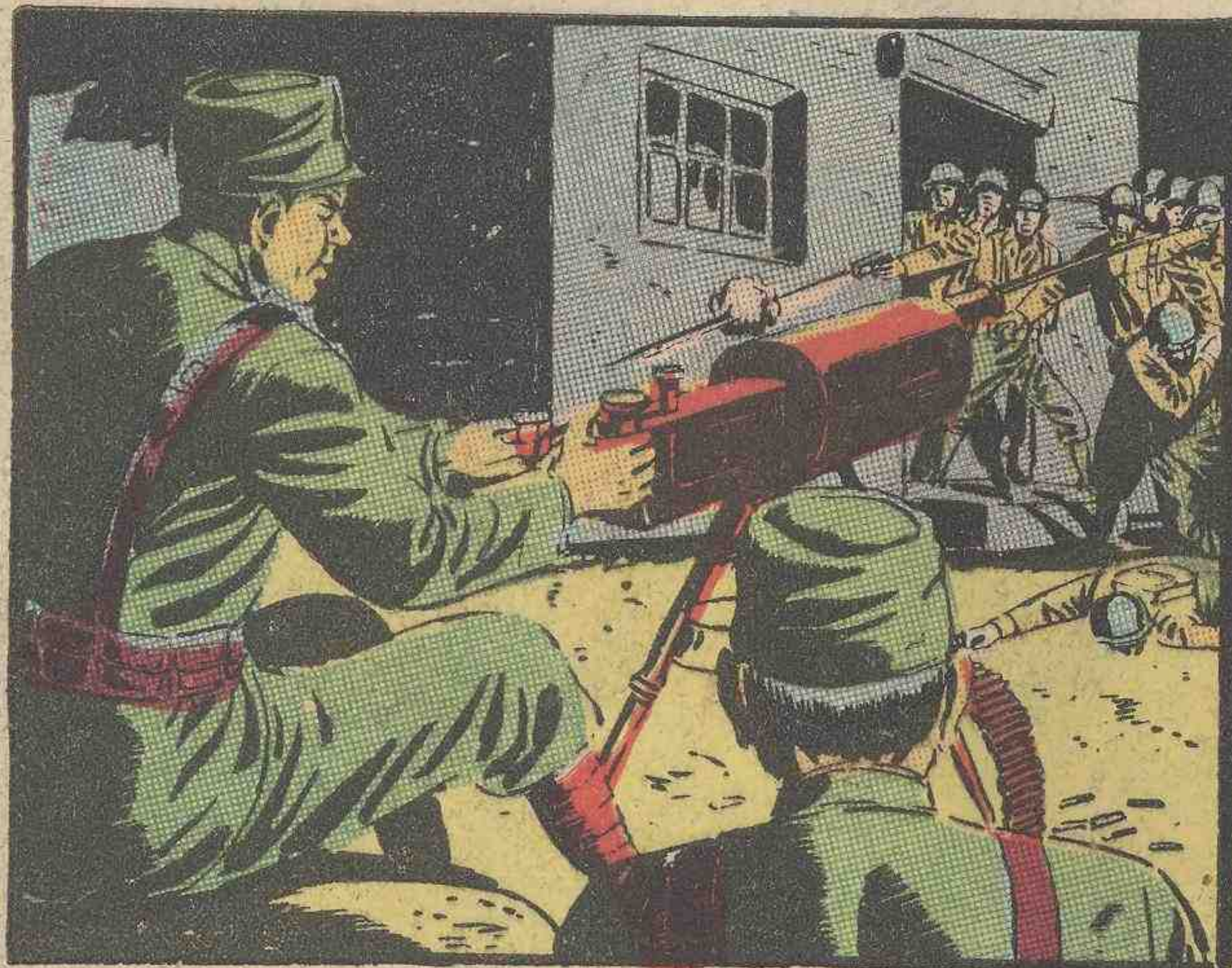
GEE, SARGE IT'S GOOD WE STAYED HERE. ALL OUR MEN ARE TRAPPED INSIDE BY THAT MACHINE GUN!



INSIDE THE BUILDING WHERE THE COMMANDOS ARE TRAPPED...

WELL MEN, THE ONLY WAY WE'LL GET OUT IS TO FIGHT OUR WAY OUT SO OPEN THAT DOOR AND...

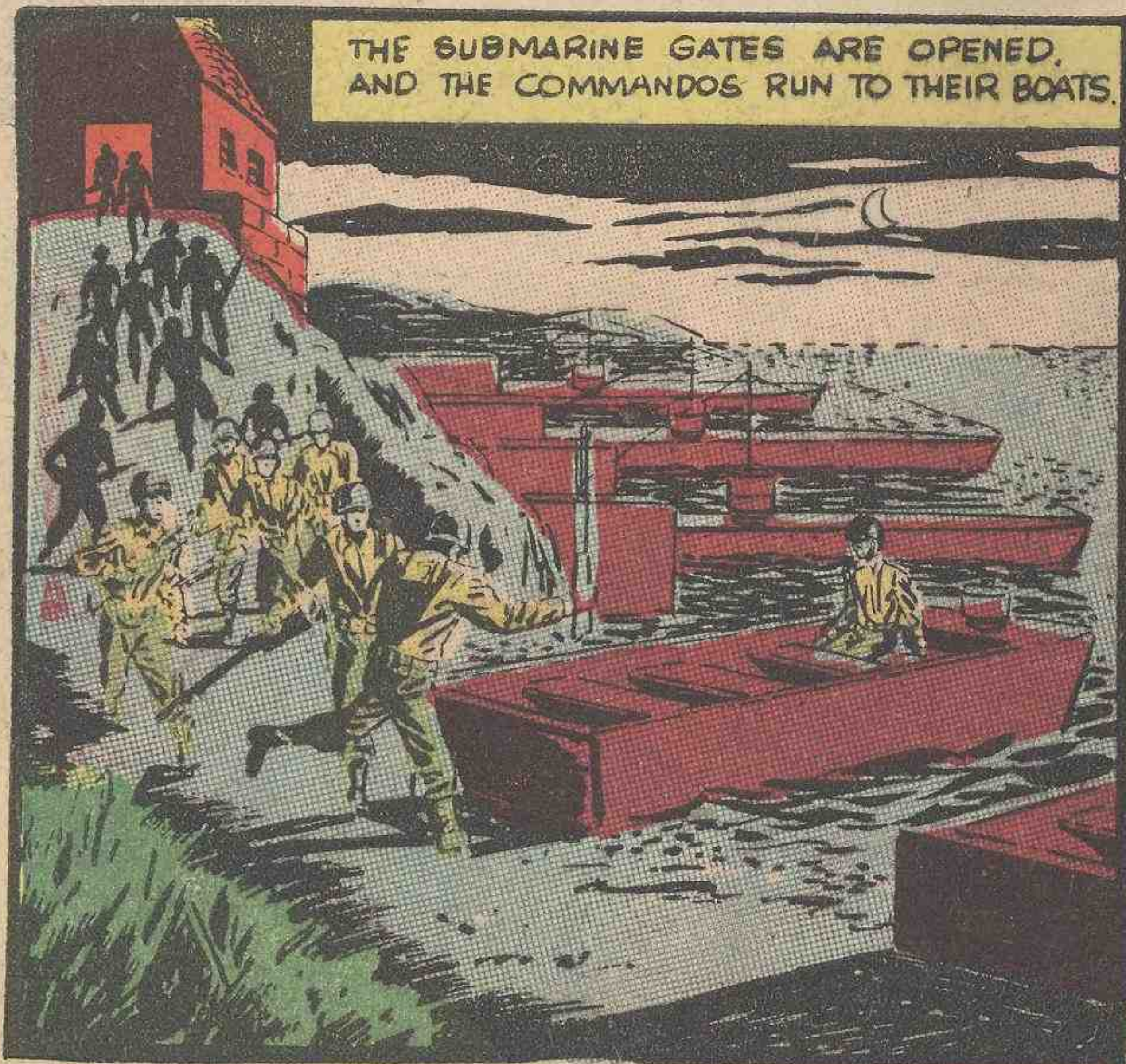
THE JAPS QUICKLY TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE SITUATION AND BEGIN TO OPEN FIRE.



BUT THEIR ADVANTAGE IS SHORT LIVED WHEN SERGEANT TANNER GOES TO WORK ON THEM...

LOOKS LIKE WE GOT HERE JUST IN TIME TO TAKE CARE OF THESE BABIES!

I GET A KICK OUT OF SHOOTING THESE JAP RATS!



THE SUBMARINE GATES ARE OPENED, AND THE COMMANDOS RUN TO THEIR BOATS.



THERE'S NO TIME TO LOSE, MEN! WE'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE! THE PT BOATS WILL BE HERE ANY SECOND!

THE PT BOAT WITH IT'S DEADLY CAN-
NONS RAPIDLY APPROACH THE
SUBLOCKS...



BACK AT THE CONTROL STATION
A WOUNDED JAP COMES TO....

THEY CANNOT DO
THIS TO US. THE
DOGS! I...I WILL
CLOSE THE GATES!



THE GATES!
THEY'RE
CLOSING!

COME ON!
WHAT'RE WE
WAITING FOR?
WE GOT TO
GET THOSE
GATES OPEN
IN TIME!



TANNER AND WHITE RUSH UP TO THE CONTROL STA-
TION AND...

THERE NOW THE
GATES ARE OPEN!

WE'RE GONNA BLOW
THIS JOINT TO BLAZES
SKUNK! I'LL SEE THAT YOU
DON'T SUFFER ANY-
MORE!



THE GATES ONCE MORE HAVING BEEN OPENED
THE BOATS LET LOOSE THEIR DEAFENING CHARGES...

LET'S GET OUT OF
HERE! THIS AIN'T
NO PLACE TO HANG
AROUND!



WELL THERE'S SOME
SUBS THAT WON'T
BOTHER ANYBODY
ANY MORE!

YEAH! BUT IF WE WAIT-
ED TO LEAVE A LITTLE
LATER WE'D BE
THROUGH BOTHERING
TOO!



TANNER AND WHITE ARE PICKED UP
BY ONE OF THE INVADING BOATS...

WELL BOYS, I SEE YOU
CAME OUT ALIVE AGAIN.
WELL DONE!

THANKS
CAPTAIN!



Kiss

BE SURE
TO READ

THE
Adventures
of
"Commandos
of the DEVIL DOGS"

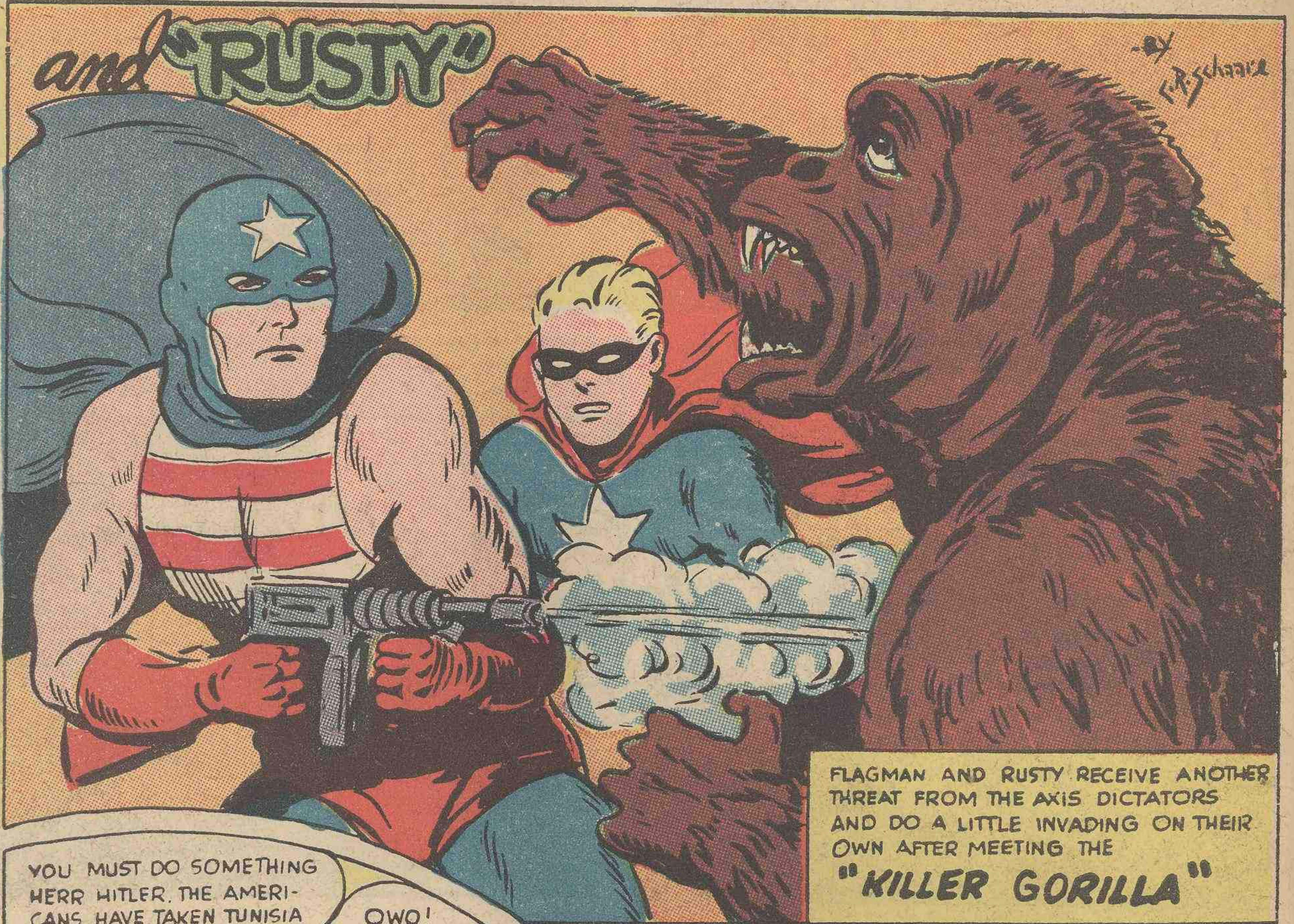
AGAIN
IN THE
NEXT ISSUE
of
**CAPTAIN
AERO
COMICS**

Jack Alderman

FLAGMAN

and "RUSTY"

by R. Schaefer



FLAGMAN AND RUSTY RECEIVE ANOTHER THREAT FROM THE AXIS DICTATORS AND DO A LITTLE INVADING ON THEIR OWN AFTER MEETING THE "KILLER GORILLA"

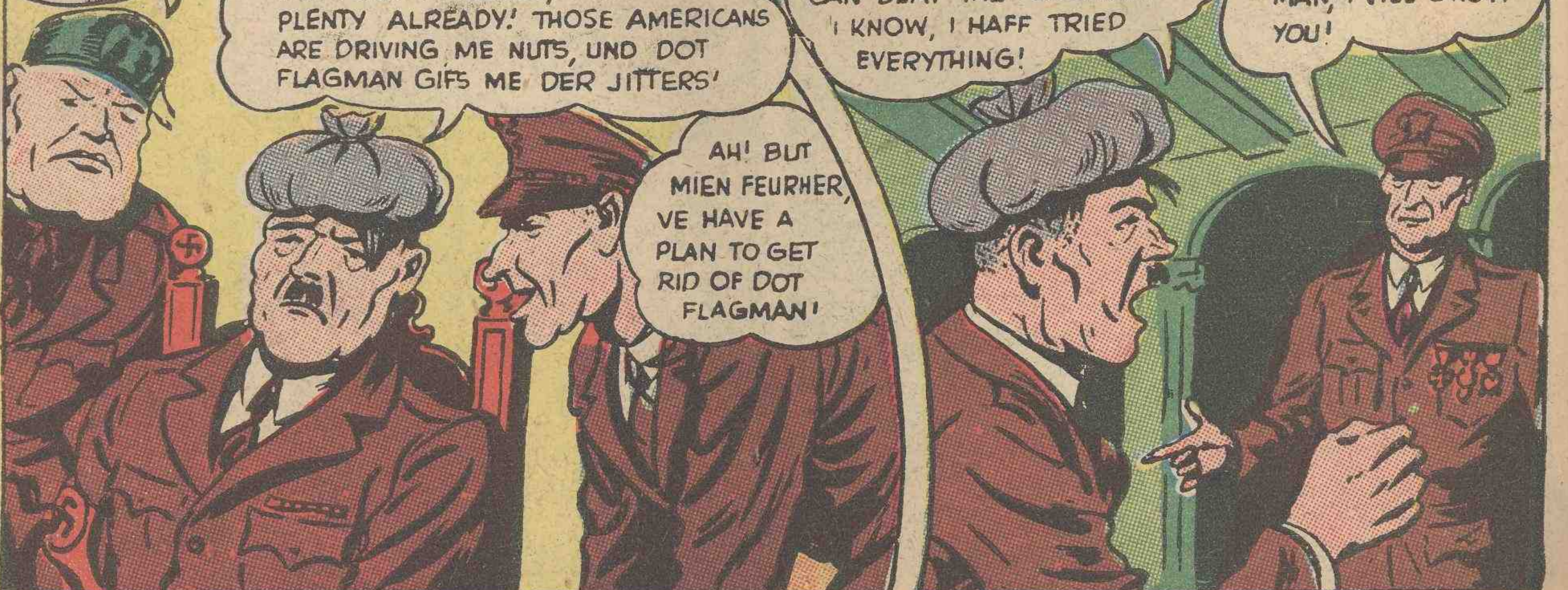
YOU MUST DO SOMETHING HERR HITLER. THE AMERICANS HAVE TAKEN TUNISIA AND NOW THEY WANT TO BOOT ME OUT OF MY BOOT!

OWO! WHAT A HEAD-ACHE, I COME HERE TO ITALY UND YOU TELL ME YOUR TROUBLES, I GOT PLENTY ALREADY! THOSE AMERICANS ARE DRIVING ME NUTS, UND DOT FLAGMAN GIFS ME DER JITTERS!

PHOOEY, MIT YOUR PLANS! DEY ALWAYS FAIL! NO MAN CAN BEAT THE FLAGMAN! I KNOW, I HAFF TRIED EVERYTHING!

YOU MAY BE RIGHT, BUT DIS IS NOT A MAN! I VILL SHOW YOU!

AH! BUT MIEN FEURHER, VE HAVE A PLAN TO GET RID OF DOT FLAGMAN!



YOU SEE, HERE IS TOTO UND HIS MASTER, SENT BY OUR FRIEND HIROHITO. HE IS TRAINED TO HATE THE FLAGMAN. NOW MIT YOUR PERMISSION, MIEN FEURHER, DEY VILL ERADICATE HIM!

ACH DU LEIBER!
VHAT A PUSS! TAKE IT AWAY! DER FLAGMAN WAS LAST REPORTED IN TUNISIA.



TOTO AND HIS MASTER ARE TRANSPORTED TO TUNISIA BY SURMARINE, AND A SMALL BOAT...

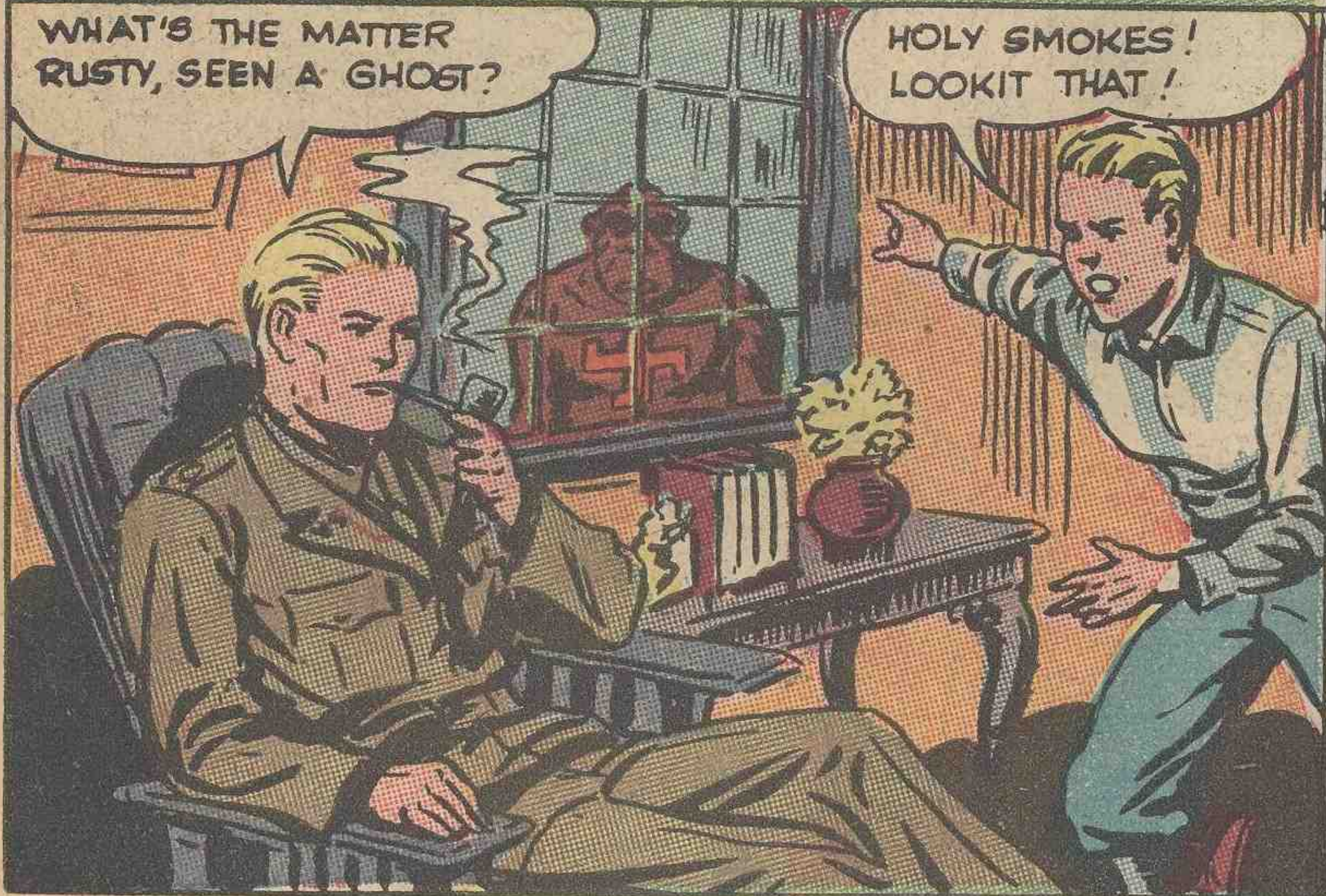
HIEL HITLER!



SOMEWHERE IN TUNISIA, MAJOR HORNET AND RUSTY SETTLE DOWN AFTER AN UNEVENTFUL DAY...

WHAT'S THE MATTER RUSTY, SEEN A GHOST?

HOLY SMOKES!
LOOKIT THAT!



A GORILLA! HE HAD A SWASTIKA ON HIS CHEST!

THAT LOOKS LIKE A JOB FOR THE FLAGMAN AND RUSTY! LET'S GO!

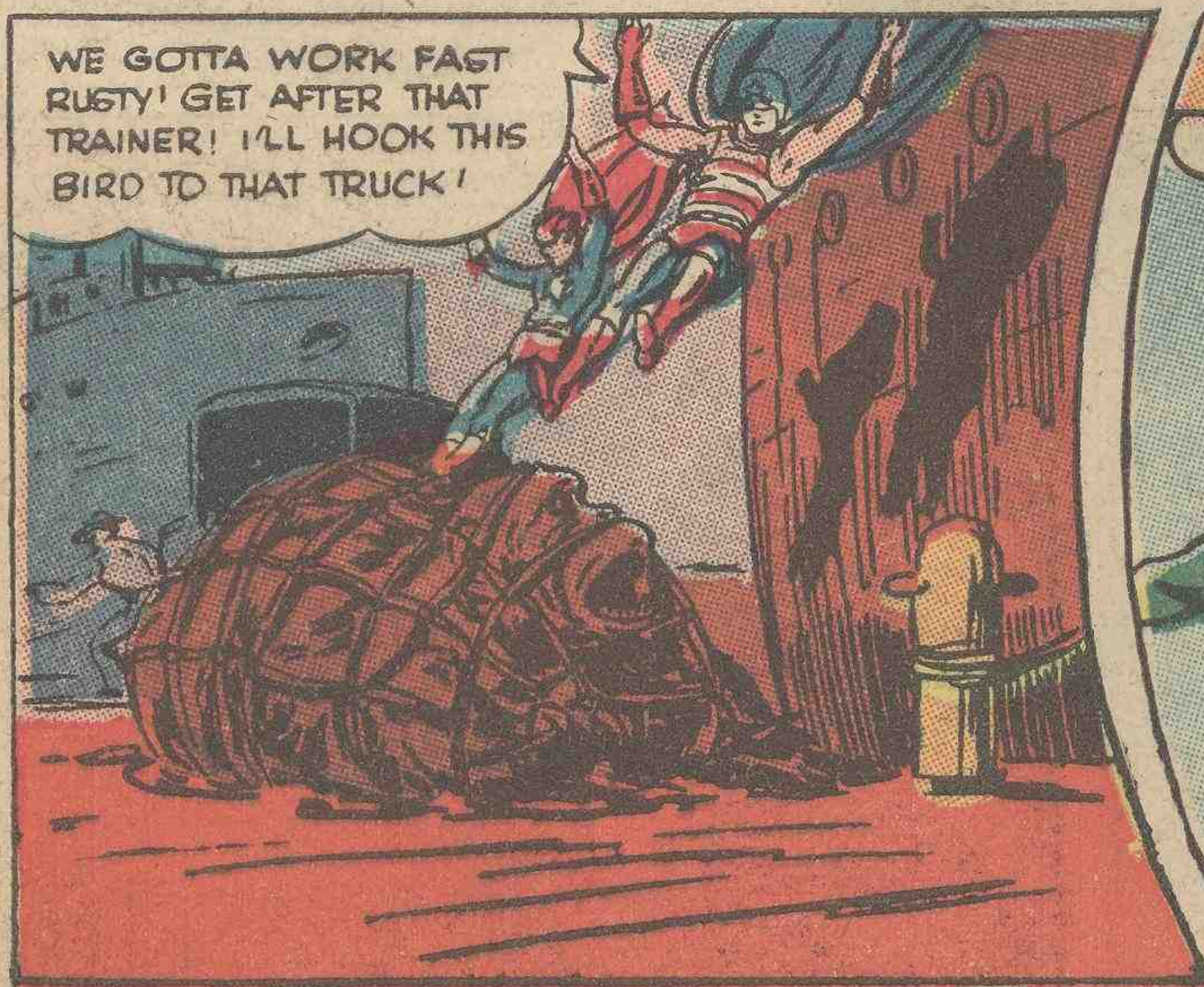
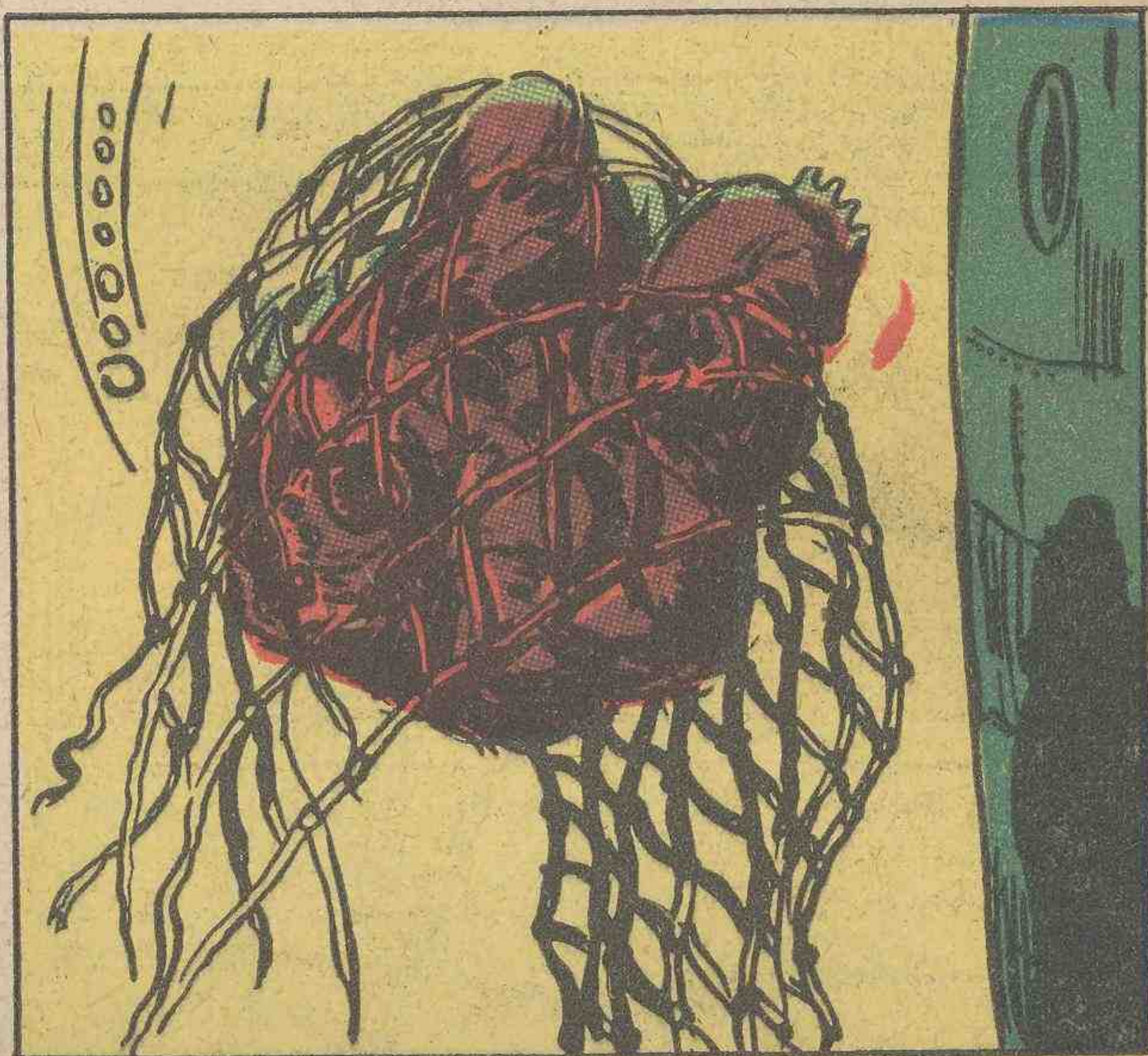


WATCH OUT KID, HE'S SOME BRUTE!



TAKE THAT! YOU UGLY BRUISER! COME ON RUSTY, FOLLOW ME! WE CAN'T OVERCOME HIM THIS WAY!

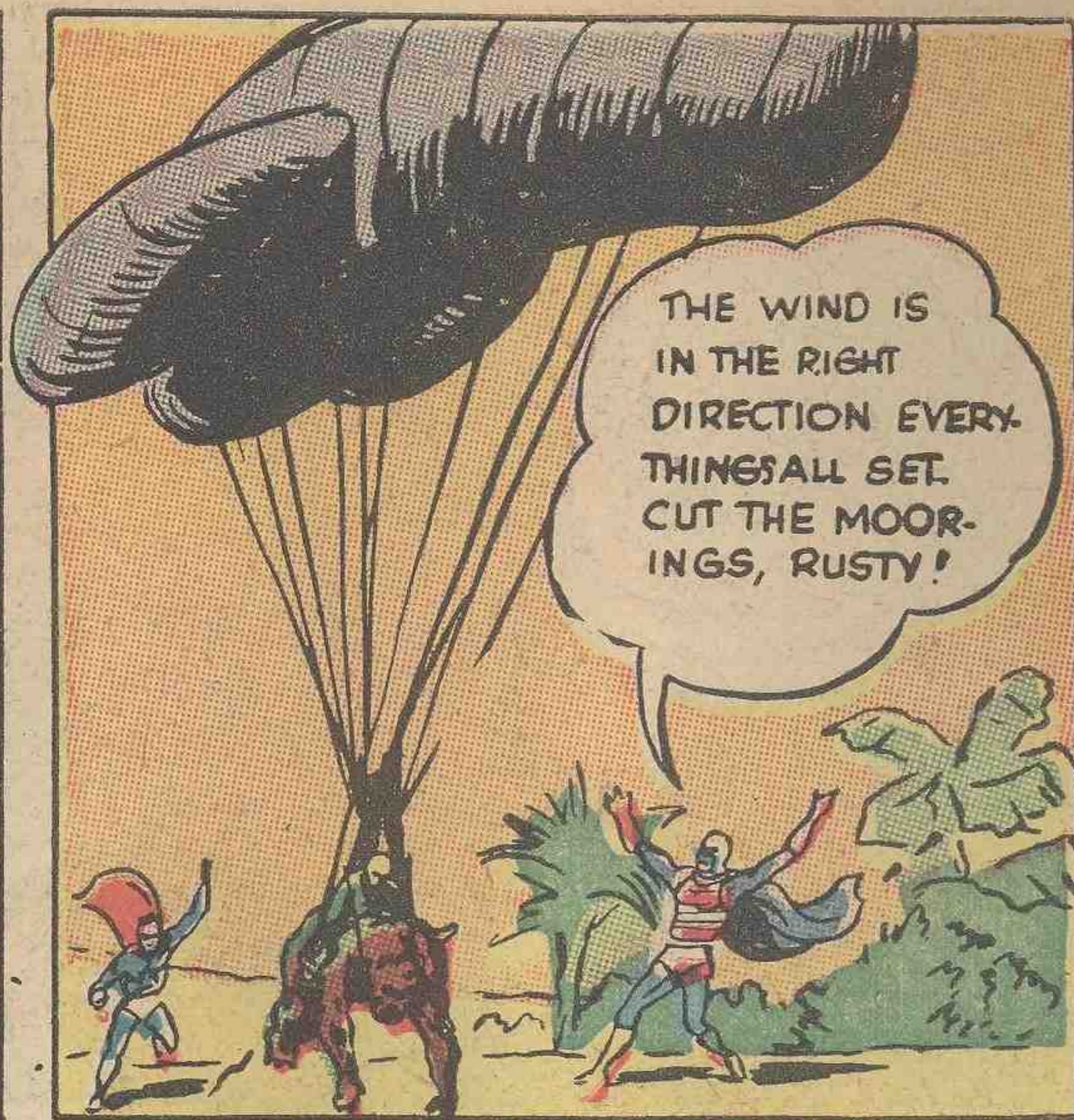




I KNOW WHERE WE CAN FIND AN ABANDONED
ENEMY OBSERVATION BALLOON!



THE WIND IS
IN THE RIGHT
DIRECTION EVERY-
THING'S ALL SET.
CUT THE MOOR-
INGS, RUSTY!



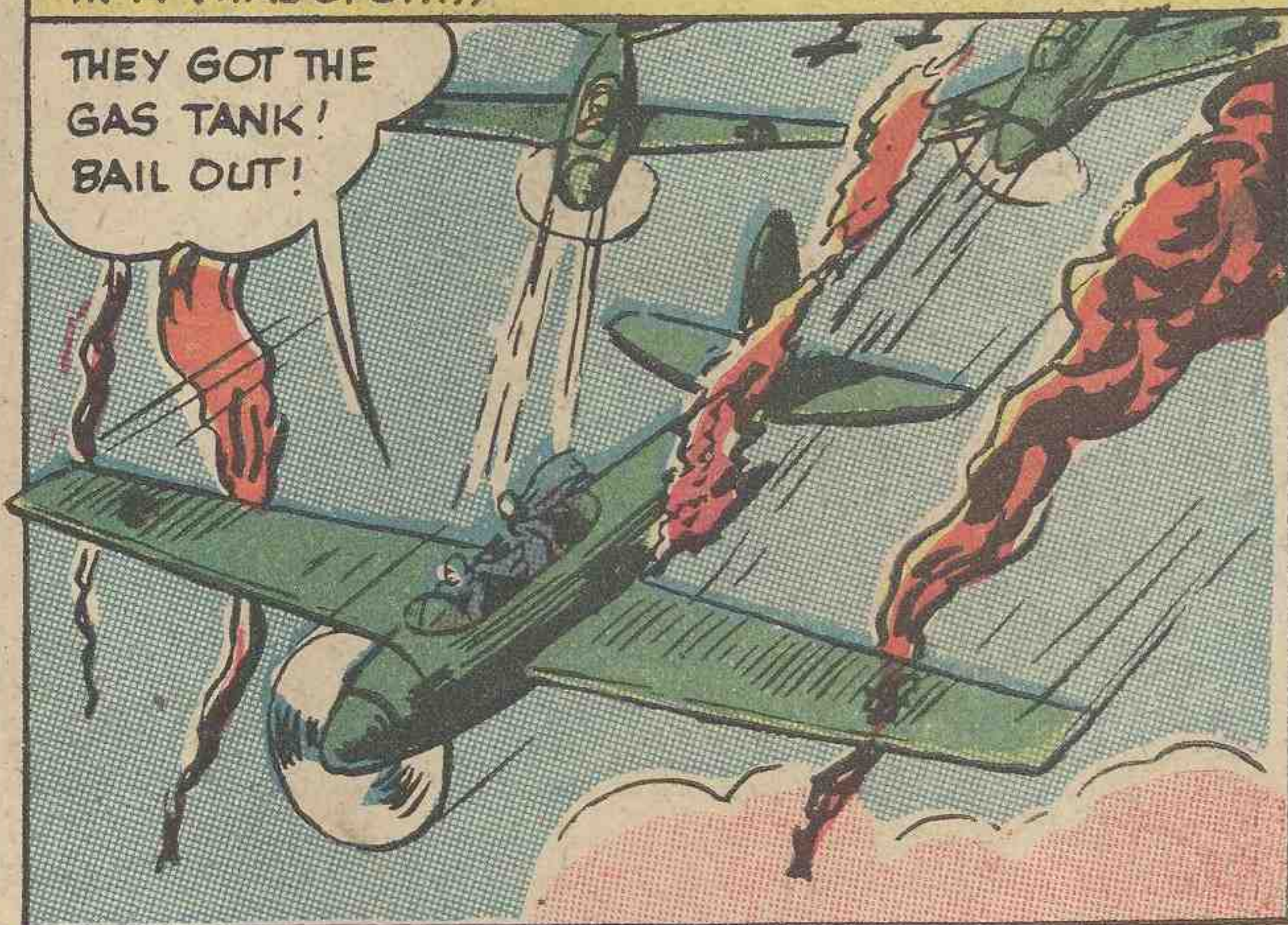
FLAGMAN AND RUSTY THEN CONFISCATE A DESERTED
ITALIAN PLANE AND START OUT TO OBSERVE THE
RESULTS OF THEIR PLAN...

WE'LL JUST SNOOP AROUND
AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS!



BUT A FORMATION OF ENEMY PLANES BECOME
CURIOUS AND DISCOVER FLAGMAN IN THE COCKPIT.
A BATTLE FOLLOWS, IN WHICH FIVE AXIS PLANES DIVE
TO THE EARTH BEFORE THE FLAGMAN'S SHIP IS HIT
IN A VITAL SPOT....

THEY GOT THE
GAS TANK!
BAIL OUT!



THERE'S A NICE RE-
CEPTION COMMITTEE
AWAITING US BELOW!

SO I
NOTICE!



JUST A FEW SAMPLES BEFORE WE MEET
YOUR SCREWY LEADERS!

IT'S THE FLAGMAN
TAKE HIM ALIVE!!





RECOVERING, THE ANGRY GORILLA STARTS ON A RAMPAGE

ISN'T THAT A PRETTY SIGHT?



MEANWHILE THE TRAINER ALSO RECOVERS AND TAKES IN THE SCENE WITH HORROR...

KEEP BACK!

HEY! STOP TOTO! THEY WILL HAVE ME SHOT FOR THIS! I KNOW IT!



THERE'S THE TWO YOU MUST ERADICATE! GO AFTER THEM!

IF THERE'S ANY ERADICATING TO BE DONE AROUND HERE... WE'LL GLADLY ACCOMMODATE YOU!



AFTER KILLING THE BEAST, OUR HEROS HEAD FOR THE DOCKS, WHERE THEY START SOME MORE TROUBLE FOR THE AXIS....

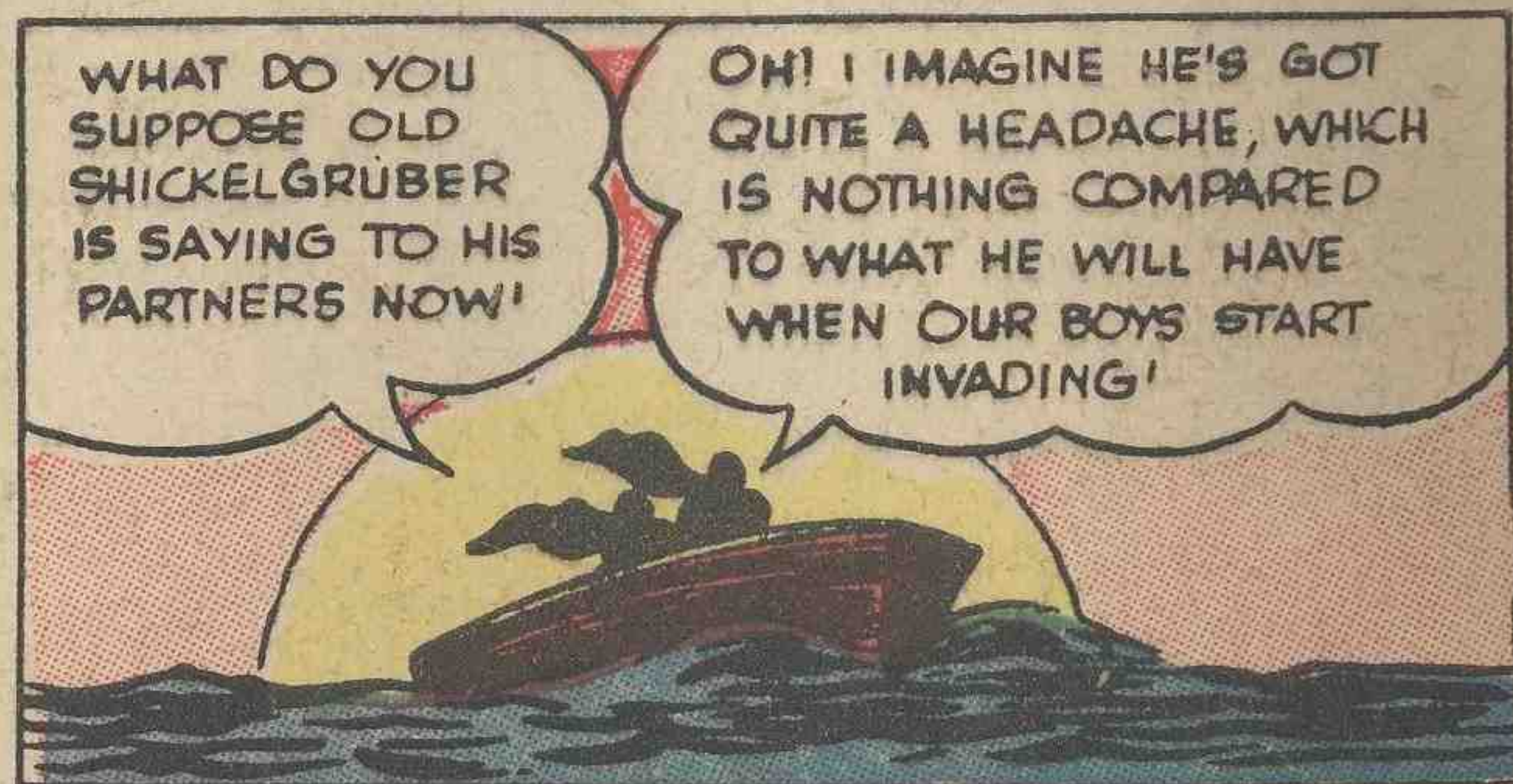
WE NEED THIS BOAT BOZO SO OUT YOU GO!

AND TAKE A NICE LONG DRINK!



WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE OLD SHICKELGRUBER IS SAYING TO HIS PARTNERS NOW!

OH! I IMAGINE HE'S GOT QUITE A HEADACHE, WHICH IS NOTHING COMPARED TO WHAT HE WILL HAVE WHEN OUR BOYS START INVADING!



AN EXCITING THRILLING ADVENTURE of

"FLAGMAN"

IS IN STORE

FOR YOU IN THE NEXT ISSUE of

CAPTAIN AERO COMICS

OUR FIGHTING GENERALS!

by
EDWARD
MURPHY



MACARTHUR'S HEROIC TORPEDO BOAT DASH THROUGH JAPANESE INFESTED WATERS, WILL LIVE IN HISTORY, AS THE MOST DARING ESCAPE OF THE AGE!



SUPREME
COMMANDER
of the
FAREAST FORCES!
GENERAL

Douglas MacARTHUR

OUTSTANDING HERO OF THE
SECOND WAR OF THE
NATIONS!

LIEUT. GEN. JONATHAN
WAINWRIGHT

HE TOOK MACARTHUR'S
PLACE AS LEADER OF
THE COURAGEOUS MEN
DEFENDING BATAAN!

FOR FIVE MONTHS
THIS VALIANT LITTLE
ARMY OF AMERICAN
AND FILIPINO SOLDIERS
HELD THE NIPPONESE
HORDES AT BAY!

... AND MORE THAN UPHELD THE TRADITIONS OF THE
AMERICAN FIGHTING MAN!!!



The SECRET WEAPON You MUST Have!



YOU, TOO, CAN BE TOUGH! No matter how small you are — no matter how accustomed you've grown to being bullied and kicked around — you can now, in *double-quick time*, become a "holy terror" in a hand-to-hand fight! And built just as you are — *that's* the beauty of it! Yes, even though you weigh no more than 100 pounds, a power-house lies concealed in that modest frame of yours, waiting to be sprung by the commando-like destruction of **LIGHTNING JU-JITSU**.

Just think! You need no longer be pushed around by a brute twice your size. You need no longer be tortured with fright because you lack confidence in your own ability to take care of yourself. Your loved one can now look up to you, certain that no one will *dare* lay a hand on her while you're around.

WHAT IS THE SECRET? **LIGHTNING JU-JITSU**, the deadliest technique of counter-attack ever devised, the science which turns your enemy's weight and strength *against himself*. A secret weapon? Certainly! But it is a secret that is yours for the asking, to be mastered immediately. In your bare hands it becomes a weapon that shatters your attacker with the speed and efficiency of lightning ripping into a giant oak. You'll learn to throw a 200-pounder around as effortlessly as you'd toss a chair across the room.

LEARN AT ONCE! *Not in weeks or months!* You can master this invincible technique **NOW!** No ex-

pensive mechanical contraptions. No heartbreaking wait for big muscles. Actually, as you execute the grips and twists of **LIGHTNING JU-JITSU**, your body develops a smoothness, firmness and agility that you never dreamed you'd have. It's easy! Just follow the simple instructions in **LIGHTNING JU-JITSU**. Clearly written and illustrated throughout with *more than 100 drawings*, the principles can easily be followed step-by-step and learned in one reading.

Today's Toughest Fighters Are Ju-Jitsu Experts!

Our soldiers, sailors, leathernecks and fellows entering the armed forces well know that in this all-out war their very lives depend on a knowledge of all-out tactics. The Rangers and Commandos use this deadly instrument of scientific defense and counter-attack. American police and G-men; prison, bank, asylum and factory guards; and other defenders of our public safety are relying more and more upon it. Even in the schools, boys of teen age are being taught Ju-Jitsu. It is not a sport, as our enemies are discovering to their sorrow. It is the crushing answer to treacherous attack. You, too, must learn to defend yourself and your loved ones as ruthlessly as our fearless, hard-hitting fighters.

SEND NO MONEY!

Mail the coupon now. We will send you **LIGHTNING JU-JITSU** for 5 days' free trial. When it arrives, deposit 98c (plus a few cents postage) with the postman. Read it! If you are not satisfied send it back and we will instantly return your money.



What Lightning Ju-Jitsu Does For You

1. Fills you with unshakable self-confidence.
2. Makes you a sure winner in any fight.
3. Teaches you to overpower a thug armed with gun, knife, billy, or any other weapon of attack.
4. Can give you a smooth-muscled, athletic body.
5. Sharpens your wits and reflexes by coordinating eye, mind, and body.
6. Make your friends respect you, etc., etc. . . .

FREE!

IF YOU ACT QUICKLY!

By filling out the coupon and mailing it right away you will get a copy of the sensational new **POLICE AND G-MAN TRICKS**. Here are revealed the holds and counter-blows that officers of the law employ in dealing with dangerous criminals. Supply limited. *Act promptly to get your free copy.*

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

**NEW POWER PUBLICATIONS, Dept. 5905
441 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.**

Please send me in plain package for 5 days' **FREE** trial **LIGHTNING JU-JITSU**. I will pay the postman 98c (plus a few cents for postage and handling). If, within 5 days, I am not completely satisfied I may return it and the purchase price will be promptly refunded.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY..... STATE.....

☐ Check here if you want to save 15c postage. Enclose 98c with coupon and we will pay 15c postage charges. The same refund privilege completely guaranteed.

REMOVE UGLY BLACKHEADS

OR NO COST

I'D MARRY JIM IF IT WASN'T FOR THOSE FILTHY BLACKHEADS OF HIS

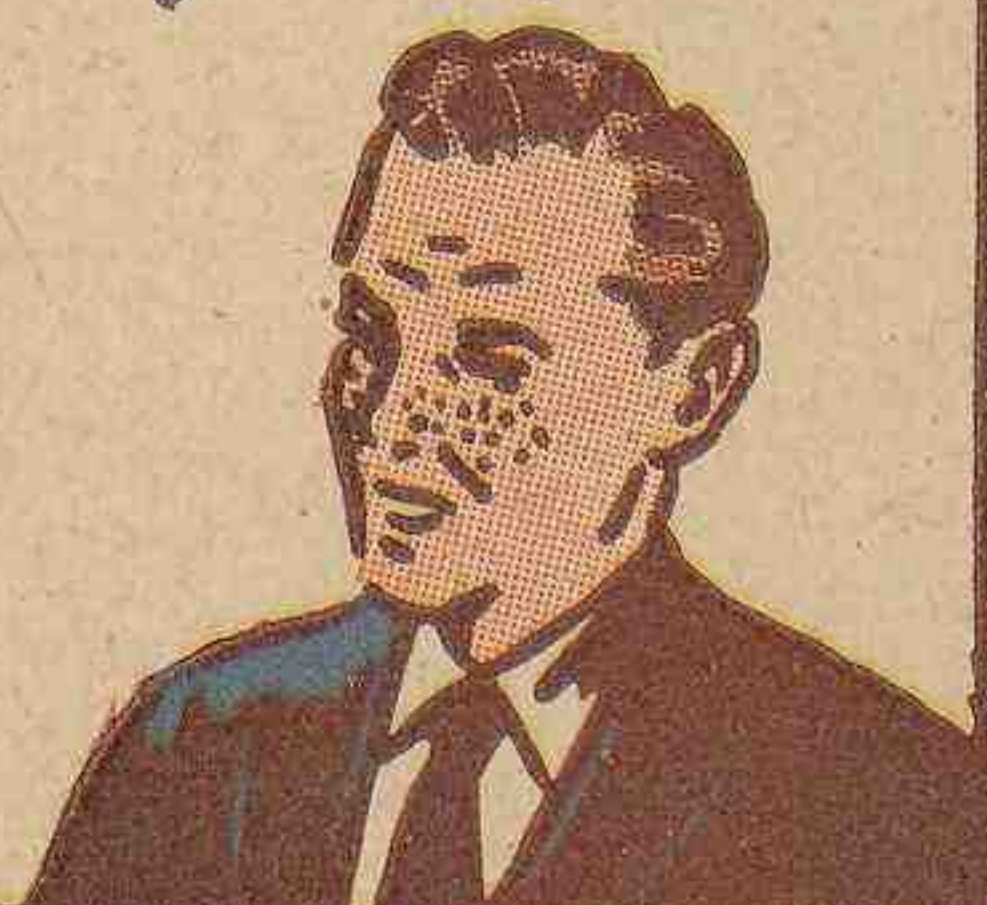
I'LL ASK BOB TO TALK TO HIM RIGHT AWAY

WHY DON'T YOU TRY VACUTEX FOR THOSE BLACKHEADS JIM? IT CERTAINLY HELPED ME

THANKS BOB. IT SOUNDS WORTH TRYING

JIM DARLING, HOW NICE AND CLEAN YOU LOOK!

YOU CAN THANK VACUTEX FOR THAT, HONEY!



AMAZING NEW SCIENTIFIC METHOD

If you have blackheads, you know how embarrassing they are, how they clog your pores, mar your appearance and invite criticism. Now you can solve the problem of eliminating blackheads, forever, with this amazing new VACUTEX Inventon. It extracts filthy blackheads in seconds, painlessly, without injuring or squeezing the skin. VACUTEX creates a gentle vacuum around blackhead! Cleans out hard-to-reach places in a jiffy. Germ laden fingers never touch the skin. Simply place the direction finder over blackhead, draw back extractor . . . and it's out! Release extractor and blackhead is ejected. VACUTEX does it all! Don't risk infection with old-fashioned methods. Order TODAY!

**ONLY
THREE
EASY
STEPS**

**UGLY
BLACKHEADS**

**USE
VACUTEX**



**RUSH
COUPON**

**Send No
MONEY**

**THEY'RE
OUT!**

10 DAY TRIAL OFFER

Don't wait until embarrassing criticism makes you act. Don't risk losing out on popularity and success because of ugly dirt-clogged pores. ACT NOW! Enjoy the thrill of having a clean skin, free of pore-clogging, embarrassing blackheads. Try Vacutex for 10 days. We guarantee it to do all we claim. If you are not completely satisfied your \$1.00 will be immediately refunded.

BALLCO PRODUCTS COMPANY, Dept. 8105
516 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

- ☐ Ship C.O.D., I will pay postman \$1.00 plus postage. My \$1.00 will be refunded if I am not delighted.
- ☐ I prefer to enclose \$1.00 now and save postage. (Same guarantee as above.)

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